THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DINNER IS NOW SERVED

Don't Treat My Words Lightly. Pack Your Food in Shoe Boxes or Whatever, and Sneer When the White-Jacketed Under-Official Careis Through the Car

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I HAVE been made ashamed of my country. Shamed in public too! No nonsense about it. I have felt the shame one feels when a member of one's family goes wrong with a trust fund or something. Shall I tell how it began and everything, to make a long story? I certainly shall. I hate to muckrake, but this piece is going to be printed if I have to give it to Flour & Milling or Mine, Quarry & Derrick for a year's subscription.

Well, then, a suspicion of my country's integrity was first aroused one day last summer when I read a proclamation from our Director General of Railroads addressed to his train help. It warned them to be polite in their relations with the traveling public. Nothing sinister in that, you will say—if you are not a thinker. But I am. Listen! The proclamation went on to intimate that train servants had been permitted, if not encouraged, under the private ownership of railroads, to be not quite studiously polite. It was more than intimated. The Director General bluntly said that the day of the "public-be-damned" policy for railroads would have to become a thing of the past.

That was where suspicion leaped alive. For this was coarsely disingenuous, because there never has been any such day in the policy of our railroads. In the memory of this generation, at least, no railroad has dared even to darn the public, let alone damn it. And certainly for years and years before we acquired a Director General of Railroads the memorable feature of our contact with railroad hirelings was their unvarying courtesy, their studiously polite patience with our whims, our real needs, our grievances, fancied or otherwise; and few were otherwise. For these years it has been the commonest knowledge among railway employees that rudeness to a road's patrons lost them their jobs. Quick! The public be damned? Not a bit of it. Those privately owned corporations, wanting as much of our money as they could get, fawned upon us.

Getting Ready to Perpetrate a New Outrage

SO I READ this proclamation to the effect that an era of polite train employees would set in and quick as a flash I said: "That's queer! That Director General must be getting ready to slip something over. He's paving the way for it and I wonder what the outrage will be. At the very least he's going to take a smoothly oiled system of politeness, laboriously built up long before his day, and falsely claim it as his own."

Of course I said this only to myself, for those were slightly pre-armistice days, when God was still strafing Germany, and it wasn't nice to talk scandal of that sort publicly. But I waited with a lively curiosity. Later I read that our Government had abolished a great waste of food on dining cars by substituting for the à la carte system a table-d'hôte luncheon and dinner. I thought well of this change as reported. I much prefer a simple, wholesome, abundant table-d'hôte meal to unnerving adventures in à la carte alleys. I still expected something overt after that proclamation, but surely a table-d'hôte dining-car meal could hardly be the joker.

A bit after that I rode all day in the steam cars and was still puzzled. The Government did very well with that train. Its officials and servants were as courteous as they had been before reading that fishy proclamation, and all the passengers I saw looked happy.

I did not see those in the dining car. A Providence which not even the most modern of us can always wholly disbelieve in had decreed that I should find a midday meal in Boston.

But then came a day when we boarded a train in New York for the cross-continent trip. It was a proud train, the proudest train of the hitherto justly proudest of our railway systems. It has conductors and brakemen and janitors, and private rooms, a stenographer, a barber, a bath tub, an extra fare, a valet, a manicurist, a maid, and, I suppose, an osteopath, a dentist and a fortune teller, though I did not verify these. And, of course, it has a dining car. And we were seated in that almost before the pompous train had run out from under the Hudson River, for dinner was served and we were hungry.

What the Menu Promised and What the Waiter Brought

THE car was attractive, as all dining cars are, with its showing of starched linen, its glitter of silver and glass, its vases of carnations, its agreeable steward, its polite and willing waiters. And you felt a new confidence in that car because all over the place were printed directions to write to the Government and tell it what you thought of the meals and the service. The Government especially desired adverse criticism. If any little thing didn't please, you were urged to take your pen in hand and chat about it. You took these omnipresent requests as a joke. They must ensue upon the confident pride of the Government in its flawless dinner at $1.25.

During the brief wait before ordering I took up the attractive bill of fare and lectured agreeably on the dining-car dinner past and present, as adapted to the needs of man. I said it had taken the Government, finally, to give us a sensible and satisfying meal with a minimum of waste and at a fair price. Here we were to have English Beef Broth, roast spring chicken with gravy, potatoes, corn, asparagus salad, ice cream, cheese and coffee—a meal to satisfy the most captious and a grand improvement over the sketchy dinners one had eaten in dining cars under the old régime. I did enjoy making that little oration to those who are obliged to listen to me, because it has long been a theory of mine that the many-itemed meals of dining cars should be shut up like an accordion into a few satisfying staples. I continued to speak urbanely until the arrival of the English Beef Broth; even continued until one of the party had tasted this. I quit only when I heard her say: "I wonder what it can be. Anyway the children mustn't have it."

She spoke in clear, ringing tones, with a note of authority that I have learned to recognize. And the children didn't have it. None of us had it. That English Beef Broth was named with wretched taste, considering our amicable relations with a certain ally. It was a slimy decoction of a most curious flavor; one of the lesser forms of glue, I should say. Of course there was no actual danger in it for an adult. There was too little in any one plate to disable a grown diner. But something warned me not to resume my lecture. We waited in grim silence for the roast spring chicken with gravy and the corn and the potatoes, the asparagus salad, the ice cream, cheese and coffee.

Later I shall speak of these in detail. I shall speak gruesomely. Now I will say only that the babes were wisely denied these delicacies one by one as they appeared; also that the adults of the party did little more than taste them affrightedly.

Then I found myself listening to a strained voice uttering scrappy quotations from my recent lecture, and I thought it as well to get out of there. The children were crying for food and there was no food. Only a government dinner for $1.25!

Back in the compartment, happily, was a box of graham crackers with which life could be saved, if not adorned. These were fallen upon by young and old. I had been shocked to silence in that dining car. But now, after one dozen graham crackers, and a beaker of ice water to lay their dust, I recovered spirit and began to make chivalrous excuses for my country's Government. It said something must have gone wrong in the kitchen; the cook had quit, or the range wouldn't draw or the groceries hadn't come on time and they'd had to run round the corner to a delicatessen. I have never known a defense of one's country to fall so flat. The sniff of cynicism was all it got. You see, I was unable to believe the simple truth in that first moment. It was too bewildering.

Not until the following day, when I had eaten—using the word in a loose, inexact way—one of the Government's table-d'hôte luncheons for an honest dollar, could I be brought to admit that God was not in his heaven and all was wrong with the world. Even then I blamed it on that particular dining car. I couldn't believe it true of the system at large, of a country that had done at least fairly well in fields of more difficult endeavor.

Life Sustained by Graham Biscuits

DON'T interrupt. You shall in due time be told of those meals to the last shocking detail. That's what I'm here for. But let's get started west!

In Chicago it was even debated stopping indefinitely. But we wished to be home. Almost anyone would rather be home than stop indefinitely in certain towns. So it was resolved to brave the journey with merely a dozen bottles of milk for the young and a replenished cargo of graham crackers. Reckless, I concede, for we had received fair warning. But one's faith in one's Government dies hard. It was still not possible to believe that the Government could continuously misbehave in a dining car as it had for one day.

And Now We Have Come to the Solemn Moment of Our Government's Roast Spring Chicken With Gravy

So once more on a proud limited train out of Chicago we were seated in a dining car that shone and glittered and scintillated, and again we were served with the Government's idea of something safe to eat for $1.25. And need I say that Scotch Mutton Broth at this performance was played by the same inadequate actor that the evening before had essayed the part of English Beef Broth. Anyway, I needn't say it again. The Government has standardized a soup. As discovered in the first reel of this film, it seems to be a mild solution of one of the cheaper and perhaps more edible forms of glue, and it varies from coast to coast only in name. Would it be witty to say that it is more protean than protein? I don't know. Anyway the Government of our great country will call it English Beef Broth or Scotch Mutton Broth or Chicken Soup or even *Potage à la Reine*. And it doubles in another small part, of which you shall learn later.

Now come the roast spring chicken with gravy, the potatoes, the corn, the asparagus salad, the ice cream, cheese and coffee. The children having been removed from danger and sent back to their crackers and milk, let us hold a clinic on the meal. We should have at least that for our $1.25. And let us leave our country's roast spring chicken for the last. It deserves an entire reel.

Take, then, what the card names as asparagus salad. You probably know what is sold as canned asparagus tips. Very well. On a saddened leaf of lettuce two inches wide at its widest are laid three of these asparagus tips, not as long as your little finger and slenderer than mine. Three—count them—three! Enough! Let us pass to the ice cream. An oblong block, one inch by one inch by two inches. Three stripes are crowded on to this narrow surface, pink, yellow and green. At a distance it would look like ice cream; a small portion, of course, meant for a delicate little child recovering from typhoid fever and unable to withstand a well child's portion. But ice cream melts and this doesn't. One night I waited a half hour for it to melt and wasted my time. The ice in it melted, but the substructure, its chemical integrity, so to speak, was unimpaired. It wasn't ice cream. It was a triumph of the laboratory and of our new aniline dyes industry.

We are now to the cheese. You will expect me to serve you a substitute, something advertised perhaps as Cheesine or Cheesolo—"It looks like cheese and costs less." Disappointment. This is genuine cheese, from which I infer that no cheaper substance than cheese, that looks like cheese, has been invented by our government experts. It is even good cheese; of the size and shape you would have if you took the saw from your handy-tool kit and bisected a domino. As a guide to it on the plate is a narrow strip of salted cracker.

Then coffee. Of the Government's coffee little need be said except that it is not coffee. What it is I do not know, but it tastes like an unruly tea that ran away from home at an early age and tried to lead the wild, rough life of coffee but showed no talent for it. It will never seriously compete with those coffee substitutes that are advertised as such; they have a flavor that, at least to the large-minded, suggests coffee.

Studies in Morbid Anatomy

AND now we have come to the solemn moment of our Government's roast spring chicken with gravy. Here it is, the complete leg of a chicken on a plate that contains also the corn and potatoes of the pretty card. These essential parts of the drama are played by the small end of a not large potato with a hard-oil finish, and a dab of cold canned corn. I use dab in the most technical sense of that little word. You know what dab means, I trust. But let us hurry to the chicken. I keep shirking that chicken. You will see why.

It is the complete leg of a chicken, as I have said, and at first glance it looks like human food. A mellowing glaze has been applied to it, presumably with a brush. Startled inquiry develops that this glaze is what the card names as gravy. But scrape through it and you ascertain it to be

(Continued on Page 79)

Don't Suspect That Those Chickens Were a Localized Evil; That We Merely Crossed a Belt of Them. They Lasted From Hoboken to Sacramento

BEST OF THE BEST!

PHOTO, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Pablo Casals—the Cellist

PHOTO, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Jascha Heifetz—the Violinist

Josef Hofmann

By Pierre V. R. Key

YOU who have felt at your heart the tug to lift yourself above your fellows, who have exulted in some conquest which held potentialities, who quite possibly before a log fire may have dreamed through narrowed eyelids of the day when those of your world would point at you as you passed—what would your actions be and how in those hours of self-communion would your thoughts gravitate if you were admittedly the greatest in your craft?

There's a question for anyone to ponder.

Just what physical and psychological changes would occur within you after the plodding had lifted you above the crowd? No doubt you entertain some vague notion of how such achievement might find you: A calm soul, perhaps, appropriately restrained in wearing honors as one rightfully gaining them should; or having come early in life—a gift from the lap of the gods, as it were—might not these honors shape themselves as—yes, as a rightful due?

To be the best of the best is a big something in this world of accomplishment in an age when talent is the genius of yesterday and competition the white heat of what was a dying coal of the last decade.

It is so in most fields of endeavor. Especially in music, particularly in the ever-widening part of the sphere having to do with interpreting the master composers.

Changes Wrought by Greatness

SUPPOSE, to indulge fancy further, a moment came when, like some call from the trumpet of Fame, there sounded round the world your name:

"You are the greatest living singer!"

Or: "You are the cellist supreme!"

Or: "You, you of all pianists are chosen!"

Or: "You are the ultimate of violinists!"

"Ho! Hope of my desire! Ho! Fate, so benignant in her superlative goodness! Ho! Wife! Ho! Mother! Ho! Sweetheart! Ho! Friends! Behold, I have arrived!"

Pause, if you will; contemplate, if you can, what any such pronunciamiento might do to you. Would you change? Would you go serenely on your way, like a less successful mortal, with becoming modesty? Wouldn't it be interesting to learn how being the greatest affects some men who are that?

Then regard four, each of whom in music occupies such position. Discover what manner of men they are, for they form an exclusive group whose like at any one time it may not be the privilege of future generations to know: Enrico Caruso—greatest singer; Pablo Casals—greatest cellist; Josef Hofmann—greatest pianist; Jascha Heifetz—greatest violinist.

There you have them—the quartet supreme in interpretative music.

As has been said of others having an uncanny faculty for doing amazingly well some one thing: "It's simple when you have the wares in your shop and know how." Which gets us into our story.

From my place of waiting in the hotel where he stops I caught sight of Enrico Caruso in a compartment of the revolving door. He executed his half circle like any other person, one gloved hand upon the little brass rail to steady his progress, which at the end was accelerated by a naval ensign just behind and very evidently in a hurry. One sensed in the quick hop which carried the tenor clear of wood and glass a desire to avoid being hit at the heels; from possible precipitation into an involuntary stumble that may as easily disturb the balance as the dignity of one who is supreme in song. He swung clear, then paused to survey the people in his frankly interested fashion.

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Enrico Caruso

I watched him approach, his stocky figure, with its walking-beam breadth of shoulder, modified in its garb of brown. And then like some message that leaps across great distances everyone in the lobby knew Caruso was there. It was instantaneous, almost telepathic. One got the snap of curiosity, the tense attuning of the senses; and from every direction there followed, as always wherever the tenor appears, those quick searching glances—darts of inquiry from speculative eyes.

He could not well have been oblivious, yet he came on, with his characteristically unaffected walk, which is still springy, showing no trace that he either felt or saw.

"He-ello!" he greeted, and clasped my hand.

Instantly I felt the tang to him. Together we moved to the elevators. I fancy scores of eyes followed him, to the very last, until our car door closed.

"One Has to Fight"

IN ONE of the many rooms comprising the suite Mr. and Mrs. Caruso occupy we got rid of our overcoats. We greeted two of the tenor's closest companions—Bruno Zirato, his secretary, and Maestro Fucito—who can tell one quite a bit about the ways Caruso prepares his rôles. We found the backs of our chairs; then Caruso fixed me with an interrogatory look.

"Just a year," he observed, "since we sat together like this."

He was recalling an experience touching his forty-fifth birthday—he was forty-six on the twenty-fifth of February—of bestowed confidences. But I could not at once engage him in the appointed task. As suddenly as though some mysterious force detached him from my side—for our chairs all but touched—he stared at his secretary's desk, through and beyond. It was perhaps a minute before he spoke again. He had lighted a cigarette and was puffing at a long holder of black enamel when his head came in my direction.

"I'm glad," he said simply, "that the fighting is done."

He was fresh from a rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera House. I could guess to the ultimate detail how he had worked. Yet for all his concern—and with him it is his chiefest—in what he calls "the theater," his first thought was of bigger things. His mind was traveling ahead, along the broad highways of reconstruction in which the world is to walk.

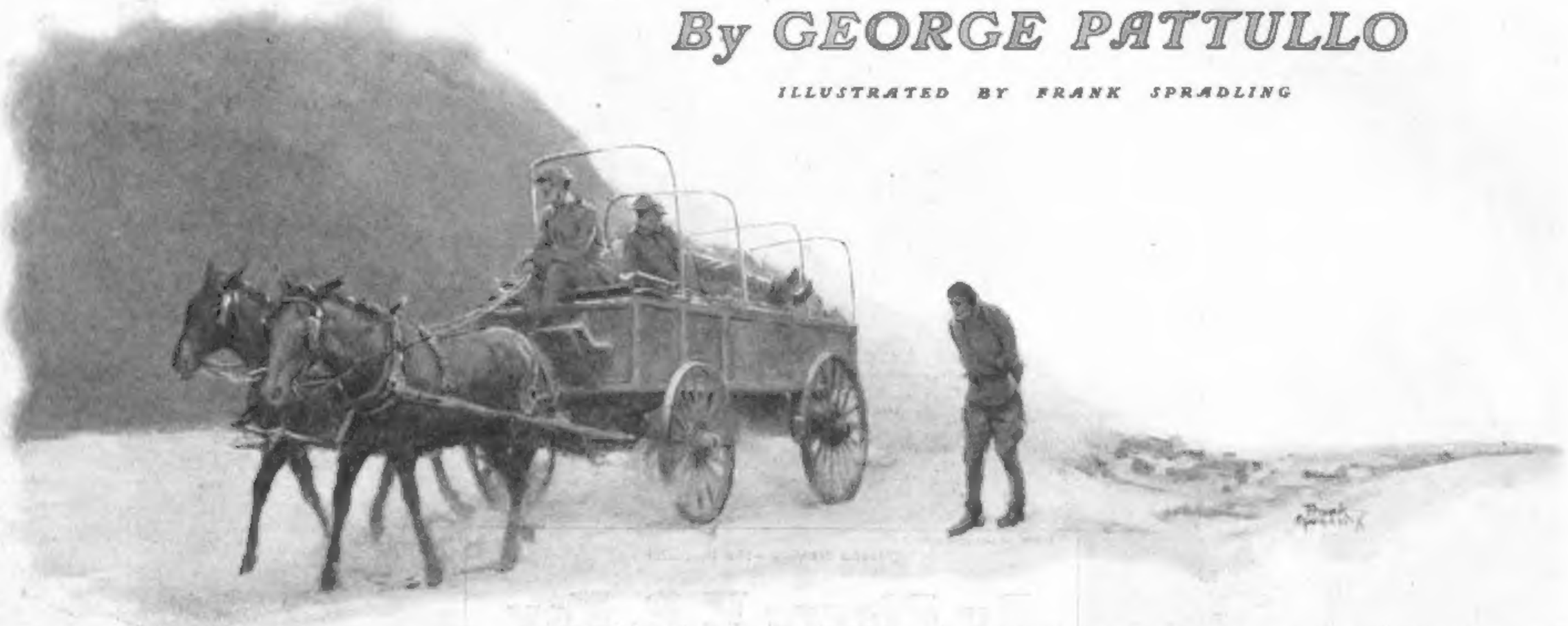
"Of course," he added after the pause following that introductory observation, "one has to fight; it's instinctive, and very few without the quality get far, do they?" From the whole-hearted, the generous and gentle Caruso such an utterance needed an inner probing: he supplied it himself,

(Continued on Page 104)

IN WILHELM'S BED

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING



Behind Us Plodded the Prisoners We Did Not Propose to Burden the Mules With Excess Baggage

SOMEBODY," said the captain in a rasping voice—and he stared fixedly at M'sieu Joe Hicks—"somebody went and slept in the Kaiser's bed in Coblenz last night. And I want to know who did it."

There were six of us in the orderly room, summoned there because of failure to return from leave at the specified hour. But consider how brief was our stay, my friend; they took us in trucks to the Rhine city early in the day, and we were supposed to clear Coblenz by ten o'clock the same night, arriving at our village before dawn. What wonder that a few heroic veterans missed the trucks, among them being my worthy partner and myself? As M'sieu Hicks so justly observed, you can barely get a start in fourteen hours.

"Well, what have you got to say? I want to know who did it."

Nobody replied; the silence was unanimous.

"An order's posted up on the door of the palace that no Americans shall enter without a special permit from army headquarters. Anybody can see it. Yet some roughneck filtered through and spent the night there—right in the Kaiser's own bed! What's more, he got up in the middle of the night and moved into the Empress' bed too. Now only a fool American would ever think of a stunt like that. When he left he cleaned his shoes with a suit of the royal pyjamas. Those are the facts and the Army's ordered an investigation."

The captain paused. After an interval one of my comrades cleared his throat.

"Does the captain know there was men on leave from every outfit in the division?" he ventured.

"I know that too. But the guy who did it must have been one of those who overstayed their leave, which narrows it down. All I've got to do is sift the matter so far as my own company is concerned. That's all I'm worried about. Do any of you men happen to know anything about it?"

Again absolute quiet. Suddenly the captain's mood changed; his face broke into a hearty grin.

"Well, I'm sorry. Somebody disobeyed orders of course, but if I could find out who he is, damned if I wouldn't give him a three-day pass for Neuwied! That's the way I feel about the Kaiser."

Nom de nom, how we pricked up our ears when we heard these words! We looked at one another and I had a sudden inspiration, but M'sieu Joe winked warningly at me from behind the officer's back, and I discreetly held my tongue. Not so the soldier on my right. He gulped, found his voice, and said: "Please, sir, it was me."

The captain glanced up sharply, and for a long minute scrutinized the culprit's face.

"Upton," said he calmly, "what's the use of telling me that? You haven't got the guts to do it. What's more, you would never think of it. Put him in the mill, King, for lying."

"Yes, sir," answered the top sergeant.

"The rest of you can go now," the captain continued. "Giraud, you look like you'd been caught stealing sheep! Anything on your mind?"

This remark was so wholly unexpected and so little deserved that I was at a loss, m'sieu; for I have never been caught stealing sheep. In fact, I do not especially care for mutton.

Before I could frame a reply, however, my loyal comrade spoke up in my defense: "That's the way he always looks, sir. Henree cain't help it."

"Is that so?" retorted the officer dryly. "Who asked you to put in?"

And he eyed M'sieu Joe with all too evident suspicion. But he could ascertain nothing and consequently dismissed us, with a tart reminder that the affair was not yet concluded and we would hear from him later concerning our explanations as to why we had missed the trucks.

So we departed for chow, and the early winter night shut down. Our kitchen was located in an empty wagon shed opposite the church. As yet we had no mess hall, and the soldiery simply filed by to get their food, then either carried it to their billets or ate it in the open on some convenient steps.

Having seen that everything was policed up properly after the evening meal—for they are very strict about kitchens in this man's army, m'sieu, more especially since the war is over—the two of us repaired to the *Wirtschaft*. The *Wirtschaft* is the inn of the town. It was crowded with soldiers, who kept the landlady and her husband extremely busy, for every minute counted, with the closing hour at nine o'clock and no jolt to the beer they dispensed. At least that is what M'sieu Hicks contended. As for me, I ordered a bottle of Rhine wine and drank it slowly, enjoying the scene and stir about me, as is my wont.

"Shucks, I don't see how you can down that dope a-tall, Henree," declared my partner. "It sure made a Christian out of me. I tried it once, and next mornin' I called a general down for not salutin'! There's too much delayed fuse about it. Hi there, Schulz! Tell that squarehead to fetch us a couple side-car smokes, will you?"

By side-car smokes he meant the German cigars, m'sieu.

Corporal Schulz answered courteously: "Go to hell, and tell him yourself."

But the Young Ladies Did Not Keep to Their Side of the House, My Friend; No

"But I cain't speak their lingo. Come on, be a sport! I'm there with the French, but this German sounds exactly like a dog fight."

"All right," agreed the corporal. "But you've got to sing The Rookie's Lament."

Those round us raised a joyful howl of approval, under which my partner expanded with satisfaction. But the prospect depressed me, for despite M'sieu Joe's many estimable qualities of both mind and heart he cannot sing. No; truth compels me to confess that his vocal efforts are very bum.

Nevertheless: "Ain't it queer, Henree?" he inquired complacently. "At home Patsy won't never let me sing a-tall, and everywhere else they just cry for it. A man has to git away from his own fireside to cut any ice; yes, sir, it's the obsolete truth."

And forthwith he began in a high-pitched ghastly drone, The Rookie's Lament. There is no depth nor real feeling to this ballad, m'sieu, and the air is crude, being the identical one to which Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking is rendered. Yet the rough soldiery cackled and kept time with hands and feet, and at the end of each verse repeated the last line in a smashing chorus.

I ain't been long in this man's army,
Just a few days since I arrived.
I think I'll stay; it's better than farmin'—
You've got no cows to milk or drive.

The ver-ree first thing in the mornin'
A feller with a horn makes an awful noise;
Then another feller what they call a sergeant
Yells: "Git up, turn out now, boys!"

Then you go into a bathroom—
Place like that I never seen before—
Water runs in through a hole in the ceilin',
Runs right out through a hole in the floor.

They learn you all that soldier business,
How to march and turn around;
They give you a gun, you put it on your shoulder—
"One, two, three!" and you put it on the ground.

They learn you all about them signals,
You wave a flag at a feller far away;

But one thing I cain't git on to
Is how he knows what you're tryin' to say.

You form in line and write on a paper,
A feller up there gives you your pay;
You take it to your billet and put it on a blanket—
A feller says "Craps" and takes it all away.

In a corner sat one of our K. P.'s holding enthralled a ring of replacement men with the tale of his achievements in the Argonne Wood, the greatest battle in American history.

"Listen to Hathaway, will you?" exclaimed M'sieu Joe, who had himself gallantly abandoned his kitchen to seize a rifle and engage in that fight. "And everything he done was to hide under the slum cart. Regular dugout hound!"

"Sure," asserted Corporal Schulz. "He's another of them fightin' units."

There are many among the soldiery, my friend, who delight to gather in groups round the company kitchens or in billets and recount their exploits at the Front. These are known as fightin' units—an appellation, I need scarcely add, applied in a spirit of levity.

"Say, Henree," continued M'sieu Joe, "maybe there ain't going to be a flock of heroes in the U-nited States after this war, hey? Boy howdy! And the stories'll improve every month. You'll be tellin' your grandchildren round the fire how you went out all alone and cleaned up eleven machine-gun nests single-handed. They'll sure think grandpaw was a bear-cat."

"What makes you say such a thing?" I retorted indignantly.

"Well, every dog-gone time you tell about them boche prisoners it grows. I'll leave it to Schulz. Don't it, Schulz?"

"If he done what he says he done he'd ought to get a medal of honor," was the reply.

The corporal was a discerning man and he did me no more than justice, for I can see now that my dare-devil feat had a distinct effect on Allied morale in those dark days and played a prominent part in our ultimate triumph—if indeed it was not the turning point of the war.

"But of course all the heroes is home already," added Schulz. "By the time us combat divisions gets back they'll ask us, 'Where you come from, anyhow? From the war? Oh, yes; you mean that time we fit the boches. Well, well! I never knowed you guys had left the States.'"

Some of those nearest us laughed bitterly. "And that's no joke neither! Them shock divisions from the S. O. S.——"

"Just the same," cut in M'sieu Joe stoutly, "when this man's army does hit home a lot of guys who've been paradin' round in the limelight will have to step down. Because somebody is goin' to riz up on his hind laigs and ask, 'Where was you at in the war?' Yes, sir; they'll put the soft pedal on when the boys who done the fightin' are round to check up on 'em."

Fell a silence while they rolled cigarettes or took a pull at their beer. The talk had turned their thoughts to home, and a pall of gloom descended upon the room.

"Come on!" exclaimed M'sieu Hicks impatiently. "These guys'll bellyache now until closin' time. Let's go."

As we walked to our billet my partner remarked, "When they do git home, Henree, they'll knock a lot of fool notions out'n the folks' heads—about war and things. They'll put 'em wise to these foreign countries too."

"Indeed, and it is high time."

"You've said it. Uncle Sam's laig has been pulled all outa shape as it is. Looks like a lot of people back there think our only mission in life is to go round the world huntin' for countries to give things away to. And what thanks do we get?"

"They take advantage of us."

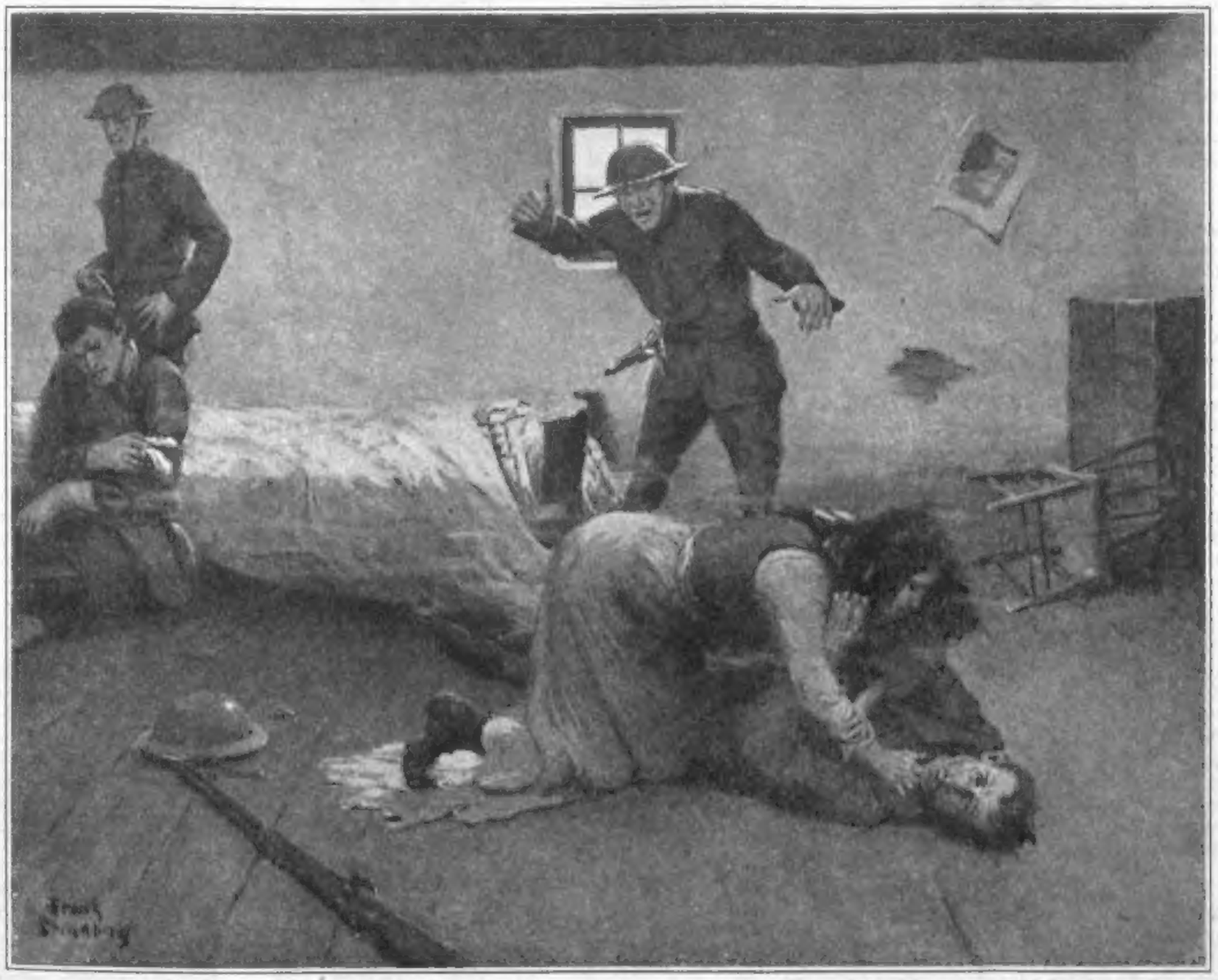
"Sure! They think we're easy, and they got their sights set a mile high. Imagine, Henree, what would happen if things was reversed! Suppose we was to come to any of these European countries with the sort of propositions they put up to us—why, they'd sick the dog on us!"

Eh bien, we hastened to our billet, for our minds were set on a hunt. *Mais oui*—a hunt! Twice or thrice a week we had it; indeed the entire kitchen force—consisting of us two, three assistant cooks and six K. P.'s—belonged to the Pickemoff Hunt Club. Its purpose was not the pursuit of the fox or the nimble deer which roam the leafy glades in these parts, m'sieu, but the running down of the crafty cootie in his lair.

"They've dug in along the seams, Henree, and they're killin' me with direct fire," groaned my unfortunate friend. "Jumpin' Jupiter, how they do go after a feller wherever he sweats!"

Thereupon he peeled off shirt and underclothes and crawled between the blankets, leaving only his shoulders exposed to the cold air.

"That's the trouble when you only got one suit and shirt," he complained. "I lost my stuff in the Oregon."



Astounding as it Sounds, My Comrade Gave Encouragement to the Enemy; Yes, it is True. He Egged Her On!

He meant the Argonne, of course. "I wonder what Patsy'd say to all this? And me with twenty or thirty suits of silk underwear back there in Paree! Now hand me that candle, Ol' Timer, and we'll step to it."

With shirt on his knees he moved the candle swiftly over every inch of it. From time to time he would emit a glad cry and pick off a cootie, which he instantly executed with exultant savage grunts. Several others were engaged in the same pastime, my friend; indeed it is the favorite indoor sport of the Army of Occupation. For, look you—we had no leisure or facilities for delousing after the fierce fighting of November and our mad dash for Sedan. In consequence a considerable percentage of the troops were entertaining little guests. The perfidious creatures infested the blankets and it was well-nigh impossible to oust them.

"Where's that cootie string that Jane sent you, Henree?"

I produced it from my bedroll, no little surprised over the request, for on numerous occasions M'sieu Joe had made light of my dear wife's Christmas gift.

"Now I've got it what do I do with it?"

"You tie it round your middle, my friend."

"And what happens then—besides the itch?"

"Why, the cooties flock to it. It is very simple."

"Oh, I see," he said gravely, eying the long woolen string. "They climb up on the cord, and then you run off and leave 'em."

"That is approximately the method."

"And you say the women back home sent thousands of these things over here? *Oo, là, là!* We are a great people, Henree. Reminds me of the recipe for trappin' the oozlefinch."

"The oozlefinch!" I echoed, amazed to a degree. "Why, what is that? I never heard of it."

"The oozlefinch, Henree, is an exteeremely sagacious creature, half animile and half bird, that lurks in the impenetrable fastnesses of the jungles of Borneo. From time to time he sallies forth from his gloomy haunts to descend upon the villages ——"

"But this is extraordinary!"

"You've said it. The oozlefinch is some bird! Then agin he ain't a bird a-tall, but a sort of a fish, for he can fly or walk or swim with equal dexterity, and his size is tree-mendous. Moreover, he has spikes on his tail, and when he emits his raucous cry it sounds like a carload of hogs in a wreck. Yes, sir; it's the obsolete truth."

"But is he carnivorous? What does he eat?"

"You can bet your life he's carnivorous. The only thing he cain't abide is meat. He'll eat a light breakfast of duds or maybe a snack of automobile tires—it's all the same to the oozlefinch. And that's where his weakness lies—in his appetite. Yes, sir; that and a sense of humor've been the undoin' of many a fearless oozle-finch."

"Proceed, m'sieu, proceed."

"Well, you can figure for yourself how anxious these Nature-faker guys is to catch a specimen of this rare species. But how? Aha, that is the question! How? Well, I'm agoin' to tell you how, Henree."

By this time the entire room was listening with the most profound attention.

"First you go to Borneo."

"Naturally! I surmised that. You would scarcely expect to find this monster in Illinois," I interjected, indulging my happy knack of repartee.

"The point is well taken," observed M'sieu Hicks. "Anyhow, you go to Borneo and row out into the jungle ——"

"Row out?"

"You row out into the jungle," he continued severely, "and bore a hole in the pool where the oozlefinch has his nest, and lay a cream puff on the edge of same. Now, cream puffs is the oozlefinch's worst temptation, Henree. What liquor is to you guys, so is pastry of all kinds to the feathered King of the Jungle. *Eh bien* and *alors*, you row back and wait. Pretty soon the oozlefinch comes snoopin' along and gits a whiff. He approaches—he reaches out with his two-pronged beak for it—he slips and falls in. And while he's strugglin' to crawl out you crank up your flivver and ride back."

"But you were rowing!" I protested.

"Sure—I forgot. You row back."

"But how do you capture him?"

"There's two ways," replied M'sieu Joe. "Two and only two. One is to tell him how you captured them boche prisoners. As I said before, the oozlefinch is cursed with a sense of humor. Well, he laughs and laughs and keeps on laughin' until he swells up so he cain't budge out'n the hole. Or—and this method has the O. K. of the Smithsonian Institute—you can remove the hole and take it along with you."

By now I was morally certain that M'sieu Hicks could not be serious. Apart altogether from his jesting reference

(Continued on Page 40)

HOKUM!

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

SIBLEY, muffled to the ears, his teeth chattering, his spine running ice water, crouched on a slippery fire-escape grating that hung like a swallow's nest sixty feet above the street. His face was glued to an open port-hole in the iron shutters, through which emerged, in obedience to the laws of thermodynamics, a pipe of warm air. Methodically he shuffled his half-frozen feet; rhythmically he swung his long arms; but his eyes never left the peephole. The warmth was grateful, but it was not the elemental impulse, the prime consideration—still, it coaxed him, as the heat of the sun coaxes the first footsteps of a blind caterpillar. It suggested to him that he had but to put in his arm, trip the latch with his finger and enter. But something else said: "No, you stay where you are!"

In the side street below lay a covey of limousines at anchor, shiny black beetles against the white snow. Their mahouts, befurred in coonskin and beaver, clustered in groups in doorways, heads together, stamping their feet, now and then exploding in buffets and boisterous shouts—*contes du jour et de la nuit!* Or again all would be off to spin their motors against the cold, with volleys of back-firing and great pulsating whirs like beating wings. Sibley's mechanical sense, which all through life had fought in him for the right of way over clean-finger-nail pursuits, made him grit his teeth.

"I'd fire a man for that!" he muttered, looking down.

Then he smiled. For the first time it occurred to him to associate these big beetles and their mahouts with himself. These were the servants lounging at the gate, while their masters were regaling themselves within. He—he, Adrian Sibley—was serving the feast. This evening he had waved his magic wand. Two thousand people, a Roman phalanx, obedient to a common æsthetic impulse, rose from their dinners, penciled their eyebrows, smoothed their hair, balanced their ties, stepped into their furs, summoned their lackeys, were conveyed hither in their luxurious chariots. Two thousand super-elegants, of the six million within the city gates, had been filtered out for his delectable collation.

The peeper turned again to the port. He inhaled the pleasing warmth of the air; he fed his eyes on the well of human beings that lay below. There they sat—rapt, spellbound. Now they would shift in unison; momentarily there was the crisp rustle of programs, instantly arrested; a sigh, a flutter of handkerchiefs, a breath of laughter, come and gone like the gust of a storm through a distant door opened and shut. It all reached him here in his aerie in muffled surges, the many-phased current of emotion expanding and contracting in response to some unseen field of force. The stage itself was beyond his view; he caught the two ragged segments of the balconies, a sector of the brilliant pit with its seething humanity forever breaking and coalescing before his eyes.

Sibley was a playwright. This was his first play. Jane Welcome had the lead, Walter Lawrence the opposite; Heinemann had put it on—the great Heinemann! "Heinemann presents ——" said the big electric sign that was making all the flare at the corner.

To the watcher now came that rare moment youth so eagerly seeks—a moment of realization, of achievement, so complete and overwhelming that it seems to redeem and explain all the waste of futile effort, all the ravelings of spent endeavor gone before. And Sibley—his carcass case-hardened by cold, his mind molten with ecstasy, his soul shrunk with cowardice—Sibley was taking it out—his great moment—on the fire escape, a Peeping Tom on his own wrought magic. When the third act was over he might face them. But not before. The idiots would be yelling "Author!" The very thought of it dried up his veins. After the third act he would go down and walk through it as though it were his beloved garden. Just now he preferred to freeze and burn here.

"We Have Been Bickering Like Children All These Weeks," She Said Softly

A head showed over the parapet four feet above him.

"Oh, Sibley!"

"Yes, Tom?"

"All right now, old top!"

"Yes, yes—I know! Tom, how'd it go, so far?"

"Fine!" said the stage manager; and he dwelt on the word. It had been fine, deep and fine, as sailors say of the swift staunch ship they love.

"I'll come up," said Sibley, kicking his feet against the iron rungs to bring them back to life.

"No; it's too slippery. Better go through. Inside the port—four inches to the right. Trip that latch. Go easy! Heinemann is just inside there—in the last row, center."

"Heinemann!" ejaculated Sibley. The lord of creation!

"What does he think? Has he said anything?" This timidly. Tom chuckled.

"Heinemann? Say anything!" Tom made a gesture indicating the futility of all things.

"What did the stone god Ram say, Sib, when the lady kissed his toe? I'll see you behind, old top." And the stage manager withdrew, skating across the icy roof and diving into a penthouse.

Sibley softly let himself in; the warmth went to his marrow, left him shaking with ague. He slipped out of his greatcoat, deposited it with his cap in a corner, tiptoed across the house, looking down on the bubbling entr'acte scene with a feeling of giddiness. The stone god Ram did not turn at his approach, nor give any evidence of being mortal. Sibley slipped quietly into a seat. He would wait and watch. In his congealed ecstatic state out there on the grating he had forgotten that Heinemann took his opening nights alone, in the topmost gallery, in the last seat.

The music struck up, stragglers replaced themselves, the lights went down, the curtains parted. Jane Welcome had the stage, and her voice came to him in bell-like clearness, sweeping across his senses. Instantly the effect became perfect illusion; this was no mummery—it was actuality. This was a première—to him as well as to those spellbound people who sat there breathless, fearful. He forgot the savage weeks of rehearsal that had gone before, the sneers, taunts and jibes, the boorish rages of Heinemann, the great Heinemann, who had sat out there in the dark auditorium pulling at his rusty tin of vile coffee, chewing heretical ham, clapping them out as if they were his lackeys, calling them muckers, window washers, charwomen! Day after day, hour after hour, deep into the night, and then at it again with the rising sun, until all had arrived at a point where their nerves were raga—they jumped at a pin drop; and petty quarrels and recriminations held these artists, gathered by infinite selection to portray a story of tenderness and beauty, at swords' points. His own lines and phrases, precious words he had so painstakingly subjected to the synthesis of ideas in the electric arc of his brain, grouping them as the organic chemist manipulates his docile C, H, N and O to his will—Heinemann had yanked them through a knothole, torn them, slashed, chopped, stuck odd ends together, smeared the manuscript with his great greasy pencilings. Heinemann who, without learning, wrote; without histrionics or technic, made others act; without grace, tutored elegance—with fiendish pertinacity driving others to do to perfection what had been denied himself.

And now before Sibley's eyes the event seemed unfolding itself for the first time. It was perfect illusion—syllable, nuance and movement keyed in a dovetail. It was as if its creator had stirred into the dead dust of the past the whirling nebula of the future. He was transported! And there in the topmost seat reposed the stone god Ram. Those helpless puppets on the stage were playing to him without knowing it, without seeing him as he glowered down, the great god Ram, inevitable, inexorable, as stone gods must be.

Sibley watched Heinemann as one of faith watches an idol, a little fearful, just a shade jealous of his share in the masterpiece. From the heights of his exultation he found himself reliving the beginnings of this night of nights. First that previous manuscript had gone to Gelshennen. At that time he dared not raise his eyes so high as Heinemann; and Gelshennen made a specialty, sometimes with startling success, of first plays. There the play had remained for a twelvemonth. Then in despair he sent a copy to Heinemann, braving the tradition that Heinemann without fail returned all volunteer manuscripts unopened after two years. Something must have happened—mayhap the packet fell off a table or otherwise obtruded itself on his attention. The unexpected happened. The summons had come; and Sibley on hot coals waited before the great man.

"Read it," commanded Heinemann, indicating the manuscript.

"But—I can't read!" ejaculated the terrified author.

Nevertheless he began to read to this audience of one, this flabby, warty old toad, quiescent in a huge chair, eyes closed, a dead cigar stuck in its face. Once or twice he paused, thinking Heinemann asleep.

"Broceed," rumbled the inert mass.

As he turned the last page a flabby hand reached out and forcibly removed the manuscript.

"There's only ten lines more," ventured Sibley timidly, thinking of his Shavian curtain. Silence. The hand moved—to a pen. It made hen tracks in a check book! That was his grace, that was his benediction. No word of commendation—not even a grunt. Only this check. He was dismissed.

A shiver of applause, instantly stilled, called Sibley to his senses. He rose and stealthily made his way out; he trod confidently down the soft stairs; he paused among the standees at the back of the orchestra. In the darkness a hand sought his and pressed it.

A voice said in his ear: "Good old Sib! How'd it happen?"

It was Wiggins, a school friend, now grown fat, as a discretionary broker.

"It didn't happen—it occurred," replied Sibley, and turned away, leaving Wiggins to chew on that. Wiggins gathered mots outside office hours. Sibley passed out to the box office.

"What's the count?" he said through the window with professional languor.

"Eighteen forty-six, fifty."

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and strutted off. Eighteen forty-six, fifty! Five per cent, gross! He thought of his hall room, with a milk bottle cooling its head on a ledge outside the window. He thought of these new clothes, purchased for the occasion. Eighteen forty-six, fifty. At five per cent, gross. He would have that new closed car eventually; and that old place up on Town Hill, across the river from New Hartford, which fairly cried out for the skilled hand of a post-graduate gardener—and he had some ideas on landscaping. There would be rooms in town now—instead of a hall bunk; also a man—and clothes! Or he might do as another fortunate youth had done, of whom he had read but a few days gone by—bank it all, every cent, have some discretionary person, like Wiggins, invest it for him. Then it would be a sheet anchor for old age.

Old age! He laughed. Old Age was always thrusting in its cadaverous, wheedling face, and saying: "Don't forget me!" Well, Old Age, we are going to overlook you for this once; these are the wages of youth—we've spent too many years wishing, to begin to hoard like a miser the first time gold scratches our palms. As when a swimmer sinks for the last time the events of his past life are said to flash before his mental vision so now the fortunate youth with success at last achieved was vouchsafed a cinema of the future. He had always known it would come eventually; that success, like his past failures, would pounce on him unawares. His only fear had been that its coming would be delayed beyond youth—that crystal era when the coin of life stands at parity. Yes, he would take his wages. Now, till the end of time he would stick his head in at this window and ask: "What's the count to-night?"

"Hello, Sib! How's old top?"

It was Louis Fox, critic, pulling himself into his coat, hurrying off to catch the presses before the final curtain. In ten years Louis had never seen a first-night curtain.

"Would it be—ah—would it conform to the ethics of—ah—critico-jurisprudence—to ask ——"

"It would not!" retorted the oracle; and he hurried off as if in fear his morals were being tampered with.

The playwright passed in again, and down the side aisle to the stage door, his senses luxuriating in the spectacle of the orchestra as he moved on. The bloom of bare shoulders, the sheen of coiffures, silks, laces and rare perfumes—and best of all, sighs. And a sprinkling of gentlemen with decorations—the war has given us that needed Continental touch. Oh, the resiliency of that house! The plasticity of it! Would there ever be such another? Yes, many, many, my dear boy—this thing is going to your head!

Jane Welcome was just coming off, and he waited for her in one, studying her, thinking how incomparable she was. Instantly she passed the shadow of the wings her face showed strain, her eyes had a glitter as if shot with belladonna. She was living on nerve and the spell of this first night. Then she caught sight of him standing there smiling. She flushed with childish happiness. She strove to recover herself, but it was too late. He had seen and drunk deep of her emotion. As she came forward, head thrown back, teeth shining, she thrust out her two hands impulsively to him. He tossed them aside, caught her up, folded her swiftly in his arms, kissed her full on the lips; and for an instant, breathing quickly, they lingered in that discovering embrace. She was trembling when he set her down.

"Come," he said; and he led the way swiftly to her dressing room. She sat down beside him, taking one of his hands in her two.

"We have been bickering like children all these weeks," she said softly.

"It snapped, like a spark!" he said. "I'm still giddy."

"It didn't come that way to me," she said. "It's been there all the time. I've seen it—a light, burning low but steady—like phosphorus on the waves at night."

"Out there," he said, waving a hand indefinitely toward the house, "it seemed I'd won everything worth while. And now this has come to me!"

She rose at the cry of the call boy, and was gone. He sat there, dully staring ahead, hands thrust deep into his pockets, chin on his chest. The stage cat came in, hopped on her chair to keep him company. What was transpiring outside was nothing now to this new, unexpected thing. Vaguely he was conscious of the surging roar at the final curtain, the waves of applause coming to him back here as the sound of waves must have come to Monte Cristo in his deep dungeon. Then another sound—the exploding whir of motors beyond the fire wall; the street would be alive now, its big beetles crawling. Dimly he sensed the scene outside under the awning, electric bright—his praises flung from lip to lip in the swirling crowd as the exquisite groups melted and reformed, a splash of splendid color and vivacity; the flaring lights of the limousines, like flambeaux; the shrill cries of carriage starters, the hautboys of this brilliant retinue, as one by one the equipages filled and rolled off into the darkness; above, the great sign winking "Heinemann presents ——" It would be a carriage night, as the slaves at the gate say—like an opera night. Heinemann's first nights had their own clientele.

The cast came for Sibley in a body, dragging him out—Jane; and Walter Lawrence; little Mrs. Bigbee, who played the prim aunt; Alice Price, the ingénue; and the lesser lights. They were still drunk with the zest of their first audience, than which nothing is more insidious.

"I think we ought to have some chow," said Sibley.

He thought twice, recollecting his empty pockets. Doubtless he could rustle credit now. He consulted the efficient Tom, and it was no sooner said than done. A troupe of waiters from Hanover's next door spread the feast on the stage, with the curtain raised, and the staring empty house as a background. He drank his fill of Jane, who sat beside him, very quiet and subdued, now and then looking full at him in a way that startled him.

(Continued on Page 99

Lawrence Read Aloud. And in This Dead Hour of Night These People Who Had Dragged Wearily Through Days to This Climax Hung on His Words Like Children

THE GOLDEN VOICE

By Edith Macvane

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

CLELIA DE LUCA walked briskly down Sixth Avenue in the dusty haze of a June evening. The skirt of her ready-made black taffeta swung stiffly from her thin waist. Between her eyes—inky-black eyes inherited from centuries of dreamy gazing at the Bay of Naples—a sharp line of worry was drawn. Suddenly a touch on her elbow made her turn in an affectation of surprise.

"Oh! Mr. Bertolini, how you sta-artled me!"

"Mr. Bertolini, she calls me."

"Doctor Bertolini, then."

"Not till next week. Say, Clelia, you're coming to see me get my sheepskin?"

"Can't leave the office mornings."

"Doesn't think a poor young doctor is worth the trouble of getting a couple o' hours off, she means. Clelia, wait a moment! You remember that place I was telling you about—insurance doctor out at West Platte Branch, Nevada?"

"Mining camp?"

"Gold mining, Clelia! Anyhow, I'm that doctor. Got the formal offer last night and snapped it up by wire this morning. Eight hundred dollars a year and house free." His young voice broke in a sudden invading emotion: "Clelia!"

Over Clelia's sallow face rushed a tide of crimson color. The line between her brows deepened. Her voice, however, was an attempt at a society drawl as she declared:

"Well, I do think that's too splendid! How proud Mrs. Bertolini must be! She and your father have worked hard; but it's worth while—to have a doctor in the family."

"I wish you wanted a doctor in the family, Clelia. . . . Clelia, don't walk so quick!" There on the thronging prosaic sidewalk of Sixth Avenue Paolo Bertolini's handsome young face glowed, as might that of Romeo, with all the poetic self-forgetting passion of his race. "Clelia, till to-day I didn't have the right to speak—you earning that grand salary and all. Forty dollars a week!"

For Clelia was stenographer and confidential secretary to the head of a large Italian and American music publishing house. Her accurate knowledge of the two languages, her skill at music and her smattering of law rendered her invaluable to her employer and procured for her the munificent salary that her lover named with such respect.

"Two thousand dollars a year! A half share of eight hundred and a house don't look like much beside that, do they? But remember it's just a starter, Clelia. I'm going to specialize in throat and ear, and that's always a money-maker. In ten years you'll have your own car, Clelia!"

"Maybe; maybe not."

The sudden dryness of her tone brought him up standing. The eddying crowd bumped and jostled him. But swept away by the intense feeling of his Southern soul he caught the girl by the arm.

"Clelia, *amore!* Then it's all a lie! That night down at Coney—what you promised me on the boat comin' home—it just plain ain't so?"

Detaching her arm with a sharp gesture the girl walked swiftly on. Paolo followed her, unconscious of the crowd, imploring her with word and eye:

"Clelia, *adorata mia*, then you don't love me at all?"

"It ain't that."

"She loves me, and I got a job, and she won't marry me!" A sudden suspicion assailed him. "Clelia, if it were more of a job, then maybe you'd take me?"

"Maybe."

"I see" Sudden wrath and disillusion choked the ardent young voice. "If it's money you're after, Miss de Luca, I won't stand in your way. Good evening!"

"Paolo, hold on a minute! Paolo, don't go like that! Oh, Paolo, you know how I'm fixed at home, don't you?" Sudden anguish wrung Clelia's voice. With the sudden surety of himself born of her obvious emotion Paolo strode beside her.

"You mean—your mother? Bring her with you. House free, Clelia! And they ain't caught the H. C. L. out in Nevada yet. Besides, we won't stick at eight hundred long; you can bet on that!"

"Momma wouldn't come."

"Why not?"

"Wouldn't leave Rosetta."

"Ah, now we've come to it!" Paolo's anger made him as oblivious of the crowd as his anguished heart had previously done. "To give her sister a grand musical education she lives on ten dollars a week and gives Rosetta thirty. To put her sister into Grand Opera, where she'll never land—pay attention to what I tell you—because she hasn't the talent for it, nor the voice neither, she pinches and scrimps herself, and never has any good clothes except the black frock she wears at the office, and eats crackers instead of beefsteak, and never puts a cent in the bank."

"Rosetta ain't trying for Grand Opera yet."

After Dinner Clelia in Rubbers and Waterproof Went Out to Procure the Medicines Ordered by the Specialist

"For musical comedy, then? Two hundred pounds of just splendid soubrette!"

"I'll thank you not to make fun of my sister, Doctor Bertolini! I know Rosetta's a bit large, but her face is beautiful. And, anyway, on the concert stage it doesn't hurt a singer to be stout. It looks professional—especially a dramatic soprano; like Rosetta."

From the rushing stream of Sixth Avenue they had turned into the comparatively quick backwater of East Ninth. Paolo spoke with pleading intensity: "See here, Clelia; you've carried your sister and her singing lessons on your back for more'n two years now. I know! Are you intendin' to keep on doin' it forever?"

"Another year's lessons, Calderini says, an' she'll be perfect."

"Another year—then you'll marry me, Clelia?"

Clelia's thin face twisted.

"For the first year or two till she gets established—she'll have to have a sort of manager and accompanist. Momma'd go with her, but she's too sick. So ——"

"Clelia, you're fixing things to give up your whole life to your sister? Why, it ain't in nature!"

"What can I do? It's like a speculation we'd started on before I knew you, Paolo. And now, right in the middle of it, you come to me an' ask me to back out."

"I say a girl that's had two years of singin' lessons ought to get on by herself now without spoilin' her sister's chance in life—that is, if you do love me, Clelia."

Miss de Luca's thin brown hand went to her flat chest. For a moment her thin brown features were almost beautiful with the ardent glow reflected, as it were, from her lover's pleading face.

"Clelia, maybe it was cheeky of me to accept that place before I spoke to you about it—they want a married man, you see; but I couldn't help feeling sure of you after what you said—you know what you said, *piccina mia!*"

"I did mean it, Paolo; but ——"

"Then you won't send me off into the wilderness all alone? Two thousand Calabrian miners and their families—no one else. But with you there it would be lovelier than *mia bella Napoli!* To be sure, it would mean giving up that grand salary of yours; it would mean roughin' it, doin' kitchen work an' all, for a bit. But I won't stay in the eight-hundred-dollar class long, *per Bacco!* And I love you so, Clelia—you see, I love you so!"

Still with her thin hand pressed to her breast Clelia stood drinking up his ardent love words. The flint of her intention wavered painfully and visibly as she answered:

"Lemme take the L now, Paolo. I won't say no now, anyway. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sleep on it; an' I'll let you know to-morrow evening."

"You'll give them a chance to talk you round, you mean."

"No, no; I'll try and think things out by myself. And don't forget, Paolo, I do love you! You're the only one for me. Oh, I do think such a lot of you! And, whatever I decide, don't—don't ever hate me."

"If you throw me over after this, Clelia, I'll come darn' near hating you; and don't you forget it!"

For a moment Paolo glared at her as though he would have knifed her. Then, tenderness breaking through the ferocity of his passion, he went on:

"Clelia, *carissima mia*, see that your answer is yes! I'll call for you to-morrow night—eight o'clock. Like that, when you've given me your answer, I can step right in and fix things up with your mother."

"My train'll be comin'. *A rivederci*, Paolo!"

"*A rivederci, amore!*"

II

CLELIA, entering the little flat, found it filled, as usual, with the odors of frying onion and tomato, and the vibrating notes of a powerful dramatic soprano voice. The singer at the piano did not turn her head as the older sister entered, tearing open the hooks of her taffeta dress as

she did so. From a lapboard, covered with the litter of artificial flowers in the making, a haggardly handsome woman raised her sunken black eyes.

"Late again, Clelia! Already the macaroni is overcooked."

"Never mind, *mammina.* I've brought you something good. Look! A flask of good red wine—wine of Sorrento. Look!"

Sudden silence filled the room as the singer turned heavily on her music stool. Her figure was large, high-shouldered and ungirlishly stout; but her face, except for the petulant contraction of the level brows and the willful forward push of the underlip, might have been that of the loveliest of cinquecento Madonnas.

"Now, Clelia, don't pretend you've been all this time just getting that wine for momma!"

Suddenly Clelia was aware of something tense, almost hostile, in the stuffy room. Pushing her thin arms into the sleeves of her holland overall she answered sharply:

"Well, I was walking with Paolo Bertolini. Have you anything to the contrary?"

"Not to your walkin' with him!" The mother's voice was heavy with significance. Then she burst out:

"Do you know what's being said in the Quarter? That you and Paolo are *fidanzati!* It was Amalia Baldarossi told me only this evenin'. She said: 'The Bertolinis are furious. They want Paolo to marry Zelinda Croce, the daughter of the padrone of the Little Naples Restaurant. She has ten thousand dollars to her *dote;* so Paolo will be splendidly set up in his practice if he marries her.'

"Do you know what Amalia said else? 'To my mind, Clelia will be a big imbecile if she leaves that grand place of hers—forty dollars a week—and marries a starving young doctor; that it will be years and years before he earns a *soldo* even to buy her a pair of shoes!' So I answered: 'Never fear. My Clelia has too much good sense to marry hunger and thirst. And when my girls marry they'll marry rich Americans, not poor Wops!' I say."

Clelia whirled round with a dish in her hand.

"Did you say that, momma?"

"Sure I did! Didn't I say right?"

The two pairs of lustrous black eyes, so alike in mother and daughter, gathered wrath as they glared at each other. Rosetta, at the piano, giggled:

"A swell brother-in-law I'll have to make loans off of!"

Clelia cried passionately: "It would serve you both just right if I told you I've promised to marry him!"

The resolution in her face struck sudden alarm into her two listeners. Tears sprung into the mother's sunken eyes.

"Clelia, you're not jokin'? Then you're goin' to marry him? And what—what will become of us?"

"Paolo said I could bring my mother to live with us."

"A fine home Paolo Bertolini could give his mother-in-law; or his wife either!"

In halting words Clelia recounted the job her lover was to hold. Suddenly Rosetta, rising from the piano, smote her hand backward against the keyboard and cried:

"And me?"

"Paolo said—he said he thought a girl that had had two years of singin' lessons ought to be able to earn her own livin' by now."

"In the chorus, maybe? Me, in the chorus! I'll die first!"

In a tempest of sobs Rosetta flung herself upon the crashing keys. Her mother, casting aside the lapboard, rose uncertainly to her feet and walked to her weeping daughter.

"Rosetta, the treasure of momma! The little love of momma! Don't cry, *amore!*" And caressing the bent and shaken head of her youngest Mrs. de Luca glared with eyes of fierce reproach at the trembling Clelia.

"*Va bene,* if you had said at the start, two years ago, you wanted to go off and get married, Rosetta might have gone on with her dressmaking, or learned stenography like you, or got married herself. But now, after two years' struggle ——"

"Two years; yes, momma! Me sacrificin' my youth—never an evenin' out, never a dance on account of my throat, never a new dress, livin' like a nun, just so's I can make somethin' o' my voice an' raise the family some day ——"

"I know you do, Rosetta. Never did a girl study more regular than you. And me—haven't I sacrificed? Haven't I given up my gold chain and corals and your poor poppa's violin to be sold? Haven't we sold even the vineyard in Avellino just so's we can make you a prima donna?"

Clelia cried: "And haven't I served two years, faithful? Calderini said two years; and haven't I lived like a cash girl for two years? Never a new dress; nothing except the everlasting black silk I wear in the office! Never a theater! Never a trip on Sunday! Forty good dollars a week I make, an' twenty-eight I hand over to you reg'lar for Rosetta."

"Listen to her, momma! She's always throwin' it up to my face what she does for me, as though she didn't know she'll get every cent paid back, with interest, as soon as I begin to earn!"

"You hear that, Clelia? Rosetta will pay you back every *soldo.* Ah, Madonna! When an artist begins to earn, how she earns! When I sang at the San Carlo I took in a thousand lire a night. Rosetta will earn as many dollars!"

For Mrs. de Luca in her youth had been a more or less successful opera singer in her native city of Naples. And now the hope that in this youngest child she might find the reincarnation of her own triumphant past was a passionate, fixed idea, which bore down every other motherly instinct in her heart.

Clelia stood with lowered head, silent under the flood of eloquence that beat upon her from both sides. Rosetta wept:

"Yes, momma; Calderini says so too. He has his plans all laid out for me. He says, with another year's lessons I can start in earnin' a hundred dollars a night in concert, save money, go back to Naples, live with Aunt Carolina and study repertoire a year; début at the San Carlo, where you sang, momma—then come back to N' York a real, swell, high-class grand opera prima donna—a thousand dollars a night."

"Rosetta, little love, even without Clelia's help we'll find a way."

"Yes; the bad way! Old Tony Santini, the banker, would pay my expenses if I'd let him; he's told me so—the wicked old beast!"

"Rosa, my baby, any way but that!"

"What's left for me else? My life is finished!" Rosetta's voice rose in a shrill crescendo of suffering. With a fierce gesture she seized the sheet of music that stood open on the piano and tore it into a snowstorm of tiny scraps. "What's left for me? Tony Santini or the chorus! Better the river and be done with it!"

"Clelia, you hear? You hear your little sister? My God, don't you know what it is, the soul of an artist? Take away her music an' she'll die! When I lost my voice didn't I take the steamer for Capri an' try to throw myself overboard—only your poor poppa stopped me? An' me with two beautiful babies to live for! *Madonna mia!* That wicked old Tony Santini—how did he dare?"

"Tony Santini or the chorus—an' me with the voice of a prima donna if only it was trained! Why ain't I dead?"

"Clelia de Luca, if your sister goes to her death or—or worse, then the fault lies at your door."

"Don't talk to Clelia, momma. Look at her, standin' there like a stone! No one minds her gettin' married. On'y, why can't she wait a coupla years? No, no! That jay Dago crooks his finger an' off she dashes; Paolo Bertolini's more to her'n her own flesh an' blood. To-morrow she'll be gone. We'll be alone. An' me, with my voice on'y half ready! My voice! All that I live for! All that you

(Continued on Page 59)

As She Stood Turning the Leaves No One Could Have Noted That Her Eyes Searched the Crowded Auditorium

"I Know What Suits Me. Some Hit, Girlie! Believe Me!"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT WAS November 8, 1868, that the newspaper known as the Courier-Journal appeared and made its bow to the public. The times were out of joint. It may be truly said that the nation was in a state of social ferment and political chaos. Grant had been elected President, but Andrew Johnson still occupied the White House. The paper was a consolidation of the Journal, the Courier and the Democrat—the three daily newspapers of Louisville, dating back to 1830, 1843 and 1844, respectively—come at length under a single ownership and management.

Reconstruction, as it was called—ruin were a fitter name for it—had just begun. The South was imprisoned, awaiting the executioner. The Constitution of the United States hung in the balance. The Federal Union faced the threat of sectional despotism. The spirit of the time was martial law. The gospel of proscription ruled in Congress. Radicalism, vitalized by the murder of Abraham Lincoln and inflamed by the inadequate effort of Andrew Johnson to carry out the policies of Lincoln, was in the saddle riding furiously toward a carpetbag Poland and a negroized Ireland.

The Democratic Party, which, had it been stronger, might have interposed, lay helpless. It, too, was crushed to earth. Even the Border States, which had not been embraced by the military agencies and federalized machinery erected over the Gulf States, were seriously menaced. Never did newspaper enterprise set out under gloomier auspices.

There was a party of reaction in Kentucky, claiming to be Democratic, playing to the lead of the party of repression at the North. It refused to admit that the hand of the South was in the lion's mouth and that the first essential was to get it out. The Courier-Journal proposed to stroke the mane, not twist the tail of the lion. Thus it stood between two fires. There arose a not unnatural distrust of the journalistic monopoly created by the consolidation of the three former dailies into a single newspaper, carrying an unfamiliar hyphenated headline. Touching its policy of sectional conciliation it picked its way perilously through the cross currents of public opinion. There was scarcely a sinister purpose that was not alleged against it by its enemies; scarcely a hostile device that was not undertaken to put it down and drive it out.

Its constituency represented an unknown quantity. In any event it had to be created. Meanwhile, it must rely upon its own resources, sustained by the courage of the venture, by the integrity of its convictions and aims, and by faith in the future of the city, the state and the country.

Still, to be precise, it was the morning of Sunday, November 8, 1868. The night before the good people of Louisville had gone to bed expecting nothing unusual to happen. They awoke to encounter an uninvited stranger, which had arrived a little before the dawn. No hint of its coming had got abroad; and thus the surprise was the greater.

Truth to say, it was not a pleased surprise, because, as it flared before the eye of the startled citizen in big Gothic letters, The Courier-Journal, there issued thence an aggressive self-confidence which affronted the amour propre of the sleepy villagers. They were used to a very different style of newspaper approach.

Nor was the absence of a timorous demeanor its only offense. The Courier had its partisans, the Journal and the Democrat had their friends. The trio stood as ancient landmarks, as recognized and familiar institutions. Here was a double-headed monster which, without saying "by your leave" or "blast your eyes" or any other politeness, had taken possession of each man's doorstep, looking very like it had brought its knitting and was come to stay.

The story of the union of these newspapers may not be without interest to the general reader, as well as instruction to the professional student.

II

THE Journal, established by Mr. Prentice, the Courier by Mr. Haldeman and the Democrat by Mr. Harney, had been according to the standards of those days successful newspapers. But the War of Sections had made many changes. At its close new conditions appeared on every side. A revolution had come into the business and the spirit of American journalism.

In Louisville three daily newspapers had struggled for the right of way. Yet Louisville was a city of the tenth or twelfth class, having hardly enough patronage to sustain one daily newspaper of the first or second class. The idea of consolidating the three thus contending to divide a patronage so insufficient naturally suggested itself during the years immediately succeeding the war. But it did not take definite shape until 1868.

Mr. Haldeman had returned from a somewhat picturesque and not altogether profitable pursuit of his "rights in the territories" and had resumed the suspended publication of the Courier with very encouraging prospects. I had succeeded Mr. Prentice in the editorship of the Journal. Both Mr. Haldeman and I were newspaper men to the manner born and bred; old and good friends; and after a rivalry of six months maintained with activity on both sides, but without the publication of an unkind word on either, the plan of a union of forces presented itself. To practical men the need of this was not a debatable question. All that was required was an adjustment of the details. Beginning with the simple project of joining the Courier and the Journal, it ended by the purchase of the Democrat, which it did not seem safe to leave outside.

Thus the Courier-Journal came to represent all three of the English dailies of the city. Instead of three newspapers of the third or fourth class Louisville was given one newspaper of the first class. Instead of dividing up the local patronage in three inadequate portions, wasted upon a triple competition, this patronage was combined, enabling the one newspaper to engage in a more equal competition with the newspapers of such rival cities as Cincinnati and St. Louis. One of the contracting parties needed an editor, the other a publisher, and in coming together the two were able to put their trained faculties to the best account.

During thirty-five years they labored side by side, not the least difference having ever arisen between them. The attacks to which they were subjected from time to time drew them together the closer. These attacks were sometimes irritating and sometimes comical, but they had in common one characteristic feature: Each started out apparently under a high state of excitement. Each seemed to have some profound cause of grief, to be animated by implacable hate and to aim at nothing short of annihilation. Frequently their assailants would lie in wait to see how the Courier-Journal's cat was going to jump, in order that they

(Concluded on Page 54)

The Courier-Journal Stood Between Two Fires. It Picked Its Way Perilously Through the Cross Currents of Public Opinion

HIS WIFE

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR

"I Never Dare Mention Your Name. Sometimes It Rises to My Lips, Helena, But I Bite It Off"

"THE great question is," said Mrs. Delany, setting down her coffee cup: "Must I ask his wife?"

Cries of "No!" "Certainly not!" "Why should you?" rose from various parts of the room, but her husband was at length heard saying above the tumult: "You really must ask her sometime, Rose, and why isn't this an excellent occasion?"

"Oh, Gilbert, you're absolutely wrong," cried Mrs. Fraile, making a bound from her corner to the very center of the hearthrug.

"Margarita never encourages wives, does she?" said a voice.

Margarita was not distracted by this interruption. Putting the last speaker aside with a mild "As if I ever minded the creatures," she went on, addressing Gilbert Delany:

"No, Gilbert, no. If Rose asks his wife once there's no reason why she shouldn't ask her always; whereas if she never asks her the woman may think it's our strange custom. Don't you see?"

"And is she so out of the question?" someone languidly inquired. "Will she be dreadful in the White House or wherever it is they are politically headed for?"

"That's what no one knows," Rose Delany answered. "No one has seen her, so far as we know. That's what's so unnerving. She never seems to go anywhere with him. So there must be something, don't you think?"

"Doesn't he ever speak of her?" Jerry Spelacy asked.

"Never," said Mrs. Fraile; and other feminine voices echoed "Never."

There was a long pause while everyone meditated deeply, and at last Mrs. Delany spoke.

"I shall ask her," she said sternly. "And if she's too awful he won't let her accept. He is so intelligent. He could be trusted."

"He mayn't be able to prevent her," said Mrs. Fraile. "I mean if you write to her ——"

"Ah, but I'd telephone to him first. Do you think I have no foresight, Margarita?" Rose Delany wailed. "He will be able to manage. Though if she does accept—and I always believe in being prepared for anything—what shall we do? Who, I mean, shall we toll off to take her in to dinner and be kind to her?"

Another pause followed. Then a suggestion came:

"Isn't Jerry supposed to have rather a knack with other people's wives?"

"Not when you want him to," Mrs. Delany replied.

"How about Gilbert?"

"Gilbert is philanthropic but not at all kind," said his wife. "You couldn't depend on him. But how about John Fraile? Don't you think, Margarita, that your husband would do it for us?"

"Not for me," said Margarita.

"Well," Mrs. Delany murmured helpfully, "we could tell him it was a great political opportunity for him. That would appeal to him. After all, the man is going to be governor, and he might take a fancy to John and do something for him."

John's wife smiled rather grimly, but she only said: "He might."

In the meantime Mrs. Delany had seated herself at her desk and had begun resolutely to write a note. The sight maddened Mrs. Fraile.

"I'm unalterably opposed," she protested. "Martin Gorham was perfectly contented as things were. He never made any difficulties about dining with us in the past, and I see no point at all in dragging in his wife."

It was a risk in which she more than anyone else was concerned. For the first time in ten years she was not bored, and this new interest in life she saw threatened by Rose Delany's obstinate determination to encourage the candidate's wife.

Margarita Fraile was a type not uncommon, at least on this side of the Atlantic. She was a woman of brains and beauty, leading a life of conventional fashion, and underneath eaten up, consumed by energy and ambition. With abilities amply sufficient to enable her to excel on her own account she was a willing victim to the belief inculcated in her since her earliest days that a woman can only be truly successful by inspiring the success of some man. The obvious ambitions—position and money—she had attained early by the then not too easy process of marrying John Fraile, who at that time—young, good-looking, athletic—had been not a little competed for. But John Fraile at twenty-seven, handsome and promising, was a very different thing from John Fraile at forty, stout and inclined to spend all his time at the club.

Besides, Margarita herself had progressed. She wanted a wider field and more serious achievements. She had taken a good deal of trouble with a secretary of state with the idea that diplomacy was her future, but in this even as a mouthpiece Fraile had failed her, for he declined to leave New York for an even temporary appointment in Bogota. After that she had discovered Leo Grayling, and the first recognition of his poetry was undoubtedly the result of her wise and careful arrangements. But he had almost immediately fallen in love with her in an intractable way, and had absolutely refused to discuss meters and publishers with her until she had promised to go and live with him in Guadalupe. Love did not solve Mrs. Fraile's problems; hers was not a hungry heart. She would have yielded to nothing short of a conquering general. She wanted only a vicarious career, and men who wanted to cut short their careers on her account were worse than useless to her.

Then on a fortunate day she had met Martin Gorham. With a political future just in that stage at which it might be helped by a few accidental meetings in the right kind of drawing-room, clever enough to appreciate her, and too cool-headed to fall in love with her, he seemed to her the solution of every difficulty. He came two or three times to tea with her, and then suddenly it became a regular habit. He spoke freely of his prospects, of all the inner twists and turns; and his confidence was never misplaced. Not only did she keep his secrets but she had the art to hide and the wit to advise. She looked ahead and saw herself some day the power behind a national administration.

The only uncertainty in the situation was Gorham's wife. She knew he had one, but she could find no one who had ever seen her. From Gorham himself she could get no clew. He never spoke of her at all. Generally she would have considered this a bad sign. In her experience she had usually found that a man began to talk of his wife—recounting her sound valuable qualities just in proportion as his conscience began to trouble him. She did not want to think that Gorham's conscience did not trouble him at all. On the other hand, there was just the chance that he did not speak of his wife because she was a negligible quantity.

It was toward the solution of this problem that Rose Delany was hurrying her with such reckless speed.

"Margarita," said Rose, laying down her pen and turning seriously to the speaker, "it's like this: Men—some men at least—are terribly weak about their wives. I mean they would rather leave them at home in a good temper than in a bad one. My asking her might make it easier, pleasanter for him; and one does want things to be pleasant."

"It's a risk," said Margarita.

"Not really," returned Rose. "The Gorhams live out of town. This letter will get to her to-morrow before noon. During the morning I shall telephone to him at his office, and he will have three or four hours before he goes home to make up his mind what to do. Don't be stupid, Margarita. Of course if she doesn't do him credit he won't let her come."

But Margarita only repeated: "It's a risk, a hideous risk."

II

THE next afternoon when Martin Gorham came home—it was a warm November day—he found his wife lying flat on her back on the grass looking up at the cloudless sky of the late afternoon. He came and stood with his hands in his pockets and looked at her; she rewarded attention, and seemed accustomed to it. She was a Southerner. At length he grinned.

"I would be willing to wager a small amount," he said, "that this is the way you have spent your entire afternoon."

"And some of the morning," she replied. "The gardener sent for me about noon, to look at something or other—you know how gardeners are—and it never seemed worth while to go in again."

"I may as well tell you at once," he returned, "that I do want you to accept the Delanys' invitation."

She rolled her lovely head on its chintz cushion.

"The Delanys?" she said. "Who are they? Oh, yes, I remember. But I haven't had any invitation."

"She said she wrote."

Mrs. Gorham flapped her hand toward a pile of unopened letters.

"Oh, yes," she murmured. "The morning mail. But I haven't opened it yet."

"Helena Gorham," said her husband, "you are a very lazy girl."

"I don't see why it isn't a very good thing to be," she observed.

(Concluded on Page 38)

THE QUANDARY OF BELGIUM

By WILL IRWIN

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

THE Franco-American party with which I entered Brussels in January came through, via Liège, from occupied Germany. Most of us lived, either temporarily or permanently, in Paris. Now Paris, after kicking up her heels for the three days following the Armistice, has been not at all herself. From gay Paris she is transformed to a sober, working Paris. One has a feeling that the griefs of this war are too heavy; that the Paris we knew of old will never be the same in our time.

By contrast, Brussels struck us, on that first evening, as the gayest city in Western Europe. The lobby of her liveliest and most famous hotel was full of uniforms, bright costumes and movement. In the dining room, two orchestras were playing, one taking up the music when the other ran down. Between the tables couples were dancing all night long. The music did not stop until five o'clock in the morning. The Rue Neuve, the great popular downtown promenade, was packed with a crowd which overflowed the sidewalks and nearly filled the driveway. It drifted back and forth under electric signs, past the ballyhooing of cinema shows, with a true holiday air. The shop windows looked smart.

Sugar-hungry for a long time, as are all residents of Paris nowadays, we did not fail to notice that the confectionery shops were displaying fancy cakes—a thing unknown in Paris. "Brussels suffering?" we said. "They ought to see Paris!"

Shopping in Brussels

I THINK I first began to revise my opinion upon observing the confectioners' windows. Each had a crowd before it, looking with hungry eyes. The jewelers' shops attracted not half the attention. I began, then, to mark the prices. A frosted cake, about as big as an ordinary saucer and an inch and a half high, twelve francs, or something more than two dollars. Bonbons, such as cost about fifty or seventy-five cents a pound in America before the war, four and a half francs, which is now about eighty cents, a hundred grams, or one-fifth of a pound. I learned, too, that Belgium all through has been better off for sugar than for the more urgent necessities of life, such as bread and fats; for she was a beet-producing country, and her refineries, unlike those of Northern France, were not destroyed in battle. A day or so later I tore away the camouflage of the shop windows. I needed a white shirt and some collars. The first shop at which I applied was on the fashionable Rue Royale. Its windows were very tastefully dressed with top hats, sticks and white dress gloves. But they were out of shirts. In the window of the next shop a blue velvet background set off a set of fancy sweaters and some monogrammed handkerchiefs. The effect was rich, "exclusive"; but they had no shirts. In the third shop I found eleven shirts of diverse sizes and patterns—no more.

One of them was of my size. It cost thirty-eight francs, say about seven dollars. I have bought better in New York for two dollars.

The collar cost four francs, or, at the present value of Belgian money, more than seventy cents. An American woman told me that she started out shopping for a dozen of those little things which a woman needs to keep up her costume—shoe buttons, braid and a lining for a waist were on the list, I remember. She visited several shops and department stores which displayed in their windows native lace, evening costumes and expensive knickknacks—and found not one of the articles for which she was looking. Witnessing a church ceremonial at St. Gudule's, I happened to glance down at the feet of a woman who stood near me. Otherwise decently though not fashionably dressed, she was wearing, in the dead of winter, a pair of knitted bed slippers. Looking about I saw another pair of bed slippers and four pairs of carpet slippers on the women near me in the congregation.

My hotel was, before the war, one of the best of Europe. It boasted—which is rare on the Continent—a bath with every room. I found the mattress humpy, hard and uncomfortable. Upon complaining I was told that it could not be helped. Every Belgian mattress was in that condition. The Germans had taken away all wool and feather linings and the Belgians had made stuffings out of sea moss. The quilt had been once an elegant affair, with a rose-pink silk cover. That cover was clean but it was in stringy tatters. The telephone was not working, neither was the maid's bell. When I wanted service I had to go out into the corridor and shout. The copper wires, the hotel explained, had all been taken away. Similarly, though there were sockets for electric lamps in the closet, at both sides of the bureau and beside my bed, only one direct overhead light was working.

Then, for three weeks, I burrowed closer into Belgian life; and I realized that, far from being the gayest city of Europe, Brussels had become about the saddest. The little superficial appearance of gayety was easily explained. All Belgium had a quiet boycott on the Germans. Willingly to address a German, to be present at the same assemblage, even to seem to see him, was an unpardonable social offense. "There seems to be no social life in this city," complained a young German officer to a neutral diplomat. "There is none for you," replied the diplomat. When the Germans finally left, the Belgians remained indoors and did not pay them the compliment of looking at them.

Now from the very first the German garrison and the immutable troops traveling back and forth from the Flanders line took possession of the theaters, the cinemas and all other public amusements. Consequently, by the immutable social law which they had laid down for themselves, the Belgians never attended these places. All other public assemblies, excepting church services, were forbidden. So the ordinary Belgian, when his day's work was done—if he were fortunate enough to have any work—simply went home and read or played cards with the family. Over everything hung the shadow of repression, brutally enforced. Brussels, for four and a half years, was to its native inhabitants a living tomb. So, when the unexpected release came, the people reveled in late hours and in such public amusements as they could afford. Just to walk down lighted streets and not to meet a "Verboten" or a German sentry became an inexpressible joy. Then, too, many divisions of British troops were encamped in the region, and Brussels was for them a leave town. Most of the dancing was kept going by British officers, and Tommy fed the cinemas. But behind all that was a sense of a machine which had stopped and which, somehow, could not be set going.

Before looking at Belgium as she is, let us consider her for a moment as she was before the undeserved calamity of August, 1914.

Intensive Truck Gardening

AT THAT period she might have been described as the most prosperous nation, on the whole, in Western Europe. Standing at one extremity of the great European trade routes she had always been prosperous, when the wars gave her half a chance. In early modern times Ghent and Bruges were the richest cities of their size in the world. Having coal in abundance, she swung gracefully into the modern era. By 1914 she sustained the densest population of Europe. Her value of imports plus exports per capita was the largest in the world. She boasted that as a financial power she outstripped Austria, with about six times her population, and Italy, with about four and a half times. As compared with her manufactures, her agriculture was unimportant. The Commission for Relief in Belgium found when it took hold that Belgium could raise a smaller proportion of her own foodstuffs than any European nation—the dense population accounted for that. However, in peacetimes her agriculture, as she managed it, was an asset. The Flemish farmer went in for intensive truck gardening, for whose products he found a ready market in the Western European capitals. Early Belgian high-quality vegetables and hot-house fruits were staples of the London market.

Partly because of this scarcity in agricultural land, Belgium produced almost none of her own raw materials, except coal, in which item she was an exporting nation.

Her greatest industry was raw steel and steel products. For that, the iron ore came from the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg or from French Lorraine. Spinning and weaving stood next; the cotton came from the United States, India and Egypt, the wool from the United States, the Argentine and Australia, the flax for linen from a small native supply in Flanders and from Western Russia. Belgian glass, ranging in quality from the finest tableware to plain window glass, was famous. The sand was domestic,

(Continued on Page 28)

Getting Other People's Money

Lessons From the Greatest Selling Campaigns in History

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE largest bill of goods ever sold in this world, no doubt, has consisted of the five Liberty Loans, the fifth and last installment of which is about to be put across. It is a striking fact that this particular piece of salesmanship, so gigantic that almost any description fails to describe, should come at a time when the selling idea has reached a position of almost supreme importance in the whole field of industry and commerce.

There was a time when business growth and enterprise were limited largely by invention and the ability to produce goods. But now with the development of science, with the hosts of engineers, chemists, investigators, and technical production experts of every description, business is pretty much limited by selling ability.

Once it might almost be said that anything could be sold that could be produced. Now almost anything can be produced if only enough of it can be sold. The problem of creating markets, of selling the goods, whether at home or abroad, almost daily looms up larger in the business man's mind.

It is quite possible that no new principle of marketing, of selling, has been invented or discovered in the course of the four great Liberty Loans or will emerge from the fifth. It may be that every theory, principle, idea, thought, method and practical application, with all the psychology back of them, was known before. But the colossal magnitude of these operations has at least brought out in the open and has shown up with the clearest and brightest intensity a multitude of things that were but little noticed or thought of before.

Now we have a whole book of directions, a manual, down in writing as it were, and available to all. Dissect the subject matter into all its parts and you may not find them very new. But to most people the subject matter used to consist of only a few vague and more or less impractical sounding ideas. Now it is all a matter of tried-out experience. No business man need longer miss the meaning of what is so clear-cut and unmistakable in its emphasis.

There are only two ways of selling anything—personal salesmanship and advertising. This applies alike to safety razors, automobiles, a belief or disbelief in Bolshevism, Liberty Bonds, a year's subscription to the Red Cross, bathtubs, and so on.

The Power of Suggestion

OF COURSE a few people sometimes do buy things because of an impulse welling up within their being. A man crosses the desert on foot and almost dies of thirst. He meets a caravan and offers the leader a piece of gold for a drink of water.

It takes no selling ability, no elaborate marketing on the Arab's part to sell that precious water.

But we should be savages indeed and still living in a howling wilderness if we bought only such articles as the urgent demands of our senses compelled us to buy. The overwhelming majority of all selling is due to suggestions from the outside, and these suggestions fall upon fertile soil and bear fruit in proportion to the amount of attention they receive and the extent to which they dominate our mental life.

A very enterprising advertising agent after long and arduous labors finally persuaded the old conservative Second National Bank in one of the largest cities in the country to advertise. The bank directors were not quite sure of the propriety and dignity of such a course, but at last they grudgingly consented. The first display advertisement was to appear in the leading newspaper of the city and it contained an impressive picture of the bank building. It was to appear for the first time on a Monday morning.

The advertising man secured a copy of the paper early that morning to be sure that everything was all right. It was an important venture, a turning point in his career, a big account that might lead on to fame and fortune. Naturally he was nervous. When he looked at the page he discovered to his unspeakable horror that under the picture appeared the name of the bank's bitterest rival, the First National, a still larger institution and one which had been advertising for years, which in fact had been the pioneer in telling the public about its wares.

He hurried round to the newspaper office and was told: "We are very sorry, but the compositor put the wrong slug under the picture." He then went to the bank and faced the vice president, who had given him the ad.

"You are a bold man to come in here this morning," said the vice president, staring at him hard. "The president has already had fifteen telephone calls from his friends wanting to know about this mistake. At exactly five minutes after nine the president of the First National called him up and congratulated him on his generosity and unselfishness in giving the First National such splendid publicity. He said he and his directors appreciated it very much, and our president could only grit his teeth and gulp hard. I repeat, you have an awful nerve to come in here at all."

"Let me explain," said the advertising man as he played for time and did some quick thinking. "This is how it happened: The mistake that compositor made is the best proof in the world that you ought to advertise. That printer could not think of a bank without thinking of the First National because he had seen their copy for years. He used the words 'First National' wholly unconsciously and merely because when he thought of a bank he could not help thinking 'First National,' though he wasn't interested in banks and knew nothing about them. 'First National' had become synonymous with bank to him. This incident absolutely clinches my argument in favor of your advertising."

"Well, that's a fine story, all right," said the vice president, half convinced. "I'll go right down to the president's office and see what we can do about it."

And though the advertising man had merely done a bit of rapid footwork to save himself from utter disaster he had only spoken the naked, dazzling truth.

Two months before one of the most successful of the Liberty Loan campaigns the financial editor of a great newspaper went to the local manager of loan publicity and said that he had been sent by his editor to see if a column and a half of news would be enough. He said that the editor did not want to give more space than that to the news of the campaign, but at the same time he wanted to help the loan along and wished to find out what those in charge of it thought.

"Why, yes, that'll be fine," replied the manager. "A column and a half will be all right if it has the right punch to it. That suits us all right. But," he added, "you won't be able to stick to that resolution. We are going to figure this campaign out so that no reporter can go out on any assignment whatever without running into Liberty Loan. He can't go to a dinner, to any meeting, to a police station or anywhere but what he'll run into the same old subject. He'll run into it until he's sick of it, for it will be intertwined with all the news of the day.

"We are not going to let anyone get away from it. No man can go home to his family without talking about it. No one in the family can open a bottle of milk or a loaf of bread without being reminded of it. I tell you it will be encountered everywhere by everybody, and if you can tell the whole story in a column and a half it will be all right; but I don't believe you can do it."

It is curious how many people whose sensitive nerves and tastes have been offended by the sheer volume and intensity of Liberty Loan advertising have failed to appreciate the fundamental truth that underlies this form of selling. Even experts criticized what seemed to them the excessive amount of advertising and the apparent overlapping. Perhaps if they had known that a single great newspaper left out twenty columns of other advertising in one day because of the huge quantity of Liberty Loan copy thrown at it, thus freeing people's minds from that amount of other appeals for spending money, they might have recognized an efficiency which they failed to see.

No Defense Against Advertising

EVEN newspaper editors could not understand always why so many stories were sent them in the great campaigns. "What an awful waste of stuff!" exclaimed the editor of the Moon. "This story about the ship launching in the First Ward is just what we want. Why do they send us all the rest of this dope just to fill up our waste-baskets?"

"Did you ever see such bone-headed work?" says another editor. "This story about the parade in the Second Ward is fine, but the rest of the stuff is useless."

Now it may be objected that no private business enterprise engaged in the sale of goods can have the monopoly on advertising, publicity and salesmanship which the Liberty Loan organization has enjoyed. But neither does any private business enterprise have to sell more than a minute fraction of as much goods as the Government is obliged to dispose of, or in so short a space of time, or to a public so fed up already with the same line. The principle of getting as much attention as possible is exactly the same in private business as in the Liberty Loans. The monopoly and size of the Liberty Loans merely act as magnifying glasses to bring out this truth.

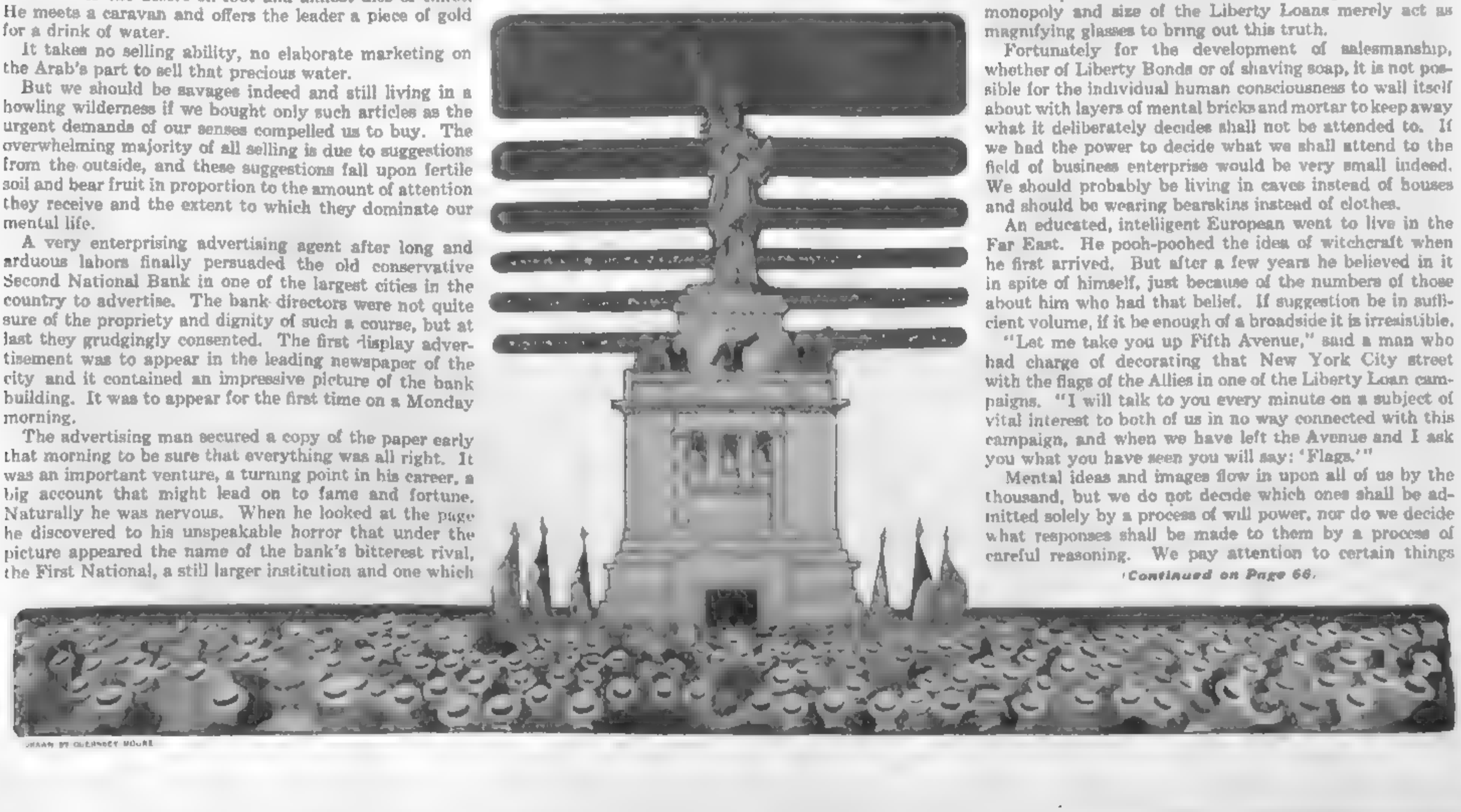
Fortunately for the development of salesmanship, whether of Liberty Bonds or of shaving soap, it is not possible for the individual human consciousness to wall itself about with layers of mental bricks and mortar to keep away what it deliberately decides shall not be attended to. If we had the power to decide what we shall attend to the field of business enterprise would be very small indeed. We should probably be living in caves instead of houses and should be wearing bearskins instead of clothes.

An educated, intelligent European went to live in the Far East. He pooh-poohed the idea of witchcraft when he first arrived. But after a few years he believed in it in spite of himself, just because of the numbers of those about him who had that belief. If suggestion be in sufficient volume, if it be enough of a broadside it is irresistible.

"Let me take you up Fifth Avenue," said a man who had charge of decorating that New York City street with the flags of the Allies in one of the Liberty Loan campaigns. "I will talk to you every minute on a subject of vital interest to both of us in no way connected with this campaign, and when we have left the Avenue and I ask you what you have seen you will say: 'Flags.'"

Mental ideas and images flow in upon all of us by the thousand, but we do not decide which ones shall be admitted solely by a process of will power, nor do we decide what responses shall be made to them by a process of careful reasoning. We pay attention to certain things

(Continued on Page 66)



RED FRIDAY

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

V

THE American people, according to Plangonev, must be handled very carefully in his plan of debt, because they were altogether the least socialistic and most bourgeois people on the earth.

Americans are driven, according to him, most of all by the great general impulses of the bourgeois—by what he termed the emotions of property.

I often talked with him on the great main social question of property, and heard his somewhat startling views, but none interested me more than his theory of the impulses—which he hated—given to our daily life by his so-called emotions of property or possession, to which the American people were especially susceptible and by which, in fact, they were continually manipulated by their leaders.

Such of course was the instinct for saving—for small private investment; and such was the strong desire for the personal possession of land. The agrarian movement coming out of the formerly discontented West and South, which had swept and finally for a decade controlled the country, though used by Plangonev to its limit, was a constant source of jest and amusement to him.

I Saw the Smiling, Friendly Murderer Go Upon His New Quest With Mixed Feelings

"They consider themselves radical," he said, "as they play most gayly with their public ownership—through their representatives, the agrarian lawyers in Washington. In reality they are the most bourgeois—the American farmers—the most possessed and swayed by the emotions of property of any class in the whole realm of your Government. Take, for example, nationalism, the so-called love of country—that cause of wars and slaughter which we proletarians hate more than all else. In what other class has it flourished to such a high degree as in the owners of land?" he would ask.

I could not of course agree entirely with him—much as I deprecated war—upon the necessity of going so far as to eliminate nationalism—or, as we have always called it, love of country.

"There is something very dear to me in the thought," I told him.

"There would be," said Plangonev, with the brutal frankness toward me which I found after all in a certain way his chief charm. "You do not come from the people—you. You are half bourgeois. You can never outgrow your first early training—the office stamp of your class, impressed on you at the plastic stage of your growing mind. But they are all the same—the same origin—your bourgeois emotions," he would say. "Even religion, like nationalism, is a protection of class and property always—since long before the beginning of the Jew," he would say, and smile. "But of this of course I may not speak to you," he would add.

And he would then go on to outline the constant training and manipulation in a bourgeois government of the people by these so-called emotions of property—in school, in the theater, in politics, in the press, and even in the moving pictures; by these emotions—derived primarily from the fact of personal possession, then emotionalized and idealized under symbols for the national god, for the national flag, for the home, for the possession of one woman of your own in marriage.

"Marriage," I said, objecting—"property?"

"Why not?" he would retort. "Is not the property power of the husband over the wife absolute outside of the mere fiction of the law? Is there any control any more absolute than the control of food and clothing? Is there any possession more jealously and actively guarded than the fidelity of the woman? Is there any other property you can recall of which one single alienation of use is sufficient for the death penalty by the voice of all unwritten bourgeois law and custom? You know that," he would say when I objected, "as well as I do."

I could not agree with him in this theory in the least; and I was frank to tell him so. It was extremely repellent to me and I returned to it again and again, to combat it, for it puzzled and I must say fascinated me as he elucidated it.

He defended it, and his own personal position in the matter, with perfect frankness; as he did practically every doctrine that he held.

He carried that frankness with him, at that period, at least, wherever he went; and I was not surprised, though not entirely reconciled, when I knew he talked his favorite theory on the emotions of property, which now drove mankind to their harm, with perfect freedom to Charlotte Black, when in the course of business he was in her house.

There has been a tendency—a suggestion in the first name, caught up of course by the daily press—to make Charlotte Black another heroine of a nation's revolution. But in reality she was no Charlotte Corday; far from it! At that time she was as cold and self-seeking a young woman as great wealth can produce—bright and hard as the jewel on her hand. And she was first led—as so many women of her kind—into her own dangerous experiment by sheer woman's curiosity.

Here beside her, to be had for the calling, was this strange and novel creature of another world—something pleasurably dangerous for an idle time, an oracle, a horrid subterranean power to be raised up and heard and seen, and then dismissed with a happy shudder of security. And naturally by the same token their conversation turned to the theories of emotion—the most compelling and dangerous subject to women; and finally always of course focused upon marriage. She talked with him, I knew, when I was not present; and stimulated dispute between us when I was there. "What is your plan?" she would inquire of him. "What would you do in your new state of freedom? What position would woman be in?"

"They shall be free agents, economically and socially," he said. "For the possession of marriage now—then the free association of equals!"

"That is not necessarily our doctrine—of socialists," I warned her.

"Not of the half bourgeois, half socialist. No. Not the half slave and half free," he would answer with his usual personal scant courtesy of debate. "It is merely the logic of the situation."

"And what of the children?" I would say.

"They are first of all wards of the state," he said. "They will be taken from their mothers early, especially the boys—for their good, as they are now among the rich of England, by their great public schools—to be rid of the debilitating influences of the woman."

At this Charlotte Black laughed—her brilliant teeth bright in her dark, rich-colored face.

"It is too much," I answered. "It may be logic, but it is not the habit of the race. You cannot change our oldest, deepest emotions by enactment or even by logic."

"Have I said so?" asked Plangonev. "No, never. Our whole campaign here now is based upon using the emotions of this public as we find them. But that does not dignify these emotions socially. No, not even if they were delivered to us, as we know they were, from the time and the claws of the cave man."

And Charlotte Black would laugh at us, urging us on.

"They are alike—all!" said Plangonev after leaving her. "These women of the great bourgeois—and their lesser sisters. They slum, they go across to war, for curiosity. For them, they think, the people of the slums are kept like curious beasts in a menagerie to visit and inspect for their amusement. They have the same idea of the real poverty of the proletariat as have children in a park.

"But enough," he would say with a gesture. "Why take them seriously, as intellectual, reasoning creatures? Why quarrel with Nature? Take them for what they purport and strive to be—elegant, beautiful physical creatures. Works of art for the attraction of man."

I must say I cared very little for his theories or his code of conduct concerning women. He spoke of this one always with the voice of logic, but in the tone of personal desire; and with that look upon his face—that evil light—that gleams from the eyes of law-free plunderers of cities.

I could regret now both the accident that had brought him into the acquaintance of Charlotte Black and the woman's curiosity that had prolonged it. And there were several occasions when I thought seriously of warning her against too great a familiarity with this slum monster, whom she found amusement in provoking and tantalizing.

But then, under the existing circumstances, such a warning would have been grotesque as well as impertinent; and as a matter of fact I will confess it seemed then a thing of relatively small importance. There were other matters upon us then, at that particular time when we came to the Black house most, for Stephen Black was then gathering and we stimulating and sharing in the immense profits of the second stock-market panic in the spring of 1922.

VI

BY THE fall of 1921, it will be remembered, Congress and other governmental bodies, stimulated and indeed compelled by the weakened and distressed condition of private industry, had extended the realm of public operation into still larger territories.

"What Would You Do in Your New State of Freedom? What Position Would Woman Be In?"

The railroads were already government property; the agitators in the cities had had their will, and the public utilities—street railways and lighting systems—had been taken over by the municipal authorities, often under extensions of the former city debt limit by legislative action. And now the telegraph and telephone systems—long proposed as branches of the government service—were taken over; and the building and operation of ships were made permanent government activities—with certain other iron and steel industries associated with them. This with great extensions of public work gave employment to larger and still larger bodies of voters at high wages, and so was a popular bond between the laboring classes and the alert successful professional politician.

All this was ideal for our purpose in our plot of debt. It turned great and increasing sections of industry—and practically all the controlling agencies of transportation and intelligence—into the hands of the state; and, still more to our purpose, it increased the public debt by leaps and bounds. By the fall of 1921 the national debt itself was fifty-five billion dollars and still growing rapidly.

To promote this government ownership Plangonev and Stephen Black had worked their dual manipulation of finance and labor to its utmost—the former for obvious reasons, the latter because he desired his great profit-gathering machine in Wall Street to be resuscitated for his future use. But this done, in the spring of 1922 the old working of Black's giant pincers upon private capital began again. The necessary friction between capital and labor was promoted by Black on one side and Honest John Hodman on the other, until disaster not only seemed to be inevitable but imminent. The stock market of course registered it; and the sheer collapse which came resulted then in the closing of the Wall Street market.

I well remember my first visit with Plangonev to the house of Stephen Black on the evening of that day, and our passing up the street of the great bourgeois. They stood there above us—those great half castles—still physically unchanged from the night of our first passing; still repellent, costly, secret. But we knew of course—with all the world—what a difference now existed within many of them—the houses of the certain large percentage of the rich who had held, for the purposes of control, the common stock, the machinery which they had first elaborated to drink up the profits of their enterprises. It is not necessary to name these great bourgeois families—they are too well known. With the sudden collapse of the stock market there was practically no sale for their holdings, now almost universally without dividends. They were useless bits of paper.

We spoke of this, naturally, Plangonev and I; and I argued with him, I remember, concerning the advisability of such wholesale slaughter of common stocks.

"The process," I said, "necessarily will involve the hostility of those thousands of small bourgeois on whom from time to time the great wholesalers and manufacturers of common stock have unloaded it. This is poor policy now."

"To a certain extent, yes," said Plangonev. "But we are catching and destroying a great number of the big ones by it; and the rest of them—of the damned two per cent—as you know, we shall get later. And now that the railroads are held and paid for by the Government the number of common stockholders in the general population is negligible when it comes to a popular vote."

"That is true," I said, "I know. I was merely a little alarmed about it."

"It is a good beginning," said Plangonev, who was in unusually high spirits that night. "The first financial curse of America has been broken—the great bourgeois will no longer pump out the life-blood of the proletariat by that damnable contrivance common stock."

And then we passed into the secret entrance on Sixty-fifth Street, and up to meet Stephen Black and his lugubrious-faced doctor in his working office again.

The more than two years of campaigning for ruin had not aged Black materially except for one sole thing—a very curious difference, a change in the expression of his eyes. They seemed to have in them more and more now an expression of fear. They were more prominent; it even seemed to me at times almost bulging. But that I thought of course might be only my imagination. It was but natural after all that his fear of death should grow upon him. Two years at his age had naturally burned away much of the candle still remaining. And it was to be expected that he should realize this, and fight continually the inevitable. He was now under his personal specialist's command more than ever—voluntarily more and more.

I Saw in My Mind the Scene—This Craven Creature, the Guard's Absence—and the Wood Alcohol!

And he still insisted that I should fulfill my part—as hostage and guarantor against possible violence from the Russian, whom he never trusted, knowing his acts abroad of course and whose personality, I thought I began to see, he less and less relished having near him. They were coming of course, with the accomplishment of their common purpose, nearer and nearer the breaking point, and they both naturally knew it.

I cannot say—though I was present at all their calculations—just what Stephen Black's profits were through this last campaign of their conspiracy of ruin for America. Various estimates have been made. But of this I can be sure—it could not have been less than five hundred million dollars—of which Plangonev would have had his ten per cent, or fifty million dollars, for our fund, the fund of propaganda for the new freedom.

Such gains I know seem incredible, but it must be remembered that, in the tremendous financial cross currents of the preceding war, millions had been cleared by relatively small men in the Wall Street stock exchange; tens of millions, doubtless, by such manipulators as Stephen Black; and so it will be seen that such profits at such a time as this were not unproportional to those which Black himself must have taken earlier.

So here at last the wealth-gathering machinery of Wall Street reached both its culmination and its end. Here was the looting of a continent with a vengeance—with all the modern appliances of civilized society. The value of common stock in American corporations had been eliminated to an astonishing degree; in many cases wiped out entirely. And in the sale of these of course lay the one great chance for profit in operations such as Stephen Black conducted in his so-called short selling. The stock exchange was at least temporarily closed, and there was altogether in the atmosphere of the meeting of that night—though nothing was pronounced outright—a sense of parting of the ways between these two strange fellow partners in general ruin—Plangonev and Stephen Black.

We passed out early; Doctor Tideway was insistent on early hours for his charge that night. And as we turned out into Sixty-fifth Street Plangonev voiced to me the same feeling I was sensing.

"We are gone and well rid of!" he said to me. "He has now what he wants. He would be through with us—by any means."

"I warned you," I said, "from the first. He is an infinitely dangerous man, and you have given him infinitely more power; but yet," I said, thinking, "what can he do to us? He certainly cannot act himself. He certainly would not attempt violence."

"Why not?" asked Plangonev.

"How?" I asked. "How would he go about it?"

"There is always," said the Russian, "Comrade Hodman."

"Hodman—and Black!" I said, and started—skeptical, but shocked by the mere suggestion of a combination of these two.

Was this something, I wondered, that Plangonev had learned through his almost miraculous means of procuring information by the secret investigators he now had out gathering knowledge among the proletariat?

"Hodman and Black!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" asked Plangonev.

"But Hodman," I objected, "knows nothing of Stephen Black in this. He believes that you and your work are financed by the proletariat."

"Unless," said Plangonev, "Black should have told him."

"Black tell him!" I said, and laughed at the absurdity of it.

"No?" said Plangonev. "Still it might be well worth looking into."

And he instructed me then to keep my eyes and ears open—especially among the class of people with whom, on account of my previous association, he had always had me retain my affiliations.

VII

THERE was at that time in socialism and its affiliated reforms a considerable and largely advertised group of men and women of the propertied class who had taken it under their patronage as a species of personal mission. They were most of them sons or daughters of men of property, often of considerable wealth—owners of real estate or mines, packers of food, investors in securities—which in turn they had passed on to their unemployed offspring, who were thus enabled to give their unbroken effort to reform. It was at these that Plangonev continually scoffed to me. "Amateur saviors," he quite usually called them, with his absolute disregard for sacred emblems; and sometimes "the emotionally unemployed," adapting an Americanism of the time which pleased him greatly. He laughed at them continually, and when I remonstrated and said they should be given credit at least for their intentions he laughed again and said that was exactly what he did; that having nothing else of any consequence to do they had appointed themselves ex-officio saviors of the world.

"Away with them!" he would say, with his quick foreign gesture, when they especially exasperated him with some of their ex-cathedra utterances." The rule of the proletariat will have no use for bourgeois emotions. When it arrives we will give them something to sob about."

He derided them without end, and yet he used them continually too, through me, for one especial purpose—for information! They were the female element, he said, more

(Continued on Page 57)

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

Mrs. Tweed Stood Smirking, a Faded, Old-Maidish Smirk. No Sign of Recognition. Apparently the Cue Was for Silence

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XV

THE Framms got through the week following the Golden Poppy Society's banquet less smoothly than was their wont. Chester stayed in bed several days and Floss nursed him; nursed him like the heroic little gadfly that she was. It was plain to see that she was sorry; moreover, there was never a nurse who could handle his hay fever as Floss could. During those sleepless nights his most endearing word to her was a sneeze. She made no complaint. She was used to it. In silent intervals Chester turned his face to the wall and asked with increasing bitterness what domestic miracle had kept them together these eccentric years. Almost from the first their match had been as ill assorted as that of a lion yoked to a humming bird. He saw it all now; and as he saw it he sneezed again. A wild flame had burned between them in their early days, a roseate vapor which had thrown all things out of their true perspective; but there was no denying the fact that they were growing middle-aged and mutually critical. Floss had played him once too often.

Then she would come in wearing something original, alluring and young, which would have the effect of reversing all Chester's opinions. Floss was not middle-aged, and so far as he could calculate she never would be.

However, he was determined that he would not forgive her that perfidious cluster of goldenrod. The very memory of it sent him into a passion of sneezing. He seemed to have lost all interest in everything else. And yet the dinner had gone off wonderfully well, thanks to the big-hearted deception of Judge Haroran, who after the colonel's first nasal volley had come to his feet and informed the banqueters that Colonel Framm, who had been threatened with Spanish influenza, had risen from a sick bed to attend the testimonial. Whereupon the Supreme Court Justice had lifted his two white mice and his roaring voice in a remarkable speech setting forth important views on the Internationalization of Inland Waterways. Chester had stuck it out, weeping hay-feverishly into his napkin, then had stolen away through a side door.

After five days of mourning, sneezing, introspection and more sneezing Chester got suddenly better and decided to sit up. Flossie insisted upon swaddling his legs in a blue steamer rug, but his convalescence was rapid and he was able to show his teeth when she marched demurely in with a sizable bundle of newspapers, which, sans explanation, she dumped into his lap.

"What are these?" he snarled.

"What do you think they are, old patch—a plate of oranges? There, Lamb Pie, I'll tell you what they are: Morning of October nineteenth; full account of the Framm testimonial banquet. You haven't seen 'em yet. Shall I read 'em to my Goob?"

"Give me my glasses," he commanded icily.

And sustained by the lenses he was able to see that the dinner had been, from a standpoint of publicity, an overwhelming success.

"Col. Chester A. Framm Stricken With Influenza at Banquet" was a favorite. But none so brief as to fail in describing the magnificent decorations, the list of distinguished guests, the eloquence of President McKoncle and the epoch-making importance of Judge Haroran's second speech. The portraits of Michael Henry Haroran and Chester A. Framm were linked together on many pages. One illustrated supplement gave a flashlight of the banquet. Never, perhaps, in the history of journalism has a sneeze been recorded with such pomp and circumstance.

"Now look here, Floss," declared her husband, shoving the papers off to the floor, "this is all very well. But you played a silly vulgar practical joke on me at a time in my life when my dignity counted for everything. You hired the biggest hall in New York and got the greatest list of names in America—for what? For the satisfaction of giving me hay fever."

"God gave you hay fever," she responded piously.

"Bosh! What sort of a mind have you? For a woman of your age ——"

"I'm not a woman of my age!" she took him up sharply.

"I withdraw that statement," he admitted. "But you do talk more like a—a ——"

"Flapper," she prompted him.

"You go at things like a child of twelve, not in the least realizing what you're meddling with. The sort of cheap and flashy success you've been engineering for me all these years has given you an unlimited conceit ——"

"Don't you talk to me like that!" she cried, showing what in her he had never seen all the years of their married life. They had never been candid enough to quarrel.

She had brought a heel of her frivolous slipper down crushingly upon the carpet. Her useless little hands were clenched, as was the line of teeth, which showed whitely against the angry flush.

"Floss—my dear girl—my darling child ——"

"I married you out of a steam laundry!" she lashed out, using the voice of another and terrible being. "You didn't bring me anything but—love; and there wasn't a rag of pride that I didn't throw to the dogs to make something out of you—out of nothing. Conceit! My word—and you wanted to be an orator!"

"I'm sorry," he moaned. But she was flouncing out of the room.

He struggled to rise and follow her. The feat was impossible because, as it turned out, she had fastened the steamer rug round him with a complicated system of safety pins.

He lay back and tried to consider his case. They had been married fifteen years; and lo, and behold! here was an entirely new and unknown Floss.

Comic Relief walked in at that moment, the character being impersonated by Mr. Ramon de Silva. Chester could hear them chatting quite frothily in the next room; and Chester's introspective self was poisoned by the thought which, strange as it may seem, was voiced by Floss as soon as she came into his presence, blithely leading The Spiggoty.

"Goober and I are thinking of getting a divorce," she announced in quite her regular manner. "But I don't know how 'bout it, Spig. You're the only other man I'd endure as a husband. And you've gone and spilled the rice by marrying Sissy."

The Spiggoty, who was wearing one of his robin's-egg-bluest collars, indicated the same spiritual shade as he fastened his somber eyes upon the woman to whom, as Chester always realized, he had given his lifelong devotion.

"A month late!" smiled the Spaniard. "Usually you arrange things better, Floss."

"Oh, I could go and see Sissy. I don't think she likes you any better than you do her."

"Floss!" In spite of Chester's vow not to speak that way to her again the interjection seemed necessary.

"The doctor, madam," interposed Floss' maid, appearing dramatically at the door.

"You two poor dears fix it up to suit yourselves," little Mrs. Framm commanded, and went to meet Chester's specialist.

"Sit down," commanded Framm desperately, motioning his press agent to the nearest chair. "Spig, Floss and I have been quarreling."

"Why shouldn't you?" asked The Spiggoty, shrugging his worldly shoulders. "You're married, aren't you?"

"But this is different. I've known you better than any other man alive these fifteen years, Spig, and I can be forgiven for talking right out. Floss and I have never talked like this—we've ragged and tagged, but it has always been a true-love match—possibly that's what's the matter with it. Never like this before. Why, we came right out and told the truth."

"What is the truth?" asked The Spiggoty sadly as Pilate might have done.

"Floss said that she picked me out of the garbage can and made a millionaire out of me. That's true. I said that in doing so she had wrecked my better self and utterly perverted me."

"The trouble with you, Ches, is that you're so damned young," was The Spiggoty's surprising diagnosis.

"Young!" he snorted. "I'm ages older than Floss."

"No, you're not—nobody is."

"Huh! At any rate things have come to a crisis. We've got to separate."

"As bad as that?"

"My boyhood ambition was to study law. With Floss round, Blackstone would look like a dime novel. I'm rich enough to indulge my tastes; and my tastes are all for a serious public career in which Floss has no part. That's the case in a nutshell."

"I see."

The Spiggoty pondered. It was rather a fine face which this olive-skinned Latin had developed in his early middle life. Strange to say, there was a certain lingering poetry in it. Here, too, was possibly a story of perverted ideals. Floss had turned him from a proud Castilian knight into a superexcellent press agent.

"When I'm gone—out of her life," the sick man enjoined with an impetuous rush of confidence, "I want you to look after her. Floss has got something like genius; but like most geniuses she couldn't live a week without a business manager. I've given up fifteen valuable years to that. Now I'm determined to resign—and be myself."

"Ches," said De Silva at last with one of his dark smiles, "that's a splendid program you've blocked out for yourself. Splendid!"

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

"It lacks the one thing to make it a success."

"What's that?"

"Floss."

"You mean I can't get along without her?"

"Well, can you?"

Chester A. Framm said nothing intelligible, but started to cry. This may be forgiven in a man who was at once ill, tired and disappointed.

When Floss came in with the doctor the patient's moisty visage could be easily accounted for as glandular irritation. Doctor Sumner, who nicely combined the social and scientific training necessary to professional success, went over the nose and its tributary canals before declaring that there wasn't much the matter with the colonel any more.

"Now I'm going to recommend a treatment," he smiled, "which is painless, pleasant and expensive. No, I'm not going to send you to Palm Beach or Hot Springs. The health resort I am referring to is right round the corner. Broadway, it's called."

"Broadway!" snarled the patient, who had undoubtedly reached the disagreeable stage of convalescence.

"Mrs. Framm tells me that you have been taking life much too seriously—all work and no play. Your condition is a nervous one, brought on by strain—no relaxation. Now I may be thrown out of the profession for saying so, but in my opinion Broadway has saved more lives than it has wrecked. The only way to stop a worry is by forgetting it. Two weeks of musical comedy, dancing——"

"I don't dance," objected Chester, who had always regarded Terpsichore as the idiot sister among the muses.

"You'll have fun learning," said Doctor Sumner. "If time hangs heavy on your hands you can go to tea dances in the afternoons. Or hire a phonograph and have your wife give you lessons here in the hotel."

"I'll die first," he groaned.

"Chuck Connors used to say that he could die dancing," grinned the physician. "I am quite serious in this, colonel. There's nothing in the world the matter with you now but nervous depression."

It was queer, but Chester at that moment entertained a vision of the late Aunt Het—so strangely like Floss—who had killed three successive husbands and had made a frivolous speech from her death bed.

"I'll turn you over to Mrs. Framm," the doctor was going on. "I'm sure she will prove an excellent nurse for you. You don't object to dancing, do you, Mrs. Framm?" Doctor Sumner beamed.

"I know a few steps," admitted Floss.

"The little devil," thought her disillusioned victim; "if she had paid more attention to her head and less to her heels to-day's estrangement had never come to pass."

"I would suggest that the treatment begin at once," urged Doctor Sumner, taking his hat for departure. "If you will telephone me in the morning at about twelve and let me know ——"

As soon as he was gone Mr. and Mrs. Framm and Ramon de Silva occupied chairs in triangular formation and sat, hands folded, staring into the vague. For the first time in her life Floss seemed to have nothing to say. When Chester focused his weary eyes upon the situation he observed that his wife and friend were regarding him earnestly from their equilateral corners.

"Floss," growled her husband, "I'll bet you put the doctor up to that simple-minded Broadway treatment."

"There he goes again!" Floss turned to The Spiggoty as a witness. "You see, nothing ever happens but what he blames it on me."

XVI

"WHAT sort of a rest-cure sanitarium have you picked out for to-night?"

It was about seven o'clock on the evening of the same day, and the Framms were busily engaged in arraying themselves as for a great occasion. Strange as it may seem, Chester, whose lawn tie was at that moment being folded by his skillful Japanese, appeared to be anything but an invalid. This, perhaps, was due to the whimsicality of nervous diseases.

"Esther," said Floss to the maid, who was hooking her up, "please be careful and tuck those ribbons down in the back. Last time you left them hanging out and I had to bribe the waiter to — "

"Florabel," persisted her husband, striding sternly to the door, "I asked you a question."

"Uh-huh." He could see her rosy reflection beaming at him from the mirror. "The place we are going? It's a joint. They call it Hannigan's Bedlam Cabaret."

"Where do you learn about all those vicious places?"

"Don't give me all the credit. It's the Macawbers' party—I got old Hector on the phone and he declared that The Bedlam is the place where the dissipated people go. They've asked the Phil Jasons, and, of course, I coaxed them to include The Spiggoty and his dippy bride. It's one of those places where everybody pulls the tablecloth off after twelve and you can do the dance of the seven napkins without being thrown out."

"I think Doctor Sumner's a quack," grumbled Chester, about to turn back toward his own dressing room.

"Chet, dear," she called after him, her Angel Bloom complexion adding charm to the mirrored visage he saw and worshiped in spite of himself, "I've been wondering something about you ever since that Golden Poppy night. If you made a speech what would you talk about?"

"Huh. You wouldn't be interested"

"You're horrid!" The reflection sulked.

"Why should you be interested?"

"I always did adore mental diseases. When my Uncle Dab Fuller went crazy and thought he was Cleopatra ——"

"If that's the sort of thing you like you'll like that sort of thing."

He turned and took his empurpled visage to his own mirror. He pretended he didn't see her lovely reflection standing coaxingly behind his a moment later; pretended to ignore the girlish slenderness of her white arms and the smooth, spirited little neck as pearly as the gems that encircled it. She had to reach up to draw his face round toward hers.

"Now tell me, old brutal! What sort of a grand speech would it prefer to make?"

"With you round jeering at me?"

"Suppose I was dead and—and you'd married Carlotta. What would you talk about to all the Romans and citizens and great big intellectual brains assembled to give ear?"

"About fifteen minutes."

This was pretty good for Chester, who was not a born humorist.

"I know. But you'd have to have a subject. Even Chauncey M. Depew and Job Hedges have to have those things."

He pretended not to hear and went on smoothing the lapels of his evening coat.

"What—besides fifteen minutes—were you going to talk about at the Golden Poppies?"

"Really in earnest?"

"Horribly."

"I've told you often enough—the Secret of Success."

"My word!"

"There you go again."

"I'm sorry, Chet. But do you mean to say you intended to stand up before all those people and give our snap away?"

"What snap, if you please?"

"How we came to make Angel Bloom—grandmother's recipe for rouge?"

"Who ever mentioned rouge? The trouble with most women is that they have to see everything in a personal light. Men—serious men—aren't interested in such matters."

"What would make the big intellectual brains sit up and clap their strong manly hands?"

Chester walked a pace away from his Flossie and stood regarding the frail skill with which she clasped a bracelet round her wrist.

"How would you go at the Secret of Success?" she persisted, cocking her head to one side.

"Well, I'd dwell on character—the formation of character—how the struggles of youth against obstacles develop the qualities of leadership ——"

"Some quotations from Tennyson and Marcus Aurelius?"

"Milton and Oliver Wendell Holmes," he corrected her.

"Then there's Abraham Lincoln and the pine-knot fire."

"See here, Floss," he broke out, "you must have been reading my notes."

"All your life," she smiled. Then giving him a long and serious gaze she volunteered in a voice which was stranger than her look: "Great Scott!"

"Thinking you could do better, I suppose?"

"No, I wasn't thinking that. I—I was sort of thinking how I'd like to hear you make a speech—if you were anybody's husband but mine."

(Continued on Page 49)

"Conceit!" She Lashed Out. "My Word—and You Wanted to be an Orator!"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12, 1919

A Candid Obituary

THE Sixty-fifth Congress, considering all the circumstances of the case, was as poor a Congress as any pessimist on democracy could reasonably have looked for. It enacted necessary war legislation on the initiative of the President, under his direction, and in obedience to a public sentiment so overwhelming that no Congress could have disregarded it. But in the greatest national emergency since the Civil War it refused to stir a peg out of its comfortable old ruts. It appropriated billions planlessly, wastefully, merely rubber-stamping unrevised executive estimates.

It levied ten billions of taxes in a manner that would have earned a congress of high-school boys a sound whipping under the old pedagogic dispensation. It stuck to committee organization by seniority and let the nation pay the penalty.

One of the longest of Congresses—in session six hundred and thirty-two days—it was unable to finish most necessary business, and finally expired by time limitation in a muddle of incompetence and party politics.

Largely the last Congress was a hold-over from the Sixty-fourth, which was in session for almost as many days during that momentous time when the world conflict in Europe was ever drawing nearer to us. That Congress' idea of meeting the situation was expressed in the miserable and transparent makeshift of granting Federal subventions to the state militia. With the nation at the very edge of war it expired, like its successor, in a scandalous Senate filibuster that mocked the people's need and the nation's dignity.

Looking back upon the two American Congresses that have sat through the greatest and most dangerous conflict of the modern world, with the fate of America at stake, we see that no leadership has come out of them. Their efficiency for the necessary routine business devolving upon them has been uniformly low. They have more than once, as in the Senate filibusters, exhibited a levity past belief. The plain record shows one great branch of our Government in an advanced state of decay, and a great organ of democratic rule in a most unserviceable condition. Never was public respect for Congress at a lower ebb than now.

It is partly a matter of organization and method. After the shocking filibuster on the eve of war in 1917 the Senate tossed a sop to outraged public opinion by adopting a very limited cloture rule. That it adopted this rule merely as a temporary sop to public opinion and without serious intention of reform was proved by the closing hours of the Sixty-fifth Congress.

When any senator at the close of a session can veto any legislation by talking it to death any senator is a mighty man, whose wishes must be deferentially consulted. Senators collectively will not easily surrender that agreeable personal prestige. But a situation which puts the time of Congress and the time of the nation and the most vital legislation at the irresponsible disposal of the merest handful of senators, according to their whims and vanities and piques and partisan strategies, has got to end if Congress is to become an efficient organ of democratic rule. Genuine cloture in the Senate, so that a majority can actually control legislation, is a necessity.

The preliminary moves toward a genuine budget system must be carried through to fruition. There also the real obstacle comes down to a question of personal prestige—of everybody wanting a finger in every pie. And it is for the power and glory of members of both houses, and not for the public good, that the houses stick to the allotment of committee chairmanships by seniority. That is an inducement to constituencies to reelect members, and it makes a pleasanter social atmosphere in either wing of the Capitol. It also puts wholly unsuitable men in positions of decisive power over legislation.

Cloture, budget, seniority—there are three outstanding things by which Congress earns the good opinion of itself and the bad opinion of the public; three conspicuous ways of choosing between self-flattery and public respect. They stand out as big signposts by which anyone may know whether Congress proposes to serve itself or the nation first.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Congresses—the world-war Congresses—were Democratic. In the modern world's greatest crisis we got no leadership, poor service and low value out of them. But the two Senate filibusters were Republican. Various members of that party showed an irresponsible levity and a sodden attachment to the same old game of party politics quite matching anything on the other side. It is a sordid game because as political alignment now stands both parties are bankrupt; neither definitely represents anything more than an organized appetite for office. Great and pressing questions confront the United States—the peace of the world, higher organization of industry which will satisfy the reasonable demands of labor and insure continuous operation of the industrial machine at maximum efficiency, disposition of the railroads, immigration, rats in the cellar busily gnawing at the foundations, internal improvements, better public schools. Those are the things people are thinking about.

The two big political parties are talking largely about the tariff, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and making faces at each other. A powerful individual—Roosevelt or Wilson—emerges in one or the other—merest geographical accident deciding in which one he shall emerge—and assumes leadership. But as a party neither has much that is distinctive to say about to-day's great questions or any really clean-cut, guiding body of live principles.

The next Congress will be Republican. It has a great opportunity to make that tag a much more distinctive badge of public service. Meanwhile, whether it lives up to that opportunity or not, the vital saving thing is here. There is in the United States—unorganized and not distinctively represented as yet by any party tag—a great body of live, sound American opinion, prudent, sensible, yet progressive; determined at bottom that this nation, already offering to its people the best conditions and the fairest opportunities that any great number of people have ever enjoyed on this earth, shall push steadily on by rational experimenting until its conditions and opportunities reach the attainable ideal; equally determined to take by the neck whatever crack-brained or malevolent enemies to peace, democracy and progress come in its way. That saving American opinion demands reasonably honest, efficient service from its elected servants. Irrespective of party tags Congress must reckon with it.

Finish the Job

COME in strong on this Victory Loan. The most important thing before the country in a business way just now is to clean up the war stuff and get solidly readjusted on a normal peace basis. This loan is the biggest item in that program. If you do not take it the banks will—with a further great dose of credit inflation and an unfavorable reaction on prices just when it is tremendously important to get down to a firm foundation. Every subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan should be duplicated for this loan; a little better than that, in fact, for too much of the Fourth Loan was carried by the banks.

In this whole matter of adjustment to peace we are still a good deal in the wartime habit of looking to the Government; but broadly speaking Government cannot do much. It is up to us—all of us. Finally, only the people can do it. Government can print the bonds and offer them for subscription. But it is your individual subscription that is going to determine whether the loan is absorbed by the public and paid for out of income or whether it simply inflates bank credits all out of shape. And it is upon you individually that the inconveniences of inflation will fall, not upon Government.

This loan is finishing the job. Do not turn your back on it and walk off with the window casings not in, the doors unhung and the roof half shingled. The firing is all over, but it is none too agreeable for near two million American citizens who are still in Europe—doing police duty, sitting round garrisons, a long way from home, wondering about their families and their jobs. You can bet they would like to get back. But they have to stay there until the job is finished. They have every right to expect you to stay on your easy end of the job too.

You are asked to buy the best paper in the world at a good rate of interest, when the security and exemptions are considered, and to pay for it out of your income. As a straight-out business proposition it is worth while. But it is more than a business proposition. It is part of the war for democracy.

High Time

A BILL introduced in both houses of Congress too late for action in the cluttered and jumbled session that expired March fourth proposes a national attack upon the national disgrace of illiteracy. About ten per cent of the population of this country above ten years of age cannot read the language of the country. Some are native-born whites, some native-born negroes and some are immigrants. Thus those to whom the language of the country is a sealed book are rather evenly distributed between North and South.

With almost one person out of ten in a position so disadvantageous to himself and to the country it would be a national problem anyway. The geographical distribution emphasizes its national character.

With millions shut out from the great common medium of expression, for whom a President's proclamation or a village ordinance is so much Greek, whom the flux of events and opinions that shapes national life cannot reach except indirectly or secondhand, the melting pot obviously contains a huge chunk that does not blend very readily. That more than half the chunk is a native product makes it all the worse.

It is a problem that should have been vigorously attacked long ago. This bill proposes a Federal appropriation to be expended in conjunction with the states that conform to the education program laid down for the special purpose of reaching those unable to read English. It should be put near the top of the calendar of the new Congress and carried through without delay. It should also be one step in a broader policy of public education. Sheer illiteracy in English is not the place to stop. It is only the place to begin. The children of the United States are entitled to better schooling than, as a whole, they have ever received. Their claim is the very first claim.

The Old Pattern

THE King of Denmark was also duke and ruler of Schleswig and Holstein. Bismarck coveted for Prussia those two fine duchies, with nearly a million inhabitants. But because of keen jealousy between Austria and Prussia the political situation in Central Europe was exceedingly ticklish just then. So Bismarck jockeyed Austria into joining with Prussia for the conquest of Schleswig and Holstein. Plausible reasons were easily found, and the armies of the two big states overran the coveted duchies, which were put under the joint government of Austria and Prussia.

Austria, driven out of the greater part of Italy in 1859, still held Venetia. Bismarck proposed to Victor Emmanuel that in event of war between Austria and Prussia Italian troops should menace Venetia, drawing off a considerable part of Austria's army, and as a reward Venetia should be ceded to Italy. At Biarritz he held a series of mysterious conferences with Napoleon III. Exactly what was said there has never transpired; but the wily chancellor apparently offered the equally unscrupulous but much less able emperor some sort of territorial bribe as a reward for French neutrality in event of a war between Prussia and Austria. The chancellor had already assured himself of Russia's good-will.

The stage being thus set, while Italy kept a part of Austria's army engaged in Venetia Moltke smashed the other part at Königgrätz. Schleswig and Holstein were duly incorporated in Prussia, the question of Prussian supremacy in German affairs was settled, and Bismarck was free to go ahead with his plan of German federation under Prussian leadership.

But Napoleon III was much dissatisfied. He demanded that Prussia acquiesce in the conquest of Luxemburg and Belgium by France. Bismarck led him along until he put that proposition into writing. When France declared war on Prussia Bismarck immediately caused Napoleon's proposal to be published in the London Times, and it so outraged public opinion in England that any British assistance to France was out of the question.

Bismarck was the highest exemplification of the boa constrictor's art of getting a victim in exactly the proper situation and then swallowing him at leisure. The three imperialistic wars which he engineered cost many thousand good human lives; but he ought to be the patron saint of opponents of a League of Nations, for under the old pattern of international affairs, to which they would return, a nation's safety depends primarily upon its Bismarcks and Moltkes.

CIVILIZATION IMPERILED

By ALFRED NOYES

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

We who lie here have nothing left to pray.
To all your praises we are deaf and blind.
We may not even know if you betray
Our hope, to make earth better for mankind.

Only our silence in the night shall grow
More silent as the stars grow in the sky;
And, while you deck our graves, you shall not know
How many scornful legions pass you by,

For we have heard men say when we were living
That some small dream of good would cost too much;
And, when the foe struck, we have watched you giving,
And seen you move the mountains with one touch.

What can be done we know. But, have no fear!
If you fail now we shall not see or hear

[LINES WRITTEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT, 1916.]

A FEW years ago the title of this article would have seemed fantastic to the majority of level-headed men and women. To-day it is the expression of a constant thought that troubles all of us. It is the most level-headed members of the community who are most anxious. Only the irresponsible and thoughtless are unconscious of a vast peril to that slow growth of the ages which we call our civilization. Practical men, with their feet planted solidly on the earth, are looking into the future as into an immeasurable darkness; and they are not sure whether there is solid ground in front of them or whether the next few steps may bring them to the brink of a precipice.

East of the Rhine there is no stable government in Europe.

We hear of attempts to organize crime in the interests of the proletariat as a substitute for law in the interests of all. We obtain authenticated reports of attempts to "nationalize women," so that the "best and most beautiful specimens" shall no longer be the property of privileged classes, but available for the use of any member of the proletariat "not more than three times a week."

I personally heard the same doctrines openly supported from the platform of Carnegie Hall in New York by the Bolshevists of America at a recent red-flag meeting. We hear even of attempts to "level intelligence," so that there shall be penalties even for intellectual distinction. In the art and literature of the day we can see for ourselves all those destructive forces actually at work attacking all the higher standards on behalf of a leagued mediocrity, and carrying the world with them on a wave of loose sexual suggestion.

The Hope of the World

WE SEE these things praised, even by some universities, as I shall attempt to show a little later, because it is the fashion; and because few of those who know better have the time to read properly what they are praising. On the surface, in the English-speaking countries, things are going on very much as usual; but under the surface there has been a change of tremendous and terrible import. The surface is only a very thin skin, and underneath there is a wild intellectual and moral chaos unprecedented in the history of the world, except perhaps in the moral chaos that preceded the fall of Rome.

It is hardly too much to say that if Great Britain should lapse into disorder for one weak moment the whole future of civilization would depend on one country and one alone—the United States of America. My own hope has always been that the free winds of the western world would help to blow away the poisonous exhalations of Europe, and that America would stand firm against even the intellectual fashions of Europe. The tongue of Shakspere would reassert itself there, I hoped, backed by the faith and morals that Milton held. But there is a tendency now, even in the United States, to follow the fashion of Europe and declare that faithlessness and the absence of all ethical codes are the signs of great literature; and there are forces working in the United States to-day, working as they have never worked before, to undermine and overthrow even that last fortress.

The war has shown us the complete moral rottenness of two great European empires. It has shown us men of culture, statesmen, diplomats, lying and plotting murder. It has shown us ambassadors, apparently polished gentlemen, turned out by the best tailors, advising their governments to sink the ships of the friendly countries to which they were accredited, without leaving traces of the human beings aboard those ships. There is not a crime which devils might be supposed to whisper hoarsely to one another in the darkest regions of hell that these representatives of civilization have not embraced as a virtue. We have become so familiar with it that we have ceased to realize its utter horror. The Peace Conference is becoming more and more political in its nature, more and more concerned with technical details. Something more than this is absolutely necessary if we are to make the world safe not only for democracy but for the human soul.

The Decalogue Reversed

A DECLARATION of right, a reassertion of those great simple fundamental principles upon which our civilization is built, is the first necessity. Unless the war was fought for this purpose all its agonies will have been utterly wasted.

It has been said that the war was fought to make the world safe for democracy. It has also been said that it was fought to make democracy safe for the world. But both of these aims are included and made one in the fundamental aim of reasserting the rule of right. A right democracy will be safe for the world; and a right doing, right thinking world will be safe for democracy. Democracy and freedom depend upon the establishment of justice and a law before which all men are equal.

They have nothing in common with the insane leveling process which would reduce the hill to the plain or cut off the feet of the tall man to make him equal to the short. Unless Nature herself is abolished we must follow the universal laws of Nature. Fire will continue to burn the hand that defies it; and it is only by our observance of law that we live.

The law is our only pathway through chaos; and as the old Scripture said, "Thy word is a lantern unto my feet." In the moral world this is equally true. The soul of humanity cannot live without religion; and our only hope is that mankind may now return to the first four words of the Bible: "In the beginning God."

The chief need of the world at this moment is a simple, elementary declaration of right and the creation of machinery for making the declaration effective; for of course it can never be made effective by the present generation of politicians in Europe.

Nothing is more appalling than the constant assumption on every side, in the press and in private conversation—this last more particularly—that principles of right and wrong have absolutely ceased to count in political affairs. We are in real danger of being forced into the mental attitude of Germany, just as we were forced into the use of poison gas. Statesmen, publicists of all nations, men of business, men in all walks of life are continually declaring with complete cynicism—often unconscious—that solemn treaties between nations are inevitably "scraps of paper" if they are seriously put to the test. They may be right. It may be true that treaties can only be valid when there are bayonets behind them. But if so the political philosophy of Germany is still the secret philosophy of the world.

One reason for this hopeless dilemma is the almost complete downfall of religion among the so-called "intellectuals" of Europe. A quarter of a century ago all the creeds went into the melting pot; and there are very few among the political or "intellectual" leaders in Europe to-day who would describe themselves in private as anything but complete agnostics with regard to the eternal foundations of justice and right.

We hear Bolshevism described, for instance, as a terrible menace to our political systems. But we seldom hear it attacked on the really fundamental ground that it substitutes "'Thou shalt steal," and "Thou shalt commit murder" for the old laws of God. It is far more than a political problem. It is a religious problem affecting the whole conduct of human life. If our leading men had a little more courage they would fight this evil at the source and at the foundations, instead of meeting it with the weapons of the political opportunist.

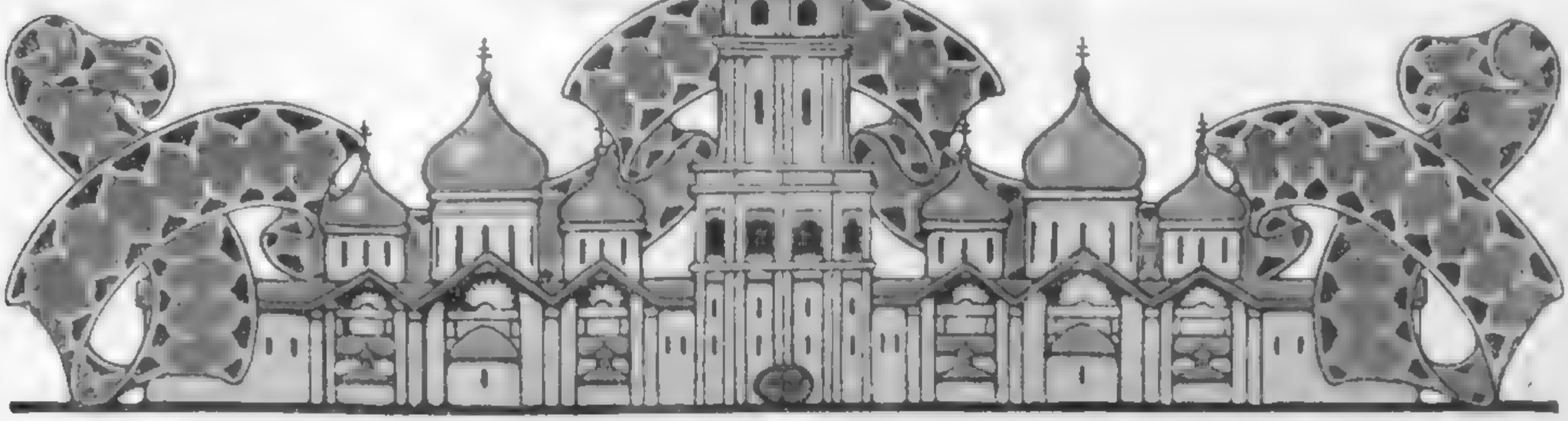
It must not be supposed that the spirit of this evil, which we have called Bolshevism in Russia, is an isolated phenomenon. It is active everywhere. It has been active in art and literature for more than a quarter of a century, and it has gone far toward viciously perverting the whole reading public. The attack that has been made on all the standards of art and thought and conduct can be met by one power and only one—the power of religion. In fact, the literal meaning of the word "religion" provides the full answer to the disintegrating and fissiparous process of the modern world.

The Churches' Opportunity

THE greater part of the world has lost its religious sense, lost its sense of the ties which bind men to one another and to the Eternal in an interdependent harmony. The direct results of this loss are accumulating daily in the general lack of confidence in the pledged word and the growing contempt for all the codes of right and wrong.

Recently Doctor Patton, the ex-president of Princeton University, expressed a hope that surprised many of his hearers, and suggested that a time might come when all the churches of Christendom should unite in one great campaign for those broad simple principles of religion which are common to them all. I believe that the churches of America if they are adequately supported may now take the most important step in their history toward the realization of this hope. Already they have accomplished more than would have been thought possible a few years ago. Thirty denominations, with two hundred thousand churches and twenty-five million communicants, have joined in a single religious movement to regenerate the world. No movement on this scale has been known in any period of history. Nearly one-fourth of the population of the United States is drawn into this campaign, which will involve for the Methodist section alone an expenditure of a hundred and twenty million dollars.

It was this section which began the movement in connection with its centenary; but the churches of all other Protestant denominations have now united with it; and



we are about to see for the first time the organized forces of religion combining into one vast army. The fight between the powers of darkness and the armies of light is already beginning for the broken hearts and souls of those whom the war has left without hope or faith.

It is fitting that one of the first great messages issued to this new army should come from Joffre. "France," he wrote, "is in such very great need. The need is especially great in the devastated areas. Soon the people will be returning to their demolished homes to start life over again. The shock at what they will find will be very great. They will need not merely material assistance. Moral help will be required, for there is bound to be a tendency to let down morally in the face of such great losses and destruction."

Is it not greatly to be hoped that the people of this great republic will move to this new warfare with the same splendor of purpose that actuated them during the last two years? A thousandth part of the unselfish sacrifice displayed by the United States in 1917 and 1918 would make victory certain here also; and unless this moral victory be made certain all other victories are vain.

The tendency of which Joffre speaks in his last sentence has become an accomplished fact over a great part of Europe, aided by tendencies that existed before the war. The downfall of moral standards has led us to the brink of greater dangers than our practical men seemed to realize until they were confronted by this incomprehensible specter which they call Bolshevism. But our European art and literature—and latterly certain sections of American literature—have been increasingly Bolshevistic during the last thirty years. Vicious literature has been common in every age; but it has been reserved for our own to produce a literature that deliberately erases the "not" from every law of God or man and proceeds to preach a creed of immorality as the gospel of the future.

A publisher recently brought out a collection of so-called modern poetry in which there was one piece so vile, so unutterably evil that it could have been produced only by the type of mind that has been made familiar to us by the Bryce report; and yet this book was praised, carelessly, by a hundred newspapers and had a certain vogue.

A Wave of Wickedness

I POINTED out the plague spot to a professor of English literature at a leading university. He seemed to be amazed by it and he condemned it in very vigorous language; but I can only suppose that he was an uncommonly good actor or that he had a very short memory, for I subsequently read a very flattering account of this book from his pen.

It was the fashion to praise it, in fact; and the fashion had been too much for his courage. He knew only too well how difficult it was nowadays to face the ridicule that beats down upon every attempt to maintain the true standards of art and literature. Practical men, of course, think that ideas and intellectual conditions are of no account. Perhaps practical men thought the same of the destructive ideas which were born before the Reign of Terror in France. The result, at any rate, is what the press vaguely calls a wave of Bolshevism and what we may call with more precision a wave of wickedness and corruption moving across the whole world.

Authors—essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester,
play your part,
Paint the mortal shame of Nature with the living hues
of Art.
Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul
passions bare;
Down with Reticence, down with Reverence—for-
ward naked—let them stare.
. . . . . .
Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race
of men;
Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the
beast again?

It was in 1880 that one of the most logical and lucid of English critics described the intellectual condition of his generation thus:

There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has placed its faith in the fact, and now the fact is failing it.

Since then the disintegrating process has eaten right through the fabric of the European world. This in the minds of many people was necessary in order that a better world should arise. Reduced to its simplest terms the argument as it affected religion ran thus: "When we have completely destroyed the belief in God, then perhaps we shall believe in Him." A distinguished English poet has expressed it almost in those words. But the "perhaps" has led to nothing; the destructive process shows no sign of redeeming the world or of changing into a constructive process. Indeed, it has gone much further than we care to confess, and the very foundations on which we hoped to build are being trampled into a quagmire.

Attacks upon certain religious dogmas and traditions have developed into something like a dismissal of the first postulates and axioms of a sane existence, one of which is that the greater cannot be produced by the less. We have developed a system of explanations of the universe which are in direct contradiction of this first postulate. We explain man by something less, and that again by something less, until we have whittled away all things visible or invisible. We have deliberately taught ourselves to look downward into nothingness, though true science and true reason and every natural instinct of religion would teach us to look upward to the ever-expanding heavens and the infinite power of God.

It is a direct result of this abandonment of the very foundations of thought that the world should be bewildered by its own growing insanity. The "ugly face" of the thing which the President of the United States discerned in the German Kultur has been moping and mowing at us in every evil shape of the pit; from the walls of picture galleries; from the stage of the opera, where the most degenerate creation of the most depraved of Irish decadents, the Salome of Oscar Wilde, has been glorified with German music and has wriggled and leered over her dish of blood at the jaded representatives of a civilization too exhausted to respond to any higher appeal.

In literature the lowering of the standards is even more obvious; and I need hardly dwell upon this aspect of the matter longer than to say this—that the logical conclusion of a great part of the most celebrated writers of to-day, writers who have touched a large following with a peculiar pessimism, based on demonstrably false premises, might be summed up in the old remark that Punch once attributed to the British workman: "What's the good of anything? Why, nothing."

For the leader of these writers I have a great personal respect and affection; but I cannot accept his philosophy, and I feel bound to answer it whenever it seems possible. This philosophy leads directly to the assumption that after all the codes that bind us together are "scraps of paper"; and eventually it leads—as it has always led all but a peculiarly tempered few—to the recklessness and red ruin in which the empires of the past were broken up. There are many writers, of great distinction in other respects, to whom the same criticism applies; and I say this with the full consciousness that their bitterness and negation were often the result of their own profound compassion and despair in the presence of human suffering. They are often men of great personal ability; and it is simply their fundamentally negative philosophy and its results that I feel bound to attack, for they lead directly to conditions which imperil our civilization.

These perilous conditions are already apparent in the actual life of the world; and here we come to the root of the whole matter. Only the wildest sentimentalists or those who have never been in touch with the realities of life during the war would assert that the war has cleansed our civilization. When Joffre in his message to the Methodist Centenary Commission spoke of "letting down morally" he had real facts in his mind. Undoubtedly during the war there was a great and splendid insurrection of all that is best in human character; and even now this spirit is ranging through the world, but it finds no abiding place and it is continually dying against the bayonets of hard and evil facts. The insurrection of noble thoughts and visions was accompanied and countered by another insurrection. The whole truth about this matter is that the war simply intensified both the good and evil in human nature. Unfortunately the evil is incarnate and can use the machinery of a foul system; while the good has often expressed itself in something like a desire for death as the only means of escape from the evil

It was not idealism that made the fortunes of the brothel keepers behind the lines.

Nobody who knows the conditions in Europe can pretend that those who should be setting the tone of London and Paris are succeeding. Berlin before the war was morally rotten through and through, with abnormal and degenerate criminality. Undoubtedly Berlin was the main sewer from which this poison was discharged upon the world. The men who determined that in war one must destroy all the intellectual and spiritual resources of the enemy would not have been above a deliberate plot to corrupt their enemies; in fact, there are many indications that they did so seek to weaken the stamina of the Allies. They are scientific folk, after their own Bolshevistic fashion.

The Lost Sense of Right and Wrong

BUT it is small comfort to reflect that the picture of London presented in Mr. Arnold Bennett's Pretty Lady may be considered in that sense—a German victory. I did not like Mr. Bennett's book; but I am bound to say that, so far as it goes, it is a truthful record of actual conditions that have continually threatened to become an open scandal, and have continually been hushed up. Those who should be setting the tone of our civilization have in many cases joined the hideous dance of death which he describes. The so-called upper classes have in just as many cases lost the respect of the people; they have thrown away their own right to speak of good and evil. They have only the weapon of diplomacy and political cunning with which to meet the onset of the new destructive forces; for the best elements in our civilization have all too often been forced by their own good qualities into withdrawal from the base conflicts of modern politics

The subject is too large to be comprehended in the space of a single article. In summing up here I can only say that there is no hope for the future except in the reestablishment of the sense of right and wrong in the world. It is absolutely necessary as one of the means to this that art and letters should regain their moral dignity and that the intellectual world should be purged of its poisons. For this purpose we need a more conscientious criticism and less deference to the fashions of the hour. But above all we need a more efficient machinery for conveying to mankind in general the great outstanding truths of religion. It must cease to be below the intellectual dignity of the modern thinker to concern himself with the great central facts of Christianity. Germany has demonstrated to the entire world that the philosophy of the sword and of self-aggrandizement is a complete failure in the present stage of civilization. There was a time, in the jungle, when sheer brute force was dominant. Even then it was tempered by the mother love of the wild beast. There came a moment in the history of man when it was necessary for him to take a step higher in the universe than had been attained by any creatures of the jungle; a moment when it became necessary that in order to save his life he should reverse the rule of primitive Nature and lose it.

That moment was the birth of Christ and the foundation of the profoundest religion and philosophy that the world has ever known. Germany has failed to overthrow it and plunge us back into the pre-Christian era. The time has now come for the combined forces of Christianity to reassert their divine creed and bring healing to a wounded world. May all the power and idealism of the great republic move behind this new crusade and lift its glorious symbol to complete victory again!

Then once again we saw the Cross go by,
The Cross that fell with all those glorious towers,
Burnt black in France or mocked on Calvary,
Till in one night the crosses rose like flowers,

Legions of small white crosses, mile on mile,
Penciled with names that had outfought all pain,
Where every shell-torn acre seemed to smile.
Who shall destroy the Cross that rose again?

Out of the world's Walpurgis, where hope perished,
Where all the forms of faith in ruin fell,
Where every sign of heaven that earth had cherished
Shriveled among the lava-floods of hell,

The eternal Cross that conquers might with right
Rose like a star to lead us through the night.

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REPUBLIC TRUCK TIRES

THE PROBLEM OF RUSSIA

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

IN THE great welter of new and perplexing problems with which the world, breathless after a colossal struggle, is faced, the key problem is Russia. All the problems—the international control of national ambitions; the establishment of cooperation instead of strife between capital and labor; the liquidation of the enormous debts contracted by all the states of the world; the creation of fresh wealth to replace that destroyed and *more*—all must be solved if our civilization is not to go down in anarchy.

But the master problem, the key problem, the problem of prime urgency is Russia. If that is solved, then the other problems may adjust themselves in accordance with the principles of that solution. If our statesmen fail to solve it, then the outlook for the other problems is indeed hopeless. Our world after years of confused and fratricidal strife will reproduce on a vast scale the appalling misery of Germany after the Thirty Years' War—depopulated towns and villages filled with thousands of corpses, their mouths still stuffed with the grass with which they had vainly endeavored to ward off starvation. Russia today is herself rapidly approximating that state of affairs.

Now statesmen—with few heaven-sent exceptions at intervals of centuries—are not divine geniuses who regulate the affairs of the world with transcendent foresight and wisdom. They are just ordinary men who endeavor to carry into effect the aspirations of the ordinary people—of you and me—who nominate them, more or less freely, to represent us. We cannot expect them to handle any problem with a wisdom far exceeding our own. In the long run they do what we want—you and I, the ordinary man and woman of to-day. What do we really want them to do now?

Vaguely, of course, we want the millennium—no more wars, no more strikes, no more poverty, no more slums and the diseases they breed. We, the ordinary man and woman, who have made such awful sacrifices, want the reward of those sacrifices—the development of our individualities in quiet and comfort. And right at the outset we are brought up against this prospect of a world lapsing into anarchy. And we none of us have any clear idea of how to stop the riot—so our statesmen have no clear idea either.

Have We a Grudge Against Russia?

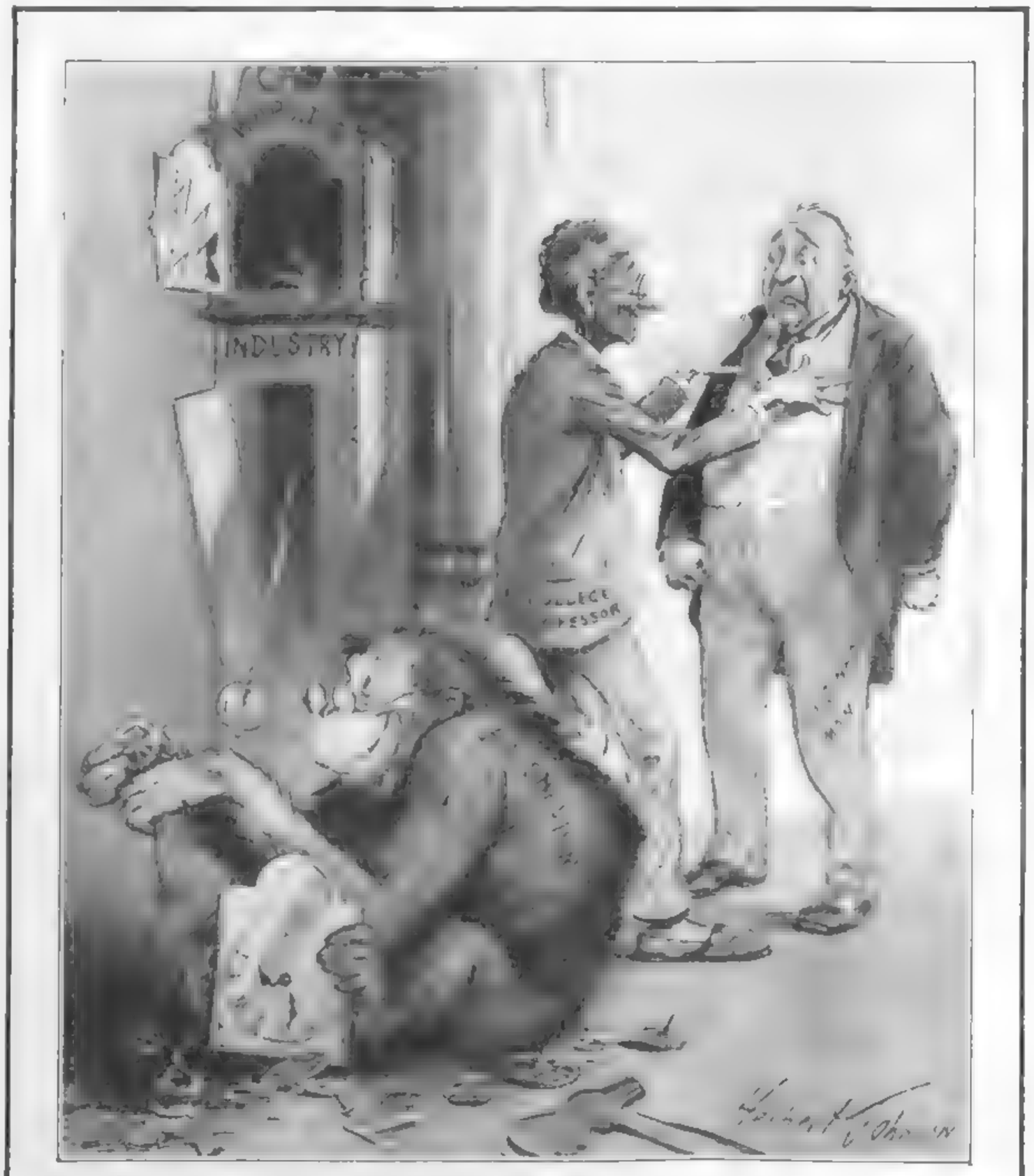
WHEN an expert is called in to reorganize and if possible save a business that is drifting to bankruptcy the first thing he does is to take stock, to obtain a clear idea of the present situation. That is what we have to do—to see clearly how things really stand. When we know where we are we can make plans for the future. To do that we must clear our minds of the fog of war which has filled them for four years, we must rid them of the various kinds of cant which have grown up in that murky atmosphere.

Why is Russia the most important problem? For two reasons: First, because Russia presents us with a living example of the disaster which threatens us all—the collapse of a civilization under the strain of a war which, economically, was excessively prolonged; secondly, because in our modern world all the states composing it are vitally interconnected, and none can for long remain indifferent to the troubles of its neighbor. Our civilization forms one body politic; we may for a time apply the tourniquet to a limb and perform an operation—as recently we did with the Central Powers—but the normal health of the whole depends on the normal functioning of all the limbs. Gangrene in one of them must be speedily checked before it can spread—and the gangrene of Bolshevism is spreading rapidly. Germany is badly infected; all the rest of the world is conscious of the fever of incipient symptoms. There is no time to waste. What are we going to do about it?

We must first study the disease in its most violent manifestation—Russia; and we must, if we are to understand it, dispassionately analyze its origins. It will not serve us to cherish a vague hostility and consign the Russians to his Satanic majesty. Generally speaking, the peoples allied against Germany feel that they have a grudge against Russia. Russia let us down at a critical time of the war and nearly lost it for us. We still resent what we then felt acutely to be a disastrous treachery. Quite so. But how far did Russia deliberately let us down—and how far was she the victim of circumstances? If we can attain to a fair judgment of her action then we shall be better able to deal with her coolly and scientifically now.

Let us try to look at Russia's share in the war from the viewpoint of the impartial historian of the future. Let us forget all about the steam roller and the other fairy tales with which our rulers lulled our anxieties at critical periods of the struggle. What actually did Russia do in the war—what was she capable of doing—what were the intentions of the Russian people and—for they were by no means the same—of the Russian ruling class?

We will work backward on this series of questions and deal first with the aims of the imperial inner circle and the bureaucracy which was its servant. Both inner circle and bureaucracy were permeated by Teutonism but both desired a war. Why? Succinctly, because the revolution which had broken out and been suppressed in 1905 was threatening to become a formidable fact in 1914. A war would divert the attention of the masses, would send them marching to the sound of the drum to the frontiers



Sh! He's Only Regulating It

Alternatives

EVER since 1909, when England's attitude alone prevented a war over the question of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Russian Government had been dreaming of and preparing for this war. Preferably such a war would be waged solely against Austria, which Russia was rightly confident of being able to defeat. If Germany supported her ally, then France would deal with Germany. Such a war if successful would give Russia an outlet to the Mediterranean, and by the consequent stimulation of national pride would stave off the revolution. If it failed, and revolution broke out as a result of failure, as after the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, then the Russian Government would find itself in control of large organized forces with which to suppress that revolution far more effectively than it could had the army not been mobilized, and could suppress it once for all. Also—and in Russia this was a factor of great importance—a war, successful or not, offered again those opportunities to people in high places and the bureaucracy generally for the enormous peculations which the Russo-Japanese War had shown to be a possibility.

The German Government controlled the Russian Government and was well aware of this. It secretly egged on the Russian Government to war, because—contemptuous of the Russian fighting power—the Kaiser's *entourage* had determined on a war which should give Germany the mastery of Europe, and the loudly advertised Russian ambitions were a useful stimulant when applied to the fears of the German people. The German Government knew that the Russians had not the ghost of a chance of winning; and its tool, the Russian Government, saw to it that the bravery of the Russian soldier should not accidentally accomplish the miracle. The old Russian Government wanted war—a war of victory over Austria but a war of stalemate against Germany. Germany's secret intentions, incidentally, were far more serious; she was determined to acquire Poland and the Baltic Provinces.

The Russian people did not greatly want war but they thoroughly hated the Germans, who had long exploited them and who had filtered into bureaucratic jobs all over the Empire—and when war came they threw themselves into it heart and soul. It was the long-continued efforts of the Union of Zemstvos—the zemstvo is an elected

(Continued on Page 28)

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(Continued from Page 24)

local government authority—which, despite the secret opposition of the Russian Government, kept the Russian Armies at the Front supplied with food, ammunition, hospitals, ambulances and the myriad necessities of modern war. Months after the Imperial Government had been swept away by the revolution the Russian people was still enthusiastically loyal to the cause of the Allies and made desperate efforts to keep its place in their ranks.

What actually was Russia capable of doing in such a war as that just terminated? Take a map and look at her geographical position. In a war with Germany Russia is isolated from her friends. The Baltic ice-free ports are automatically closed to any incoming vessels save submarines. The Black Sea ports are in the same position. Archangel is icebound for a great part of the year. Vladivostok is six thousand miles away. With Germany open to her to draw upon for material Russia could have fought for an indefinite period. With Germany closed she was thrown upon her accumulated stores, supplemented by her own scanty production and what the Allies could manage to get not merely into the country but up to the Front.

Prior to 1914 the Russian Government had accumulated sufficient war material for a twelve months' campaign. All belligerents found that war material was used up at a rate far exceeding the most extravagant estimates. The Russians—even if their government had not been secretly disloyal, as it was—could not replace that accumulation; they could only delay its complete exhaustion by the product of their own munition works and the offerings of their friends. Exhaustion sooner or later was inevitable—and with exhaustion the end of their war efforts as a first-class power. The shortage was marked at the end of 1916, and disastrous by the middle of 1917.

When the position is viewed dispassionately the remarkable thing is not that Russia went out of the war then but that she kept in it so long. Consider. Look at the opening of the year 1915. Then the Western Allies were defending a Front of five hundred miles; but Russia was fighting on a Front of a thousand miles or more, and she had opposed to her fully half of the total German strength as well as practically the whole of the Austrian Army. To supply their five-hundred-mile Front the Western Allies could draw on the manufacturing power of France—diminished, it is true; on the full manufacturing power of England—the largest producer in Europe; and, thanks to the British Navy, on the enormous production of America.

A Tale of Treachery and Treason

EVEN with these advantages the Western Allies were none too lavishly supplied in 1915. Russia on the other hand was left practically to her own resources and she was not a manufacturing country. Her wealth lies in the production of raw materials to be worked up elsewhere. At the beginning of the war outside the imperial arsenals she had at the most four or five first-class munition factories. One of these, near Petrograd, was blown up by German agents. Another, the Putiloff works, the most famous of them all, was found during the war to be controlled by the Austrian Skoda factory, which itself was in league with Krupps. As a result of that control the officials at the Putiloff works were themselves deliberately condemning and destroying as rejected three out of every five perfectly good shells produced by them. Poland was the great factory area, and that was overrun by the Germans in that year 1915. Munition works outside the war zone—in the Urals, for example—were greatly hampered by the treacherous bureaucrats who controlled transportation. To take a typical instance, trainloads of cars filled with foodstuffs urgently needed by the Army at the Front were sent to one of these munition works in the Urals, while the trainloads of building material for which that factory was clamoring were sent to the hungry troops in the trenches!

But treachery aside, transportation was the crux of the problem. The Allies soon had plenty of munitions to spare for Russia. The difficulty was to get them to the Front. Again let us compare Russia's railroad facilities with those of her Allies. France was fighting in her own country, England was fighting next door—her farthest troops on the Western Front rarely more than two hundred miles from a British port. Only those who saw it can realize the complex network of railway lines, linked to the complex network in England itself, which was behind that five-hundred-mile Front, and speaking from personal experience I can testify that that network was always worked to its fullest limits and yet was never quite sufficient to meet the demands upon it.

Russia to feed her one-thousand-mile Front was the worst-supplied country in Europe as regards railroads. In Poland, it is true, there was a system of strategic railways—but the gauge of those railroads differed from the Russian system and was identical with the German. Comment is superfluous. To bring to the Front the supplies landed by her Allies she had virtually only two railroads. The Murmansk route was not practicable until late in 1916. There was the route from Archangel—icebound half the year—eight hundred miles to Petrograd, where the gauge was broken and all supplies had to be transshipped. There was the Trans-Siberian, six thousand miles of up-and-down track, to Vladivostok; but apart from the enormously long haul, a serious obstacle in itself, it must be remembered that this single railroad had to fulfill as best it could the entire economic needs of Siberia in addition. The stores landed by the Japanese at Dalny also found their way eventually over this line.

It was considered a miracle of transportation when, in 1905, Kuropatkin's 400,000 men in Manchuria were kept supplied by the Trans-Siberian. It was a much greater miracle in this war to supply, however inadequately, the needs of four million men spread out over one thousand miles of Front by that same great artery, working now in a reverse direction.

The result? The Russian soldier fought only too frequently with his bare hands. Behind the men fighting in the front line—close behind, under fire—were men, battalions of them, utterly unarmed, waiting to go forward and pick up the rifles dropping from the hands of their dead comrades.

When the Russian generals decided upon an attack the Russian artillery upon the entire Front ceased fire for a period of six weeks or more—and saved up its ammunition. The entire Front was skinned of batteries in order to provide a concentration, altogether inadequate at the best, in a narrow area; and when in a matter of days—a week or two at the most—they had fired away the accumulated shells the entire Front relapsed into silence again and saved up for the next bout..

The Political Line-Up in March, 1917

IN THE meantime the Russian soldier was mercilessly bombarded by countless German batteries lavishly supplied. When it became unendurable he issued from his trenches with the bayonet, for cartridges were scarce, and fell upon the Teuton. He was killed off by hundreds of thousands—by the million. The total number of Russian dead far surpasses that of any other single belligerent, even if completely reported, which is doubtful. The Russian soldier stood this inferno for nearly three years—outgunned, outofficered, outgeneraled—but never, until the collapse, outmatched in courage.

Their generals? The Grand Duke Nicholas though not a great military genius was, in contrast to the Imperial circle, violently anti-German and thoroughly loyal to the Allies. He was removed from his post as commander in chief by a court intrigue in which the pro-German Czarina and the infamous Rasputin—who owed him a personal grudge in return for a thrashing inflicted by the Grand Ducal hands—were the prime movers. The other generals were sometimes—like other generals—incompetent, owing their posts to seniority or favoritism; or, competent and loyal, were at the mercy of a treacherous bureaucracy which informed the enemy of their plans and hampered them when carried into execution.

Such was the old régime—a régime which lost to Russia her most valuable manufacturing district and the great group of fortresses upon which her armies might base their efforts, a régime which wantonly sacrificed millions of heroic soldiers, which insured that even their victories should be barren, which betrayed the hopes and efforts of a great people single-minded at least in its hatred of the Germans. It was time for a new order of things.

The revolution of March, 1917, was the joint product of all political parties in Russia—including the government—though the ultimate aims of these parties differed startlingly. Political tendencies in Russia at that time may be summarized in three groups:

The Pro-German Court Party, at one with the bureaucracy and the enormously powerful police.

The Parliamentary Party, which desired a monarchic constitutional government on the pattern of England, and was represented all over the country by the zemstvos and in Petrograd by the majority of the Duma, then sitting.

The Revolutionary Party, comprising all sorts of heterogeneous political aspirations and united only in a common desire for the subversion of the existing order of things.

All contemplated bringing about a revolution.

The Court Party and the bureaucracy desired an outbreak for two reasons: First it would be premature, and they calculated on suppressing it so thoroughly that there would be no more talk of revolution in Russia for many a year; second the existence of revolutionary disorder would provide an excuse for the immediate peace with Germany, which had already been agreed upon between Berlin and the Pro-German inner circle, of which the Czarina was the presiding spirit.

To this end the bureaucracy made double preparations. Through its control of transportation it disorganized the railroad service over Russia, withheld supplies to the troops in order to make them ready to accept peace, and produced an artificial famine in Petrograd which, coupled with police-fomented strikes, would render a quasi-revolutionary outbreak easy of provocation.

To cope with the outbreak, when they had produced it, they diverted one thousand two hundred machine guns and millions of cartridges from the Front to Petrograd; they mounted these machine guns on church towers and the roofs of tall buildings in alleged preparation for Zeppelin raids but actually to sweep the streets; they brought in thousands of police—and it must be remembered that for generations the interests of the Russian police have been diametrically opposed to those of the population they were supposed to protect—and concentrated them in the neighborhood of Petrograd; they clothed these policemen in soldiers' uniforms in order to obviate suspicion, and trained them in the use of the machine guns. As far as they could they spared no pains to insure that Petrograd should be a shambles—and to goad the working population into supplying a sufficient number of victims to drown the revolutionary movement in its own blood forever. All this was done in the most complete secrecy.

The Parliamentary Party had more or less of an inkling of what was going on. The Revolutionary Party, which possessed a most efficient secret service, doubtless informed it that the government was seeking to provoke a premature revolution, and through its own connections in society and with the agents of the Allied Powers it acquired some knowledge of the separate peace then contemplated. The Parliamentary Party was distinctly pro-Ally. When the revolution broke out it threw its weight against the government in order to prevent the shame of that separate peace. It was also, of course, eager for internal reforms, but it believed that if the evil counselors of the Czar could be removed there was no reason for a subversive change of dynasty.

The Revolutionary Party was not in the beginning of 1917 quite ready for the outbreak it had so long planned. But it was fully cognizant of what was in prospect and it made all preparations to turn a dummy revolution into a real one if there was the smallest chance. For many months its doctrines had permeated the army, disgusted with the inefficient and often traitorous conduct of the war. It could count on whole regiments. Of this the government, for all its secret police, was profoundly ignorant. In the dark mazes of plot and counterplot the secret police had more than met its master. But the Revolutionary Party, like all parties founded upon hatred, comprised within itself the most antagonistic elements—socialists, nihilists, anarchists, extremists of all kinds.

The Court Party carried its plan into execution. Processions of strikers incited by *agents provocateurs* marched through Petrograd and clamored for the bread which the government had arranged should be unprocurable in the city. Disguised agents of the police did all they could do to provoke violence that would offer an excuse to the machine guns ready upon the housetops; agents of the Revolutionary Party mingling with the crowd held it successfully in check. This was on March ninth; the Revolutionary Party was not quite ready.

The Race for Power

ON MARCH tenth the same scenes of incitement and secret checks were repeated, while the populace was being maddened by hunger and cold. On March eleventh the revolution broke out, almost spontaneously, with irresistible force. The police fired volleys into the crowd and the crowd charged the police, sacked the arsenal, armed themselves and barricaded the streets. The soldiers called in to suppress the revolt, already gained over by the revolutionaries, turned on their officers, shot them and fraternized with the people. Army and people turned together on the government which had betrayed them, and swept it out of existence in a five days' battle.

Then followed a race for power between the Parliamentary Party, representing what there was of middle class in Russia, and warmly pro-Ally, and the Revolutionary Party, leading the ignorant and inflamed masses, proclaiming all kinds of wild social theories and openly scorning any kind of international obligation.

The Parliamentary Party got there first; was, so to speak, already intrenched. The Duma was sitting when the first signs of the police-instigated trouble appeared. With inconceivable folly the Czar sent it an order on March tenth to dissolve. The Duma refused and continued in session. In the first wild birth throes of the revolution it appointed a temporary committee to organize a new government, and by its telegrams to the Czar and the generals with the armies brought about the imperial abdication.

But the Revolutionary Party was not idle. It called for delegates from the workers and the soldiers, instituted a Jacobin club on a gigantic scale and made a bold bid for supreme power. Days of conflict between it and the Duma followed. Eventually a compromise was agreed upon in which the Parliamentary Party apparently triumphed. A provisional government was formed, of which the president was Prince Lvoff, formerly president of the Union of Zemstvos, which had done so much to keep the armies

(Continued on Page 32)

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

THE things the soldiers are saying about the Cadillac are grounded on something more solid than sentiment.

Sentiment is strong in our American make-up, but it is a sentiment that *discriminates*.

The fine things the soldiers are saying are not based on the fact that the Cadillac was chosen the official car of the United States Army.

They spring from the whole-hearted pride which the American soldier felt when he saw the Cadillac *make good*—after it had been so chosen.

He saw this American motor car distinguish itself in the eyes of all the allied armies—and that was bound to induce in his heart a thrill of satisfaction.

In this, as in many another instance, he saw the Old World pay generous tribute to the New.

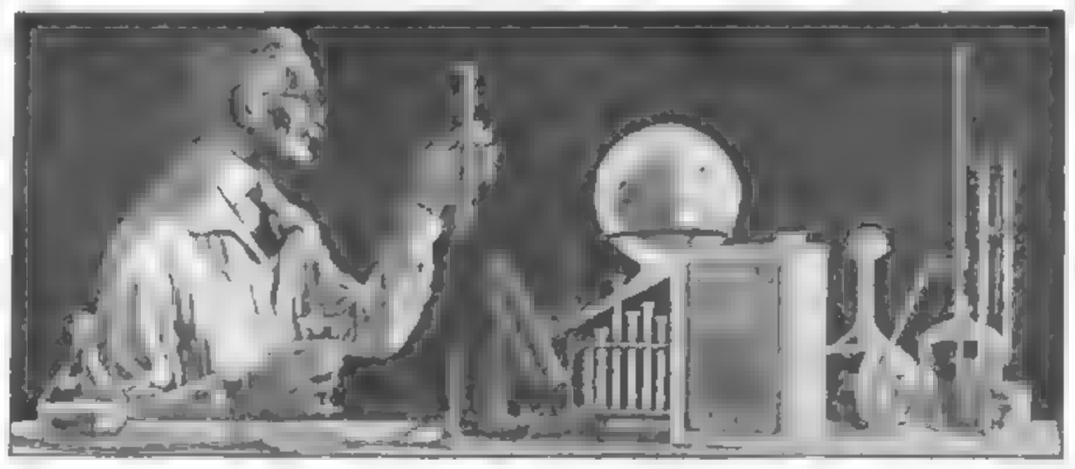
The supreme test, with a soldier, is active service—and he saw the Cadillac, in active service, cover itself with honor.

The things the soldiers are saying everywhere about the Cadillac run like a golden thread through the warp and woof of every-day business.

They have given a tinge of romance and adventure to the name Cadillac, and to the car itself, which is reflected everywhere in public appreciation.

It is good, in these stirring times, to be an American—and it is good also to be of the household of the Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DETROIT, MICH



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EVERY "run" of Quaker State Medium (the certified oil) is analyzed and tested by a chemist not in the employ of the refiners. Every barrel placed on sale bears his certificate of purity, uniformly correct "body," and low carbon residue.

The Franklin Automobile Company, which recommends Quaker State Medium to dealers and owners, secures samples of the oil in different parts of the country each month and tests it carefully to see that the uniformly high standard is maintained.

Let these facts be your surety. Don't buy "any old oil." There is no surer way to the repair shop. Buy Quaker State Medium (the certified oil) and make sure that your engine gets the care it requires. Seventy-five per cent of engine trouble is caused by poor lubrication. And more than 75% of lubrication troubles can be avoided by the consistent use of genuine Quaker State Medium.

Try Quaker State Medium—today. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Department "A", and we will see that you are supplied.

Phinny Brothers Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania

Makers also of Quaker State Transmission Oil, Quaker State Cup Grease, Quaker State Graphite Grease, Quaker State Cold Test Oil, and Quaker State Tractor Oil

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Another of the BIG MAJORITY.

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"OUR statements, ledger leaves and proof sheets are written in one operation. The continuous ledger sheet which we are using gives an excellent record of a customer's transactions, and is very useful for our credit department."
—*S. Olson, Office Manager, B. Forman Co., N. Y.*

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are the original choice of the BIG MAJORITY. This means that comparison has already proved to a ten times greater number of firms that Baker-Vawter equipment is best. Avoid after-regrets. Heed the BIG MAJORITY.

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Originators and Manufacturers
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TRADE B—V BEST VALUE MARK

No. 164 of a series

THE QUANDARY OF BELGIUM

(Continued from Page 14)

the soda came from Luxemburg, the other chemicals from all over the world.

Belgium did much business in refining zinc; but she had no native ore. So it went through the list; she produced no raw material except coal in any considerable quantity. She owed her great manufacturing power partly to her geographical position and to the possession of the best port in Europe—Antwerp—and partly to the industry, business acumen and enterprise of her inhabitants. Further, being a neutralized nation, she did not keep up a heavy military establishment, and had no navy at all. Consequently, she escaped much of the heavy armament taxation which oppressed her neighbors.

Then for four and a quarter years the wheels stopped. From the moment the wheels stopped, Belgium was shut off from both imports and exports and from her painfully won foreign markets. Almost the first organized act of the conqueror was to strip the country both of raw materials and of most accumulated finished products. Most of the steel industries, indeed, might have kept going. They had the coal, and the Germans would have furnished the iron ore from the abundant Lorrainaise, German and Luxemburgian supply. But it would have meant working for the conqueror's purposes in the war.

The Belgian manufacturer did his bit in that magnificent passive resistance which, after the first stroke, was perhaps Belgium's main contribution toward victory. A nation of nearly eight million people, the busiest population of its size in the world, simply stopped producing. So small is the accumulated wealth of the world beside its floating wealth that it is a question whether this halt of more than four years is not the greatest damage Belgium sustained in the war. The other nations kept going—at the economically wasteful trade of making munitions, if at nothing else. But every shell that went into a Belgian gun, every cap worn by a Belgian soldier, every rifle, every tank, every aëroplane, was manufactured outside of the country and paid for by loans drawn against Belgium's accumulated securities or against her future. Not a franc of this money came back to Belgian industry. This was not the only financial drain. We of the English-speaking world who gave to the Commission for Relief in Belgium imagined we alone were keeping the people in food. That was not true.

Loss by Robbery

Heavily as the world gave, the charity funds would not have kept a nation in food for a month each year. It was paid for by all who had the money to pay; the real service of Hoover and his brilliant, devoted band of young Americans lay in making this payment possible, in organizing to get the food through and, in face of infinite diplomatic difficulties, in keeping the work alive. Our contributions went to feed the indigent. For the greater part, the Belgian people were eating without earning; and that was a continuous drain. Pure robbery was another considerable item. The Germans started, under thin pretexts, to steal all the loose money in the country; and what they went after they usually got. By fines, contributions of war, taxes for support of the army, they took away more than three and a half billion francs, mostly in gold. Finally they flooded the country with German paper money. When they left the region the Belgian Treasury was forced to take up this money for fear of the depreciation of German currency; this cost four billion francs.

Finally, came the out-and-out destructions of war—those by battle fire and those by deliberate act of the enemy. In destruction of buildings Belgium has probably got off a little more lightly, in proportion to her total property value, than France. The deliberate burnings of the Germans in the massacres of Louvain, Dinant, and the like, were horrible because of their cold-blooded cruelty and the loss of civilian life, but small compared to the effects of a few days of shell fire on a populous district. Dinant had about 4500 population; it was virtually all destroyed. Louvain had about 50,000 population; it lost about one-fifth or one-sixth of its surface area. The destruction, however, was in the hotel and fine residential districts, and comprised the more valuable part of the town.

The old line ran through one corner of Belgium, and in the steady hammering of shell fire only two considerable cities—Ypres and Nieuport—were razed. In the battle of liberation the advancing Allied armies ran rapidly over the towns of Flanders; most towns were under shell fire for only a day or so. Though certain places like Oudenarde suffered a great deal, their losses cannot be compared to those of cities which stood for years within range of the Great Line. Altogether, the Belgians estimate that in massacres and in battle they lost 44,000 buildings.

The corner of Belgium which the Great Line crossed sustained heavy, intensive battering and is a terrible mess. I have now seen all the old battlefields since the liberation and I call the Ypres salient the most horrible and disgusting piece of ground which Kultur has left us as a souvenir. It has mostly reached that final degree of earth devastation wherein the topsoil is gone and the land, for a long time, will grow nothing but trees. Farther eastward, Belgium stopped the Germans by cutting the dikes and letting water in upon the land. That soil is gone for a generation. In "dead" land Belgium has probably suffered more heavily, proportionately to her area, than France.

If Germany Had Won

The great irreparable physical loss was the deliberate removal and destruction of her machinery. France suffered the same thing, but only in the zone of occupation, a region containing little more than two millions of population as against perhaps 37,000,000, at the present time, for all France. This scourge of German official thievery descended upon all Belgium, from Antwerp to the Luxemburg border, from Nieuport to Liège.

From what happened there and from what happened in Northern France during the same period, one can, since the Armistice has brought a chance for investigation, piece out the whole German intention toward Western Europe, France and Belgium alike. This evidence is circumstantial, though direct evidence, proving the same points, has recently come to light.

Except for the iron-ore basin of French Lorraine, supplementing her own greater basin of German Lorraine, Germany did not intend to hold France. The competing industries of the country were to be ruined and she was to be crushed under indemnities, held in bondage by discriminating tariffs. Then, with the conclusion of peace, she was to be "liberated" to work for Germany world without end. The German proved that when, in addition to looting and destroying the great factories of the North, he ruined the French coal mines.

Above all things, Imperial Germany guarded her own supplies of raw material, especially in everything which concerned the dominant steel industry. Had she intended to hold in fee simple Lille, Lens, Valenciennes and the rest of the manufacturing district of the North, she would have guarded the coal mines like gold.

In Belgium she did guard them like gold. Across the French border and in part of the same field she had blown up every gallery, flooded every shaft. But the Belgian fields, yielding about 16,000,000 tons a year, she either worked or kept in good producing shape until near the end. Toward the Belgian factories, however, and especially toward those concerned with steel or steel products, she followed even more relentlessly than in France the policy of general theft and destruction. She intended to keep Belgium. But Belgium was to be a vassal, not an equal member of the German Federation.

The greedy industrial leaders, who had such strong influence on German military plans, would brook no rival in the new territory. Belgium was to furnish coal for steel making, and was to keep, probably, her small specialty factories. The dominant steel industry, making machinery and means of transportation for these factories, was to remain in German hands. German, too, was to be the harbor of Antwerp, the best in Western Europe and Belgium's greatest commercial asset.

This while Germany expected to win the war. When, in the autumn of 1918, the Great General Staff realized that they were

(Continued on Page 30)

THE GENERAL CORD TRUCK TIRE

"This tire makes me measure more gas mileage and speed, on trucks."

Just as steel rails lift the load, smooth the road and lighten the pull for the swift locomotive, so General Cord Truck Tires are fast-freight tires that ease the way for trucks. Slow-freight tonnage can crawl on solid tires in limited areas where the road permits. But where time, territory or roughness are conditions of fast-freighting the truck must carry its track with it—it must have tires of minimum friction that deliver speed and distance with extra endurance. The General Cord Truck Tire is a rail on the rims—that lifts, lightens, smooths and speeds.

With the rapid extension in the use of trucks, the fleet owner and the tire distributor are making no mistake in following the reputation that General Cord Truck Tires have made for themselves.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by

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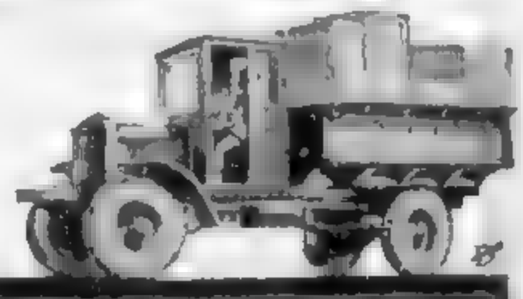
"The fastest growing line in the fastest growing industry"



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Tell the toyman you want to see the BUSTER BIKE—the latest and most practical of all riding toys.

Better rush right to BUSTER BIKE, send us the retail price, $3.00 (West of Rockies, $3.50), and we will ship at once, charges prepaid.

HERE'S safe joy-riding for the kiddies. The BUSTER-BIKE is built like a velocipede: Wide rear axle, set well back, prevents tipping over; lets the "pushnician" ride too. Comfortable saddle-carved seat gives lots of leg freedom; so shaped to accommodate child's growth from 1½ to 6 years.

And see! It has pedals! And *two* front wheels instead of one. Built strong, of well-seasoned wood. Gayly painted in red and green, with golden-oak trimming.

DEALERS—Get in touch with your jobber right away. Or, write us for name of nearest distributor.

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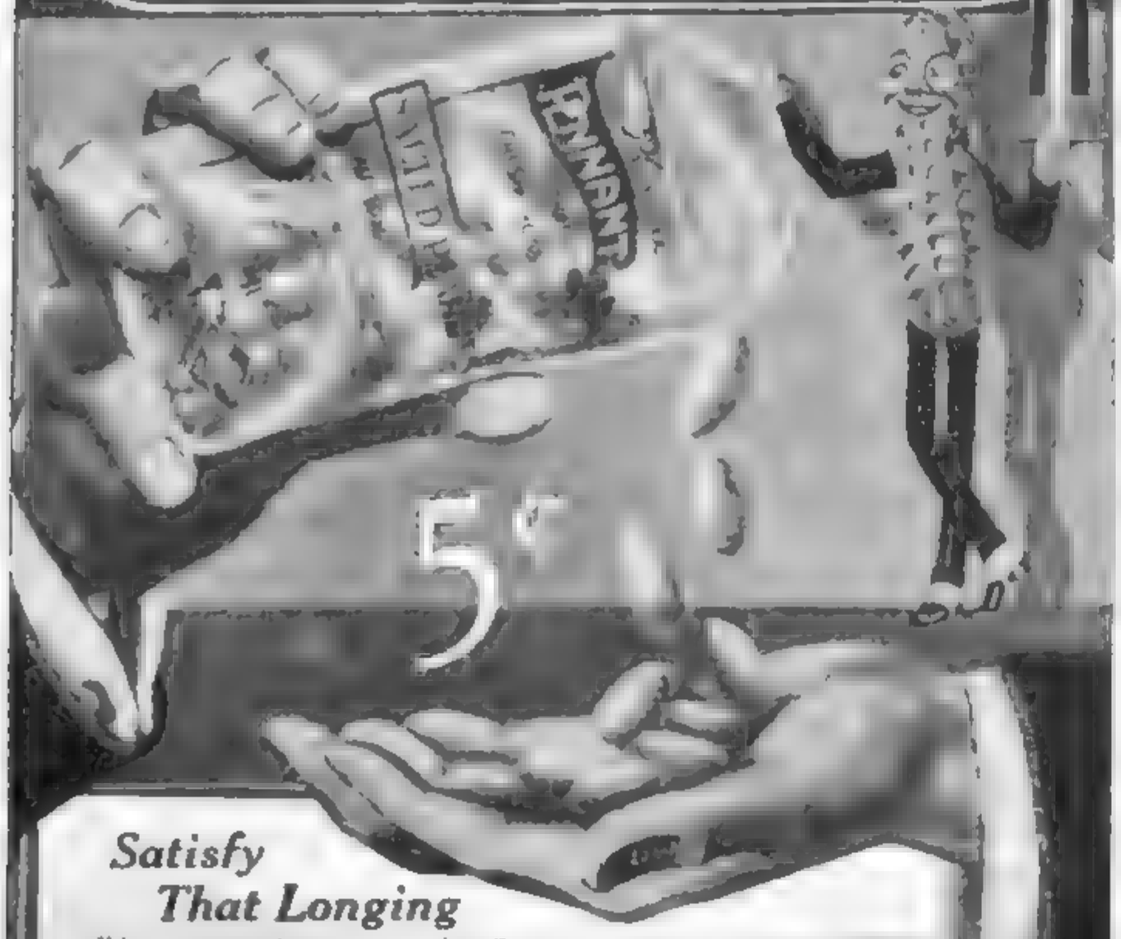
Planters PENNANT BRAND PEANUTS



Satisfy That Longing

When your appetite craves something "extra good" there is nothing so satisfying as Pennant Peanuts—the big, golden kind, with their crispness, and rich flavor.

They are WHOLE roasted, free from skins, and properly salted. A delightful confection, kept clean and fresh in the *Glassine* bag with the red pennant on it, and in the handy family packages—pound, and ½ pound tins, and 10 and 5 ounce glasses.

PLANTERS Nut and Chocolate Company

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Suffolk, Va.

The name "*Planters*" on peanut confections and peanut food products stands for the highest standard of **Quality and Purity**

(Continued from Page 28)

beaten on the Western Front, and must abandon all hope of holding Belgium, their destruction squads prepared to destroy the coal mines of Charleroi and Mons. The explosives were laid and wired, the pipes for flooding were prepared, when news of this condition got out of Belgium. President Wilson acted at once.

He threatened reprisals in case the Belgian mines were destroyed in the retreat. Even at that, the especially brutal and arrogant Germans who controlled the country would probably have acted but for the force and courage of a certain Belgian manufacturer. Armed with the President's message, he faced the representatives of the Great General Staff and bullied them into sparing the mines.

All this policy of the Germans toward Belgium had been worked out from circumstantial evidence when Fate threw direct evidence into Belgian hands. During the occupation a certain German civilian had charge of the department of barley. It was his business to make the Belgians account for every grain of that rather scanty native crop. Some six weeks after the Armistice the Great General Staff at Spa asked permission to send this man into Belgium to look for the records of his department which, they said, had been lost, probably in a freight car, during the confusion of the revolution. This was granted.

The exceptional zeal of this man in looking for his records, and the unimportance of those records in the scheme of things, roused the suspicions of the Belgians. He was quietly watched. Finally, in the nest of abandoned German rolling stock down by the southeastern frontier, he found the freight car. The Belgian secret service laid hands on him and his car at once; and when they came to investigate, they could scarcely believe their luck. They had, apparently, almost all the records of that staff section which had ruled Belgium for four years. The trusted soldiers who were to have taken this car away into Germany had joined the Revolution and abandoned their charge. What treasures of information this car contained we may not know for some time, but the contents of a few documents are known. They include a most minute plan for the annexation and administration, as a crown colony, of all Belgium in the two provinces of Flanders and Wallonia. This had the approval of Bethmann-Hollweg, the old Imperial Chancellor, at a moment when he was hinting that Germany did not intend to hold Belgium!

Secret Archives Found

From the first year of the war the German went at it methodically, cold bloodedly. A commission of experts was appointed—most of its archives were found in that valuable freight car. They catalogued the factories of Belgium, beginning with the vital steel industry, and offered the machines for sale in the open German market. Except for two or three in each district, which the Germans worked for themselves, the steel furnaces, being basic to the whole steel industry, went first. Either they were transplanted whole or sold all through the Empire in parts. In cases of piecemeal sale the Germans junked all that was not salable.

Having taken away everything of value they at first blew up the cement foundations. Later, they discovered a more subtle plan for these foundations and those of other heavy machines: A cement foundation, as originally laid, has set into it, when wet, the bolts which are to hold down the machine. The Germans simply sawed off the bolts level with the cement. This means, in most cases, that the Belgians themselves will have to blow up the foundations and lay them anew.

From the furnaces they proceeded to the industry in steel products—at first the greater machines and establishments, then the lesser, paying special attention to the machine-making industry. At the same time they attacked the electrical machinery. They spared generally the electric light plants and the tramway systems of the larger cities; these they needed for their own uses. Otherwise, everything went, with especial attention to dynamos and copper wiring. Most of the small-town tramways and the interurban systems were destroyed. First the power-house machinery went to German firms or to the junk heap; then the overhead wiring was rolled up and sent away to be transformed into shell bands or cartridge cases.

On the whole, it is probable that the textile industry suffered less than that of Lille, in Northern France. Germany could absorb only so many textile machines. The Lille plants were more concentrated than those of East Flanders, more convenient to transportation, perhaps, on the whole, more modern. But here the brass and copper looters were at work, taking every ounce of those metals from such machinery as was not demanded in Germany. And, as at Lille, they often smashed through a ten-thousand-dollar machine in order to get at fifty dollars' worth of brass. Finally they stripped the country bare of leather and leather-substitute machine belting. The very few factories which lost nothing else are without their overhead transmission.

The chemical industry—a rival of Germany's—and the zinc-refining industry suffered almost as severely. But no business was spared. For example, before the war Brussels had seven or eight daily newspapers, each with its linotype plant and presses. When the Germans left, the Brussels publishers found that they could, by pooling machines and parts, get two plants and no more to work. The newspapers are now publishing coöperatively with these two plants.

This story of the looted machines furnishes in detail material for many volumes. But let us take the general result as compiled, two months after the Armistice, by the Belgian Ministry of Economic Affairs.

The Damage Appraised

With the exception of two plants in the Charleroi basin, which were used by the Germans, the bulk-steel industry is out of business, "involving," says the report, "prolonged unemployment." A very few may be able soon to do a little work. Let me supplement the report here from my own information.

Liège was probably the one most important steel city of Belgium. Among other plants it was the chief seat of the great Cockrill works. A director of this establishment told me in January that their physical valuation before the war—but based on present prices—was 110,000,000 francs. Of this they estimate that 70,000,000 francs' worth has been destroyed—all by the deliberate act of the Germans, for the works never came under fire. They had nine blast furnaces. Seven of these are gone, the foundations blown up or "sawed off." Two might be patched up and put to work in six months—if they had the material. Of about thirty blast furnaces at Liège, only one—spared by what motive no one understands—can be worked. Just now the bulk-steel industry of Belgium can be crossed off her books.

The manufacture of metal products stands next on the list of losses. Though perhaps not so vital to the country as steel making, this classification comprises the richest branch of Belgian industry. It includes locomotive and car building, machinery, bridges and frameworks, electrical apparatus, automobiles, rivets, furnaces and boilers. "The enemy," says the report, "slaughtered that branch of industry with special zeal, and there is not a factory, however small, which did not lose its best machines, its overhead transmission and its brass and copper parts. In many cases the destruction is total, extending to foundations and sometimes even to buildings." The only exception, and that partial, is the manufacture of railway rolling stock. A few of these factories were used by the Germans, and were therefore spared. They could be set going if Belgium had raw materials.

The ceramic industry—Belgium was strong on fine china—got off comparatively lightly. A few factories might be set going now. Mostly, however, they lost their electrical equipment, including motors. Also, the glass industry is only partially ruined. Glass manufacture employs comparatively simple machinery. The chemical industry is hit hard in the most vital places; of twenty-seven factories making sulphuric acid, only five have kept their lead tanks. The great soda works of Solvay & Co. were fortunate, no one knows exactly why. They have lost only their overhead transmission, their brass and copper, and a few other parts. Generally speaking, all the powder and explosive factories are out of business.

The vegetable oil factories of Flanders are completely stripped. The Germans used the refineries of mineral oils, so that

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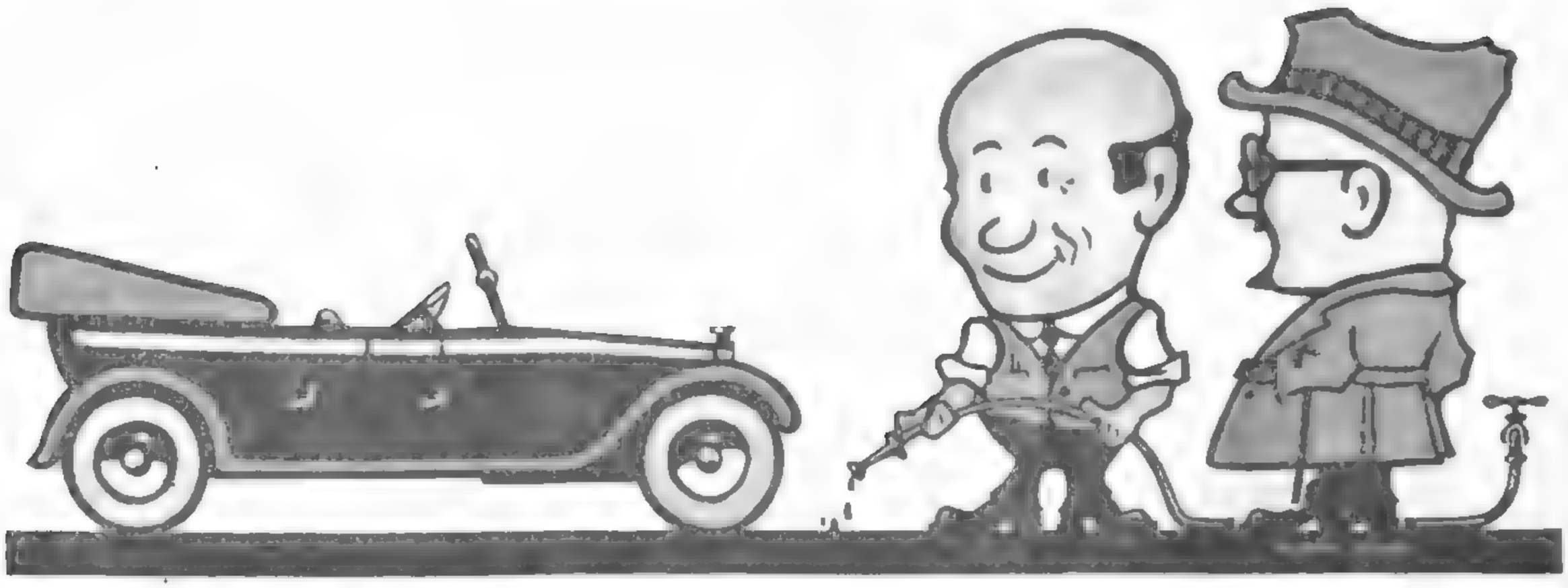

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"No, same little old last year's car refinished with Effecto!"

REMEMBER when you first got your car, all new and shiny—that thrill of pride—as you drove up to the house and the neighbors peeked out of the windows? Wasn't it great?

Well, you can have that "grand and glorious feeling" all over again *without buying a new car*, at the cost of a few dollars and a little entertaining work.

The answer is Effecto Auto Finishes—those quick-drying, easy-working, self-leveling high luster auto *enamels*, that have made interesting and easy the finishing of automobiles by the owner.

Effecto is *not* a wax, polish or paint, but the *genuine, original* auto *enamel* that puts a deep, high gloss *enamel* finish on your car, which stays there longer than the finish most auto manufacturers put on new cars.

Effecto covers and hides the old finish so well that often one coat is sufficient; although sometimes two coats may be required. Effecto Auto Enamels usually dry over night; the exact time depending on atmospheric conditions.

In addition to the seven live *enamel* colors (Blue, Green, Red, Yellow, Cream, Gray and Black) there are Effecto Finishing, (a clear varnish for use on cars which are not badly marred) and Effecto Top & Seat Dressing, which renews and waterproofs mohair, imitation leather and all kinds of tops, as well as seats and upholstery. It dries in fifteen minutes; will not cause cracking, nor will it come off on the clothes.

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

A can of Effecto Auto Black Enamel is a mighty handy thing around the garage. With it you can touch up each little rust spot as it appears. It's a wonderful tonic for the looks of the engine; also scraped and bumped fenders, etc.

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Don't be afraid you will "make a mess of it"—convince yourself first, if you are inclined to hesitate. Walk right up to a paint or hardware dealer, ask for a small can of Pratt & Lambert Effecto, (and be *sure* it's *Pratt & Lambert Effecto*) take it home and experiment a little.

You'll find you can do a good job—in fact, one you will be proud of, and that's because Effecto is so free-flowing and self-leveling—especially so made for the amateur. Sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers everywhere.

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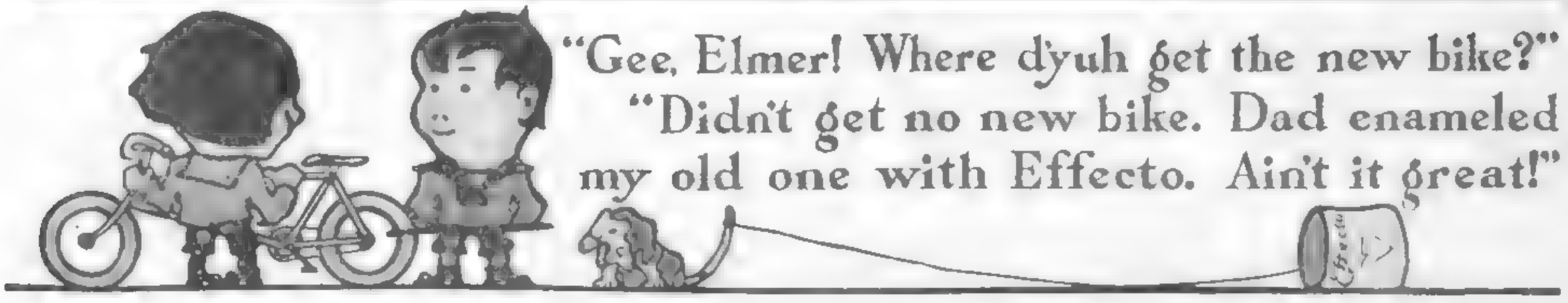

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THE exceptional performance of the Franklin Car makes its market the fastest growing and most permanent in the fine car field.

Motorists are today investigating performance and what makes it possible. They are discovering why the Franklin Car delivers the motoring satisfaction they have been seeking, while a change of make in the past has only exchanged familiar troubles.

The significant facts in this exceptional performance of the Franklin Car are:—comfortable riding on rough or smooth roads; ease of control and safety; light weight and flexibility; all season usability; no water to boil or freeze; no starting troubles; combined with unmatched economy—

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
10,000 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN WRITES: "The grand average mileage on gasoline has been twenty-six miles to the gallon, and the car requires no greater quantity of lubricating oil than other makes. On tire mileage, it has done better than you told me it would."

ANOTHER OWNER WRITES: "The two rear tires on my Franklin covered 14,000 miles, and one of the front tires is still on with a record of 19,600 miles and looks good for a lot more."

(Continued from Page 30)

they escaped. The match, soap and pharmaceutical factories, however, were left in fair shape; many of these factories could start up now—if they had raw material.

In the cotton-spinning industry, it is estimated that fifty per cent of the spindles could start now if their factories were furnished with raw materials, including not only cotton but oils, and if overhead transmission were replaced. Of the rest, half lack copper parts and other vital accessories, sold into Germany. Under the ideal conditions of the good old days of 1913, these could be got to running in five or six months, but now —— The other twenty-five per cent are almost a dead loss, the turbines, motors, furnaces, all the driving machinery, are gone. Cotton weaving is, on the whole, in slightly better shape. But here as elsewhere belts and brass and copper parts must generally be replaced. The wool-weaving industry is in about the same condition. And so it goes, down the list of minor industries.

Up to the first of February the Belgian Government had not made public its estimate of losses. "In raw material and machinery, call it ten billion francs," said to me a Belgian in a position to know. "We're in about the same condition as Northern France," he added, "only Northern France has the rest of France behind her, and we stand alone." His comparison is not quite accurate. In proportion to her population and wealth, Northern France lost more, much more, than Belgium in the items of buildings and mines. But the policy of machine destruction was the same. And, as he said, Northern France, with little more than two million inhabitants, is backed by the rest of France, which went comparatively unscathed; while Belgium had no village spared.

The railroad situation is equally distressing. Before the war, the efficient state-owned system of Belgium made its intensive manufacture possible. The country had more mileage to the population than any other in the world. This system employed nearly five thousand locomotives and about ninety thousand cars. Her network of canals was a valuable accessory. It covered all the country, excepting the hilly regions to the east.

When the Germans came the Belgians got 1900 of their locomotives away to France. The rest, the Germans took over and employed generally for military uses. In revictualing the country the Commission for Relief in Belgium was obliged to use the canals. When the Armistice was signed the terms included the delivery by Germany to the Allies of 5000 locomotives and 50,000 freight cars. It was ruled by a special provision that all rolling stock remaining on the German side of the line on November eleventh was to be considered provisionally as German and eligible to discharge this obligation. The Belgian line, at the moment, ran through West Flanders up to the Holland line. Inside of that line the Belgians scraped together about 1200 of their own or German locomotives. They were in terrible shape.

Transportation Difficulties

In the three months preceding the Armistice the Germans had lost their grip and had about ceased to make repairs. Then when the revolution swept over the Army of Occupation they did a great deal of malicious mischief. Upon abandoning the locomotives they neither drew nor banked the fires. Of course, the boilers usually blew up or burned out. By now, the reserve of 1900 Belgian locomotives in France had about melted away. Belgium had placed them at the disposal of General Foch's armies. Some were hauling French, American and British troops and supplies and could not be released even with the Armistice. Some had gone to Italy, to Saloniki and even to the Murman Coast. Nor could many repairs be made to the locomotives abandoned by the Germans. The big repair shops and railroad yards near Louvain, Ghent and Antwerp had, when the Germans finished using them, been looted. With great difficulty the Belgian Ministry of Transportation got 420 locomotives running. By February they had the number to 800; and there it seemed likely to stick for some time. There were other minor perplexities. Westinghouse air brakes require a great deal of rubber. The Germans needed that commodity; so many of the Westinghouse systems went early in the war. The rest were very generally cut all to pieces by riotous revolutionaries or by disgruntled imperialists during the final stage of disorder. These people further broke up the pipes of the heating and lighting systems in the passenger cars. So, also, they looted from the stations and yards almost all of the accessories to railroading, such as lanterns. Of course, all tracks along the southern border, and many in Flanders, were destroyed by the fighting. After four years of suspended animation, the human organization of railroading was of course scattered and broken down. Finally, Belgium is the hinterland for the Belgian and British Armies holding Germany, and the military trains supplying some two or three million troops have right of way over the Belgian tracks.

What freight transportation must be, even the casual wayfarer may judge from his observation of passenger travel. The cars, in the dead of winter, are unheated because the Germans cut the pipes. Half of the windows are out; the passengers hang spare wraps over the sashes and shiver; the air brakes being removed or ruined, the trains must be braked by hand. Any railroad man knows what delay in a schedule that means. Only five or six passenger lines were running in January. The train de luxe of Belgian railroading at present is the Paris train. It leaves Brussels at 6 A. M. and is due—though it seldom arrives—at Paris at 10:30 P. M. The time from Brussels to Paris used to be four hours flat. I escaped this train, entering and leaving the country by automobile. It is described as a major hardship of travel.

From Gayety to Paralysis

The canals used wonderfully to supplement the railroads. The seacoast lines, however, cannot again be used until they are dredged. In most of the interior canal systems the Germans blew up the steel locks. Steel locks cannot be made in Belgium until Belgium has the steel, which would involve, under the method of normal life, bringing to the very few furnaces still workable the crude ore by canal; and there you strike a vicious circle which you encounter again and again in the Belgium of the period.

Go anywhere away from the two or three streets of Brussels which keep up the appearance of mining-camp gayety, and you find paralysis. Upon my return I drove halfway through the kingdom from Brussels to Tournai on the border, past forests of smokestacks. Only one, that I saw, gave forth any smoke. Antwerp used to be the busiest port of Europe; her dock region matched that of New York for life and activity. I found the dry winter grass growing over the tracks behind the wharves. Most of the docks have been made over by the Germans into storehouses for timber or for that gravel, material of cement trenches, which caused the incident with Holland. The Germans left there enough gravel to supply the normal Belgian demand for twelve years; that, and the timber, are so much to the good in the way of raw materials. It seems to me that the great soup kitchen where the indigent—this means most of the working class—were fed, and the immense hall where three thousand women were cleaning and remaking the secondhand clothes from America, were the only live things in Antwerp. The famous diamond industry was moved out to London ahead of the Germans, diamonds and the apparatus for cutting them being very portable values. It is likely that it will remain there; London, since the war, has become the world's center for precious stones.

I made my pilgrimage of sentiment to Louvain. I was there for four days as a prisoner in August, 1914, and subsequently saw the historic massacre. I went to sentimentalize, and remained to condole with the inhabitants over the queer fix of their city. Louvain existed because of its famous university. Like any university town—our own Cambridge for example—it had gathered about it many allied and subsidiary schools. This city of about 50,000 souls existed because of the university and these schools. Its only other support was the railway repair shops and yards. As all the world knows, the Germans burned part of the city in August, 1914. The conflagration involved only about one-fifth of the surface area, but it got all the most valuable part—the shopping, hotel, theater, downtown business and fine residential districts. Perhaps more importantly, it got

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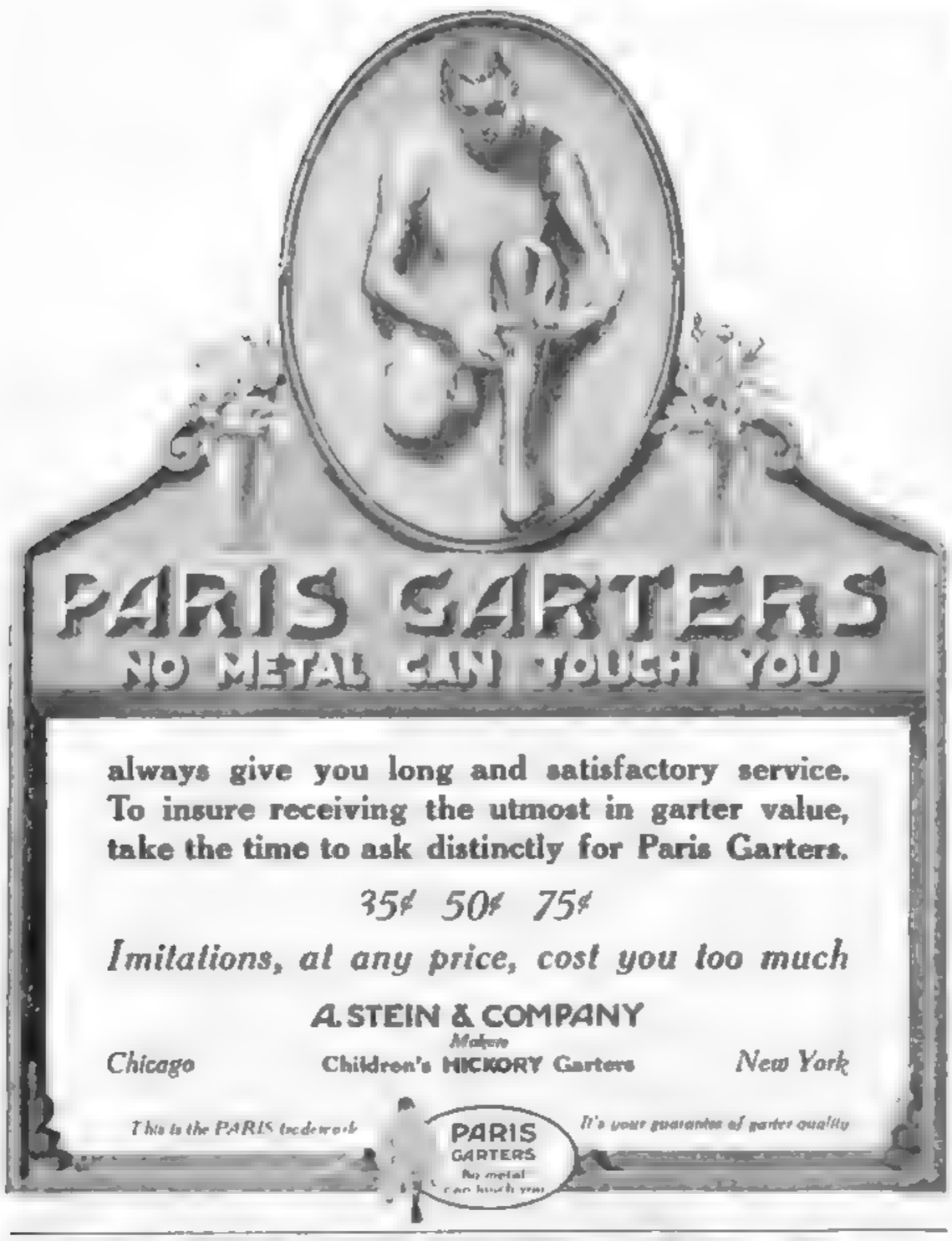
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the district where most of the students boarded.

As soon as the Germans were gone, the university announced that it would reopen on January first. Also the government agreed to release from active military service, pending demobilization, any man who wanted to begin or to finish a university course. The University of Louvain had 3200 students in the spring term of 1914. Rather to the surprise of the authorities, more than 4000 men announced their intention of registering for the first term of 1919; this, of course, represented the matriculating classes of four idle years. That was all right; but where could they put the students? Most of the boarding and rooming houses were gone. Formerly, many students lived in the suburbs and went to their classes by trolley. But the Louvain tramway line was gone—the machinery, the wiring, the best cars long ago shipped to Germany. Brussels is only twenty miles away, and students "commuted" from the capital. That is impossible now, owing to the state of the railroads. The American seminary, cut off from its regular supply of students, turned itself into a dormitory, as did some of the other national seminaries. All during the first fortnight of 1919, students drifted in and drifted out again because they could not get accommodations. "The university will take as many students as it can house," said Monsigneur Dubec, rector of the American seminary, "but we cannot at best accommodate more than half of the applicants. There are not enough rooms and beds." Dozens of towns throughout the kingdom are facing some such little problem of readjustment as this.

A Period of Uncertainty

Yes, as you browse through Belgium, you wonder here and there why a few things that might be done are not done. It seems that some of the wheels might turn. The mainspring seems to be dislocated. Suddenly, you realize what it is that is dislocated—and that it is called Confidence.

Let us take an imaginary example. Jean owns a factory which has escaped by some miracle the German destruction. By some other miracle he can get a little raw material. Most of his workpeople are still in town, only too eager to stop living at soup kitchens and get honestly to work. Why does not Jean start up?

Well, first he needs some money—his cash reserve went long ago either to German pockets or to support his family and perhaps the needy among his workpeople. He cannot get the credit. The bank is not broke, but it simply does not know where it stands. If Germany pays in full, all will be well. But can Germany pay in full and will the peace conference collect? If she does not pay in full, how much of the partial payment will Belgium get? The bank is awaiting anxiously the result of the conference.

Suppose Jean has the credit. What then? A typical Belgian manufacturer, he worked for the export trade. His market, in four and a half years, has faded away. He cannot tell yet if his old customers in Spain, South America, the United States, England will want his goods, or whether the substitute has driven them out. Finally, what about his raw materials, his cotton, say, his raw earths and ores for chemical products, his wool, his copper, his leather?

He knows that there will be a scramble for raw materials and that, with open competition, the nation with the most ready money, the greatest current flow of business, the most shipping, will get them. Belgium does not answer to that description. The League of Nations, or at least the Allied economic councils, may do something about raw materials, but that is still uncertain. Jean hesitates; how can you blame him?

The present political situation, hopeful though it is in many respects, does not give him the feeling of certainty which business wants. Belgium has been forced to change horses while crossing a stream.

During the first period of her national life Belgium had two leading parties, the Clerical and the Liberal. The Clerical party represented conservatism. In the eighties and nineties the Socialist party grew until it took the place of the Liberals as the great opposition party. I hereby warn the American reader not to shy, from this point on, at the name Socialist. There are in Europe Socialist parties and Socialist parties. This one is probably the most moderate on the Continent. Although it is allied with the Socialist International, its program at this moment goes scarcely so far as that of some of the progressive parties in our Western States. Except for its connection with the International it might be considered as a labor party.

Belgium had, at the period when the Socialist party rose, a limited suffrage. In the nineties the Socialist party ordered a general strike for universal suffrage. It won half a loaf. Manhood suffrage was made universal, after the age of twenty-five, but with a plural feature. A man received one vote as a man, another if he held real property, another if he had a family, another if he held a university degree. In national elections the limit was three votes to a man; in municipal elections a property-holding, university-bred man of family had all four votes. This system, the Socialists maintained, worked to their disadvantage. The Belgian farmer is a conservative and almost invariably a Clerical in politics. The strength of Belgian socialism lies in the factory operatives. As a class the farmers in that land of small tracts hold real property, and as a class they marry and breed families early in life. The typical clerical farmer was a two or three vote man, the typical socialist operative a one or two vote man. In 1912, after ten years of agitation, the Socialists forced a general election which turned on the franchise question. With the help of the Liberals they might have won. They expected that help when they started the campaign. But midcourse, the Liberals became afraid of the Socialist régime in case universal franchise won. They threw their support to the Clericals, advocates of the plural suffrage. The working majority which the Clericals had held in the Belgian chamber for thirty-five years came out of this election stronger than ever. Disappointed, the Socialists organized, quite openly and publicly, a general strike which they sprang in 1913. More than 400,000 Belgian workmen went out, tying up all manufacturing industries. After three weeks the government partially gave in. The cabinet offered to appoint a commission to revise the franchise. The Socialists accepted this offer, on the pledge of the government that the revision would mean "one man, one vote." However, by the summer of 1914, when nothing had been done, the Socialists were growing restive and threatening another strike.

Votes for Soldiers

Belgium had to oppose the Germans, when they struck Liège, only her standing army of young conscripts plus a few volunteers and the Garde Civique, a very primitive body of militia. When the Germans forced the army to the borders conscription stopped. The army was raised in numbers and kept to strength by collecting the Belgians of military age outside of the country and by running the electrified-wire barrier on the Holland frontier. However, the young, unmarried Belgians were up to the very last the backbone of the army. Liège was held while France mobilized, the Yser was locked, and finally the Ypres salient was broken by an army of no-vote or one-vote men, since the franchise privilege began at the age of twenty-five and the second vote upon marriage or upon the acquirement of land. On the other hand, the three-vote farmer went on his way comparatively little disturbed by the war. Many of these men actually made a little money. Of course, it was generally not their own fault that they were out of the army; few, comparatively, even managed to run that frontier barricade. Nevertheless, the facts remained: the heroes of the Yser had no votes or one vote apiece, the stay-at-homes had two or three votes.

Belgian sentiment, when the war was done, rose above all personal and party considerations. Political justice must be done the army. "What I fought for at the Yser," said the shy, boyish, popular king, "must be fulfilled." In his speech from the throne he came out flatly for equal and single suffrage, beginning at the age of twenty-one—exactly our American system. "In that he signed the death warrant of his own office," said a Belgian conservative. Nevertheless, public sentiment of all parties backed him. The Belgians are proceeding in this measure by a curious method. In the spring they will hold a referendum election on the question of equal and single male suffrage, beginning with the age of twenty-one. Now, under the constitution such a revision can be

(Concluded on Page 37)

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Essex Popularity Grows

Sales Exceed Output Three to One

Hailed as a New Leader

All who have seen the Essex will understand how difficult it is to appear temperate in our claims for it.

People are saying the most enthusiastic things about it. They like its light weight and the way in which it combines the economy of the cheap car with the quality, endurance, comfort and performance of the large costly automobile. Motorists in every section are praising the Essex. It is the leader of every automobile show. Tens of thousands have ridden in it. A million have seen the Essex. All hail it a new leader.

"It Is THE Light Car"

That in a sentence expresses the view of practically everyone.

It describes their feelings as to its type, its value and its distinctive performance. Motorists have long talked of the car that would be enduring and comfortable to ride in and of great performance ability and still that would be neither heavy nor costly to buy or operate.

They describe the Essex as being "the car" that fills that field.

And they have long wanted a light car that they would not have to apologize for because of its appearance. So their expression, "That is THE Light Car," describes their feelings concerning the Essex.

All motorists are not interested in such performance tests as reveal a car's limit of speed. All have not an opportunity to witness what a car will do under the trying conditions of hill and mountain service. But those who ask for such proofs are enthusiastic over what they have seen the Essex do. They, too, say, "It is THE Light Car."

Who Will Get Essex Cars?

That is the question all are asking. Dealers know the maximum number of cars they are to get. They are keen observers of conditions. They know how orders are being placed and they know there are not going to be half enough Essexes to supply those who will want them.

Thousands have already been shipped. They are going out from the factory in increasing numbers every day. But orders are also piling up and dealers everywhere have established buyers' waiting lists.

It is not a question of selling the Essex during the next several months. The question will be "Who will get them?" If you are to be an Essex owner you must not delay ordering.

At any rate you should get acquainted with it. Everyone who knows the Essex is enthusiastic for it. All are talking about it. And there is no better way to dominate the automobile field than to have thousands of people saying the fine things for a car that are being said for the Essex.

The Essex is the new and dominant car of the year.

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and you'll have your investment with interest 50 years hence.

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"The Roof of Ages"

Study this charming Colonial home.

It has permanence, dignity and architectural beauty—the result of a perfect building material.

The walls and roof are built with Rite-Grade Inspected Red Cedar Shingles.

The owner of this house will never worry about exterior up-keep—Red Cedar Shingles, properly nailed, require no up-keep.

Red Cedar Shingles are cool in summer and warm in winter. The manner in which they are laid—three thicknesses at all points—protects you perfectly from the extremes of cold and heat.

One more important thing proper nailing. Always use nails that will not rust—hot-dipped, zinc-coated, cut-iron nails. Proper nails are essential for the "Roof of Ages."

—and Ideal for Siding

When you build insist upon the trademark "Rite-Grade Inspected" on every bunch of shingles. This means that they are produced by a member of our Associations from first class Cedar trees and are guaranteed by official inspection to be up-to-grade as to thickness, grain, grade, selection and uniform size.

So when you purchase Rite-Grade Inspected Red Cedar Shingles you will always know that you are getting not only the best in every grade but shingles which, properly nailed, will make a life-time roof and siding—attractive and desirable.

Progressive lumber dealers sell shingles that are Rite-Grade Inspected—the trademark Rite-Grade Inspected appears on the bundles in addition to the manufacturer's own label or stencil.

Send 2c stamp for plan book "Distinctive American Homes."

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West Coast Lumbermen's Assn.,
425 Henry Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

The Shingle Agency of British Columbia,
1026 Standard Bank Bldg.,
Vancouver, B. C.

(Concluded from Page 34)

made legal only by vote of the existing plural-vote electorate. Even such a method of revising the Constitution would not be tolerated at this moment by public opinion. Moreover, in the confusion and destruction of war the rolls of voters were in many cases lost, and it would be difficult to reconstitute them. So all the males of Belgium above the age of twenty-one with a "one-man-one-vote" franchise will vote on the subject; making victory, the Belgian Socialists say, a certainty. This is unconstitutional. Even a subterfuge recently adopted—creating a national assembly for the purpose of ratifying the old constitution with an equal suffrage amendment—may be illegal. But the will of the people sometimes overrides constitutions, and no one in Belgium, probably, will ever question the decision.

The members of the Clerical party, I understand, favor this act of justice regardless of consequences. It is different with the leaders of the party. Yet they accepted the situation with an ease and grace which astonished the Socialists. Then, quietly and blandly, they introduced their joker. Make suffrage truly universal, they said; grant it to the women as well as the men. This placed the Socialists in a very pretty quandary. International socialism has again and again declared for woman suffrage. But with the church-loving Belgian woman on the roster of voters, the chances favored a Clerical majority in the country. The Clerical newspapers printed every day the text of old Socialist declarations for woman suffrage. The Socialist newspapers, unwilling to go back wholly on the international policy, responded by sneering at the motives of the Clericals in advancing this measure just now. I have heard Belgian conservatives, during the past month, advance all the old arguments for woman suffrage; whereas I have had Socialists tell me that woman's place is in the home. Just now, it appears as though the vote for delegates to the Constitutional Assembly will be held on straight manhood suffrage, and that the woman-suffrage fight will be delayed until the Assembly begins its work.

When the King returned, everyone—he most of all, probably—realized that the cabinet which existed in Belgium in August, 1914, and which withdrew with him to Havre, was out of date. In the course of the war every other belligerent nation had been through one or more cabinet crises, by way of replacing the old-era man and spirit with the new-era man and spirit. Belgium, with most of her leaders held captive by the Germans, could not make the transition until her liberation. The King dissolved his old cabinet and formed a new one, designed to give all parties representation until the equal franchise registered the will of the country. M. Delacoix, a moderate Clerical, was made premier; five other Clericals, three Liberals and three Socialists compose his cabinet. This looks like a coalition, but it is more a patchwork. Everyone is waiting for the universal franchise and for the results of the first election under this new political régime.

Results of Unemployment

Of course, unemployment is nearly universal. The Belgian industrial class numbers nearly 1,200,000 hands. In January, 800,000 heads of families were drawing their daily rations from soup kitchens. Here, perhaps, I had better describe how Belgium is fed. By a war measure passed in 1917, the United States advances $20,000,000 a month—a loan, not a gift—to Belgium. The sum is paid in provisions, not money.

Most of all, Belgium has to reckon with degeneration of unemployment. Men have lost temporarily a part of their trade skill through disuse, and some of them have lost the habit of work. The human organization of industry and of public utilities has gone to pieces. For example: The Belgian postal service was before the war very smart and sharp. A letter posted at Brussels in the late afternoon always reached Paris for the first delivery next morning, and vice versa. Though the mail train runs every day now on a fourteen-hour schedule, letters between the two cities take usually from five to fourteen days. This is because the organization stopped dead for more than four years, and it could not be recreated in three months.

As concerns their reaction to this situation, the Belgian workers may be divided roughly into two classes. One—and by far, I think, the smaller—has lain down. They have lost the habit of work and are content to be fed at public expense. That is human; it would happen anywhere. The other and larger class burns with impatience for a job, for the comforts of life which a little money brings and for release from public support. Conservatives and employers say that from this class, if any, will come social disturbances. They expect the crisis, if it comes at all, in the late spring or early summer. That loan of food to Belgium by America is a war measure; it stops automatically with the signature of peace. Belgium will then have to find other ways and means. With the opening of a few industries the clamor will rise for universal work.

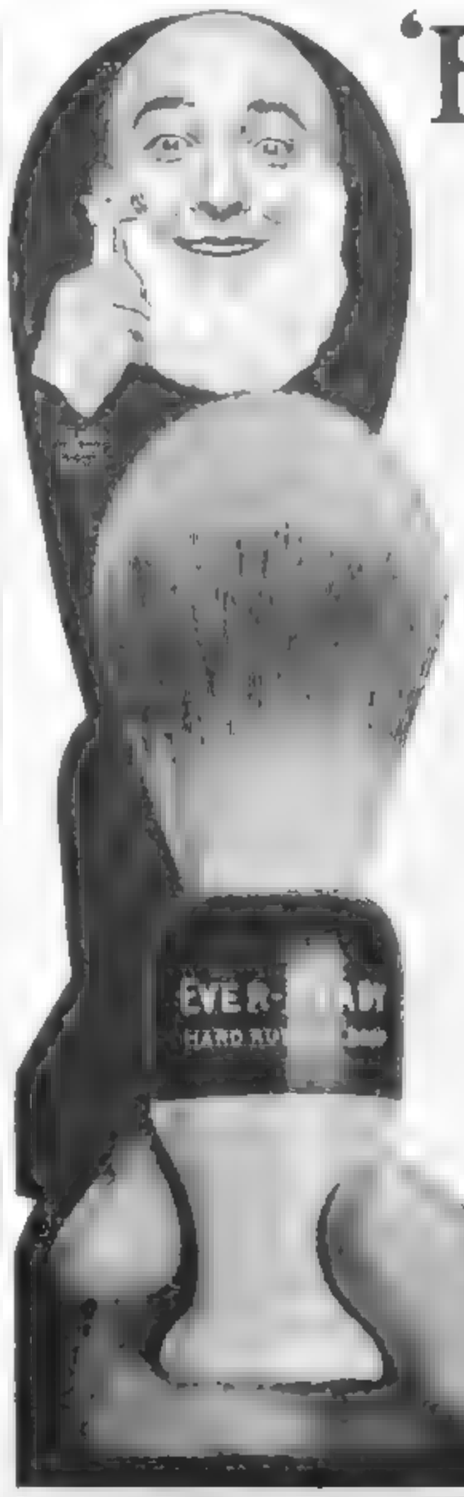
It happens, however, that the Socialist party, representing a large and powerful part of the working class, is at this moment a bear on disturbance and a bull on confidence. I have said that this party is conservative in its radicalism. When, with the establishment of the new government, it represented its immediate program, the conservatives were frankly astonished. Belgian Socialists asked only for universal equal suffrage, the rights of association, and a recognition of the union principle. Later, as the first steps of a new program, they will demand the eight-hour day and a minimum wage—no more for the present! The inclusion of three Socialists in the Cabinet is an unprecedented triumph, as is the choice of their ablest leader, M. Vandervelde, on the Belgian Delegation to the Peace Conference. Finally, they want above all things universal and equal suffrage. That seems to be coming. Nothing would so tend to wreck this measure as revolutionary labor disturbances. At this moment the Socialist leaders are sitting on the lid. In general they may be said to resemble those Social Democrats of Germany, whom they have just refused to meet at the Berne Conference, rather than the German Independent Socialists. This seems inconsistent with a statement of sympathy made by M. Vandervelde when Liebknecht was assassinated.

Division of Raw Materials

That, however, was probably a matter of personal sentiment. Liebknecht voted, with the rest of the party, the German war credits and refused, with the rest, to believe in the atrocities in Belgium. In 1915, however, he visited the enslaved kingdom and was quietly taken in hand by the Belgian Socialists. They led him to the spots of the massacres, and proved them by names, dates and circumstances. They let him see what imperial rule in Belgium had done, was doing. From that moment, the Belgian Socialists say, dated his opposition to the war. They regard him as their convert.

In late January appeared the first movement toward putting the dislocated mainspring back in place, toward restoring that confidence whose lack has prevented Belgium from starting up. A syndicate of American bankers arranged with their Belgian confreres a loan on such terms as would prevent a ruinous rate of exchange. Almost simultaneously just such an arrangement was made with British bankers. Belgium has at least credit for present emergencies. All this is probably in line with the finance of the future. The semi-fictitious "gold cover" will not serve any longer, and events are making toward some kind of an international clearing house. With this loan as a basis, the Belgian Government arranged for the immediate importation of certain raw materials and urgently needed machine parts. Some Belgian factories will be at work by the time this article appears. By that time, too, some of the Antwerp locks will be cleared and repaired, and the food ships will be carrying back the first of Belgium's after-war exports.

This is, however, only a start. Full confidence cannot arrive until the Belgian manufacturer is assured of raw materials in continuous supply, and of the shipping to bring them. Belgium herself has only 110,000 tons of shipping capable of transatlantic carrying. All that depends on the Peace Conference, or on the League of Nations. I believe that a fair division of raw materials during the years of reconstitution will be among the interallied peace terms. However, before she can restore full confidence in her industrial class, Belgium must have, from the statesmen sitting at the Quai d'Orsay, not vague promises but absolute assurance.



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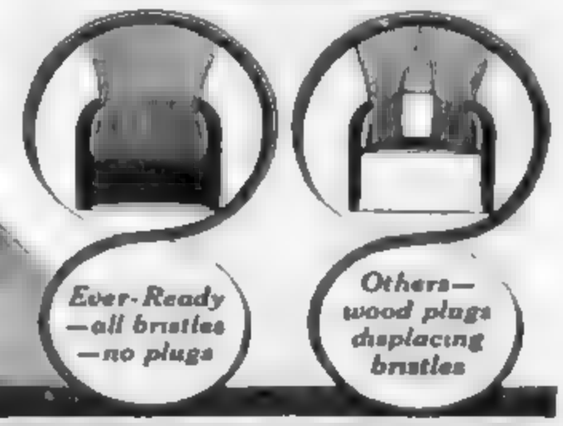
Cross-section of Ever-Ready and of ordinary shaving brush



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HIS WIFE

(Concluded from Page 13)

"In a way it is," he answered, sitting down cross-legged on the grass beside her, "but there are occasions when one must rouse oneself."

"I can rouse myself when necessary," said she, yawning.

"Well, this is an occasion."

"Why do you want me to dine with these people, Martin?"

"In the first place because they are influential. They are, as I understand it, more than fashionable. They have flung themselves through fashion and come out on the other side, greedy to be in touch with real life, eager for a new field. They would like to have their fingers in politics—some of the men actually have. They might be able to help me; they could certainly harm me."

Helena nodded.

"All excellent reasons why you should go."

"Please come, Helena."

"Oh, life is very hard on a poor woman," cried Mrs. Gorham, clasping her long arms under her head. "Most men want their wives to stay in the home, but you are always driving me out."

"Trying to drive you out, Helena. But there's another reason for your going." He stopped abruptly.

Mrs. Gorham sat up and looked at him and looked at him.

"Martin," she said, "do you mean to say you need to be rescued again?"

"No, no," answered the future governor eagerly; "it's nothing of that kind. But these people—how shall I describe them? They are like a band of cheerful pirates. I should like to have your advice, your wisdom ——"

"You would like," said Helena, "to let it be generally known that there is an able-bodied woman prepared to look after you. But couldn't you just explain that, without my having to appear personally?"

He shook his head. "I never dare mention your name," he said. "Sometimes it rises to my lips, Helena, but I bite it off. I don't dare talk of you as if you were young, attractive and tolerably dear to me or people would make your life a burden, wanting to come to see you and ask you to dinner. One woman—a Mrs. Fraile—did ask me point-blank what you were like, and I said very distinctly, 'I won't tell you.'"

"Ha, ha!" said Helena.

"I said that, but I must own, Helena, that I gave the idea that I wouldn't tell because you were too dreadful. It was in my tone—it sounded loyal and sad. Most of the people who know I have a wife are, I believe, under the impression that you are mentally deficient or physically unpresentable—perhaps both."

"Fortunately neither impression would be hard to dispel," said Mrs. Gorham, rising to her feet. "Very well, then, I will go. I will dine with these friends of yours; but it's not to be regarded as a precedent, Martin, remember that. And—oh dear!" she murmured as she walked away with two cushions clasped in her arms, "things were very different in Alabama."

He watched her across the lawn, and as she was about to disappear into the house it occurred to him to call out: "You're no helpmate, you know."

She did not turn, but wagging her head replied: "Wait and see."

III

MARTIN, who thought his wife always good-looking, expected her to do something notable on the occasion of the Delanys' dinner. He found himself looking forward with pleasure to the effect she would produce. But on the evening in question she was already in the cab when he came down the steps of the little hotel where they were staying; and so he did not see her until she was actually entering the Delanys' drawing-room.

Something notable had certainly been done. He looked twice to be sure it was she. She had made herself look, as he put it, not only a sight but just what her hostess had most fearfully anticipated.

She had drawn back her hair so tightly that her head looked like an egg, and from a small knot at the top a purple feather waved. From some unimaginable source she had obtained a maroon-colored silk dress made very full and so short as to show completely a pair of flat patent-leather ties turned up at the toes. Her gloves were spotless, it is true, but so much too large for her that little spirals of suède projected beyond her finger tips. She wore innumerable silver bangles, three strings of colored beads, and she carried a very dirty white-feather fan.

If Martin had been inclined to anger—and he really had nothing but a passing thought that she might have told him what she was up to—he would soon have lost the feeling in admiration of her performance. A first-rate comic actress had been lost in Helena.

Before dinner she was reserved—merely pursing her lips and rolling her eyes; but at table she began to unbend, and Martin soon found it was impossible for him to listen to what his neighbors were saying, so eagerly was he catching the fragments that reached him from across the table. Both Mrs. Fraile and Mrs. Delany—he sat between them—were as kind and polite as possible. He saw, indeed, that this pity for him was as sincere as any emotion they had ever shown. He had a hysterical desire to ask Mrs. Fraile what she thought of his wife, now she had seen her.

But he knew he would never be able to get through the sentence, particularly as at that very instant he heard Helena saying: "Onions? Oh, no; Mr. Gorham and I never eat onions. We think them so unrefined; and I may be peculiar, but I hate anything unrefined!"

There was, however, one spectator present on whom Helena had not reckoned, and that was Thomas Baxter. Baxter was the member of the party committee who had opposed or who at least was cold to Martin's nomination. Mrs. Delany had asked him in the hope of doing the candidate a good turn. Now Baxter had once met Helena, though she did not remember it. He had sat behind her a whole evening in a box at a political meeting; and he remembered her as one of the most charming people he had ever known.

Arriving at dinner early he had soon been made aware of Mrs. Delany's attitude of mind toward her unknown guest. But he had told her nothing, promising himself the more amusement when Mrs. Gorham appeared in all her beauty. At first he had not believed it was the same woman; but as he watched her the real facts began to dawn on him, and by the time the men came out from the smoking room he was thoroughly in the mood.

Helena by this time had passed beyond all bounds. During the earlier part of the evening her performance though realistic had been restrained, but now as she saw the moment of departure approaching she gave herself a larger scope. Firmly seizing the reins of conversation from the hands of her hostess she talked without allowing anyone else to insert a word.

When the men came in she was launched on a description, room by room and article by article, of what she persisted in referring to as "our cute little house." Whether she had ever seen such a place as she described Martin, listening to her, could not decide; but as he heard her speak of sweet embossed mustard-colored papers, plush dadoes and crayon portraits he felt that if it was in truth a work of the imagination the creative as well as the histrionic genius had been granted to his wife.

Her narrative was heightened, too, by its terrible effect on her hearers, whose white faces actually quivered with exhaustion and irritation—not decreased as Helena stopped now and then to patronize Mrs. Delany's own priceless porcelain and pictures.

Baxter found himself standing with Gorham near the door.

"Your wife ——" he began, but could get no further.

With a common motion both men stole into the hall and shut the door tightly behind them. There, covering their faces with their hands, they shook with laughter.

After a few minutes Gorham regained sufficient composure to say: "My wife ——"

But he, too, was not able to go on. They had become hysterical like schoolgirls.

Once when the door opened something about a "cunning little gasolier" floated out to them; so that finally they sat down on the stairs and gave up.

Because a man's wife has a turn for light comedy is not a good reason for nominating him for governor, but as the two men sat there it became quite evident that any real opposition between them was quite impossible. A stronger power than their own had made them friends.

It is improbable that Helena felt any alarm at this absence. Forgetting her former acquaintance with Baxter she supposed he and her husband were talking politics. She had just decided to add a snuffle to her manner of speech, and it was going off very well.

Suddenly the door opened and the two men entering arm in arm announced in unison: "Mrs. Delany, we have come to denounce one of your guests."

Mrs. Delany turned very calmly. "Dear me," she said, "what do you mean?"

At this point Helena rose and saying hastily that she had had a very pleasant evening moved to the door, but they blocked her.

"This is the masquerader," said Martin.

"Isn't she really your wife?" some one asked.

"Yes, and no," he replied.

"Let me explain," said Baxter. "This lady is Mrs. Martin Gorham, but not in her real aspect. She is a travesty, a deliberate hoax. She is really lovely and charming, but she has chosen for her own wicked purposes to appear as she now does. She has been, in fact, 'putting up a game on us.'"

It is not surprising that Mrs. Delany, as the truth reached her, was angry.

"Oh, I see," she returned quietly. "I'm afraid I haven't much taste for practical jokes, especially when they spoil an evening which was hospitably intended. Good night, Mrs. Gorham."

Helena under her lashes glanced in her husband's direction, but saw at once she could expect no help from him. She put up her hands and loosened her hair to its natural softness, and then she said in the most melting tone that Alabama ever produced: "Will no one undertake my defense?"

"Yes," said Jerry Spelacy, uncoiling himself from a sofa, "I will, for I think you are being badly treated. I was here, Mrs. Gorham, when the idea of asking you to dinner was first canvassed, and I can assure you that the invitation ——"

"Jerry, will you be silent!" said Rose Delany.

"No," he answered, shaking his head, "not while my client's interests demand that I should speak. Or, rather, I will ask you this question, Rose: Was your invitation to Mrs. Gorham offered with that simple hospitality that you have just assumed or was it in the blackest, most definite hope that she would refuse and leave Mr. Gorham free to ——"

"Jerry!" wailed his hostess.

"You see," he went on, "your terror convicts you. No, no, you're not the open-hearted innocent that you would like to appear, Rose. You two ladies may part as friends or as enemies; but at least your guilt is equal. So far as wickedness goes there's not a pin to choose between you."

Helena with a courage rare in those who are completely in the wrong made a motion toward her hostess.

"I'm really sorry if I spoiled the party," she said. "Only I enjoyed it immensely."

"And I," cried Martin and Baxter.

"And I," said Jerry.

Before anyone had time to grow angry again Baxter had made everyone promise to dine with him the next night.

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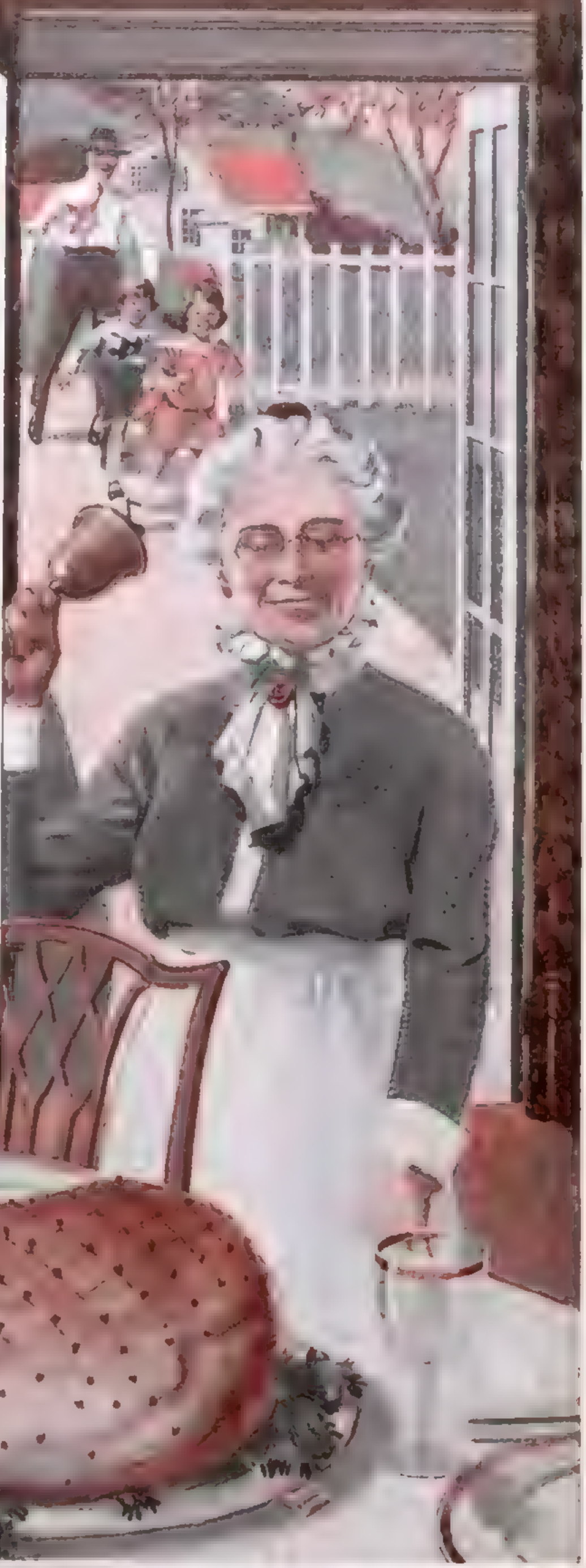

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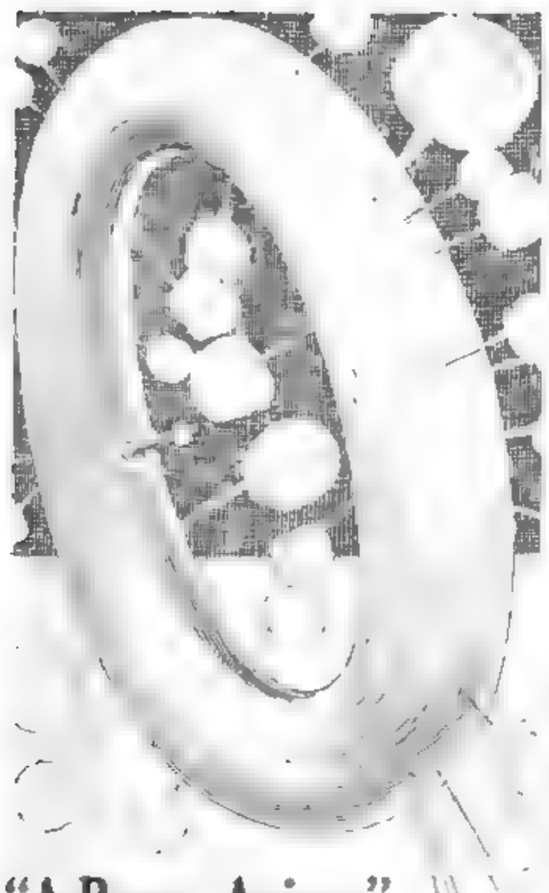

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IN WILHELM'S BED

(Continued from Page 7)

to my exploit, whoever heard of an animal laughing until he swelled up? Besides, I had a more practical objection -I had caught him, with a vengeance! All the others accepted the narrative in respectful silence, but not so Henri Giraud.

"Aha! That is good—rich! But you must think me very credulous indeed to believe that you can bore a hole in water. How could that be achieved?"

"Henree," answered my partner sadly, "I'll let you live—though how you managed to reach the age of thirty-two is beyond me."

Was he not prodigious? But M'sieu Hicks seemed so numbed by my exposure of the weakness in his tale that I forbore to rally him. The soldiers, however, laughed uproariously and complimented me on my shrewdness.

Early next morning the mess sergeant came to us and remarked, with the dolorous expression of countenance peculiar to mess segeants: "Hicks, the captain wants a couple of men to go out and find some fresh vegetables. He says they're gettin' fed up on corned Willie and beans."

"Well, send myself and Henree, here."

"But I can't let two cooks off at the same time. Why not a couple of K. P.'s? They're no good for nothin' anyhow."

"Shucks, if we went there'd still be three to cook. They'll be O. K. for a day. This ain't like we was in the line."

The mess sergeant seemed decidedly dubious of the arrangement, but he owed M'sieu Joe more money than would be convenient to repay in the next five years, so the matter was settled on the spot. Half an hour later we issued from the village in a ration cart and headed toward a forest-topped range to the northwest.

"No use goin' the other way, to division headquarters," said my bunkie. "Them guys has eat all that country clean."

I agreed with this view, so we drove toward a portion of the area we thought would be free of troops. By and by we were in the hills, with thick woods on both sides of the road—a lonely and apparently uninhabited region. Suddenly the road debouched from the forest onto a plateau and there at our feet was a small hamlet nestling in a cuplike valley.

All round were mountains, clothed with trees; the place was entirely cut off from the outer world.

"If there's any vegetables round these parts, here's where we find 'em, Henree!" cried M'sieu Hicks. "Let's go. Snap out of it and step lively, mules!"

Not a soldier did we see in that village, a circumstance which afforded us the keenest gratification.

"Not even a goldbrick," chuckled my comrade. "Wonder how the M. P.'s come to overlook this burg?"

As we rattled along the stone-paved street we encountered a number of the inhabitants. Now, it is my custom to exhibit toward the boches a dignified and even a stern demeanor, for only thus can you impress them with a sense of your importance or instill in their slavish minds a proper respect for their conquerors. Therefore I was not surprised when the men doffed their hats and the women gave little bobs of the head, murmuring, "'*N Tag!*'"

"You see," I pointed out, "they take me for a captain or something."

"Yes, they take you for something," answered M'sieu Hicks. He was given to making irrelevant remarks of this nature.

Without further words we steered a course toward the *Gasthaus*. And whom should we find there, sprawled comfortably on a bench, with his feet upon a table and a large stein of beer in front of him, but an American soldier! He nodded at us without enthusiasm. It was apparent to me that our arrival did not please him.

"Howdy!" was his greeting. "Where did you rookies blow in from?"

To which my comrade retorted: "Looks like you've got a nice little P. C. here. Did you hear about the war, or have you always lived in this town?"

"Got in yesterday. Have a drink?"

"It would be rude to refuse," opined M'sieu Hicks; "so order me something with a kick to it."

The soldier spoke some words in the grotesque language of the country, and a large, fat, comely woman immediately brought a bottle of schnapps.

"The lid's off in these diggin's, hey?" cried my comrade. "Say, this is sittin' on the world!"

It developed in the course of conversation that our acquaintance was a courier traveling from corps headquarters to our division; he had lost his way; his motorcycle had broken down near the foot of the hills and he had pushed the machine to this village. That at least was his own explanation of his presence.

"But why didn't you laig it to another town and phone for help?" demanded M'sieu Joe.

"Because I got a rest comin' to me, that's why."

"What'll they do to you when you go back?"

"Nothin'. What can they do? I've seen a courier take four days goin' from Nancy to Coblenz, and he'd ought to make it in six or seven hours."

You can imagine our amazement! Encouraged by the impression he had created the courier continued: "Why, a friend of mine who drives a truck put in three days in Luxemburg to get married, and got away with it."

"How come?" inquired my comrade.

"Well, he run out of gas and had to walk thirty kilometers to the nearest station, and there they couldn't send it out, it seems, account of no transportation. So the only thing he could do was roll the damned drum back to where his truck was stuck, and it took him three whole days of steady rollin'."

"Do you mean to tell me he put that stuff over?"

"Yes, and no. They didn't try him. All the captain did was to make him roll a full drum along where he said he'd rolled the other. Took him ninety hours. He's joined the church now."

While we were conversing thus pleasantly there arose an outcry in the street and the door of the *Gasthaus* burst open. In rushed a white-haired frantic old man, bareheaded, wild of eye, directing at us a torrent of uncouth sounds. The tears were trickling down his cheeks; he kept wringing his hands and wailing. All in all, he was in the most acute distress.

"What's the matter now? What's eatin' the ol' boy?"

Such was the ancient's perturbation that he could only babble and implore with impassioned gestures, and the courier was obliged to speak sharply:

"He says he's the *Bürgermeister*. He says a Rooshian prisoner who was workin' for him has kidnaped his wife. They've gone up into those woods and they won't come out. Him and three other men went up there, but this Rooshian party warned 'em off with a rifle. The pair're livin' in a hut in them woods."

My lion-hearted comrade instantly sprang to his feet, the light of battle in his eye.

"This sort of thing has got to stop!" he announced determinedly. "Them Bolsheviks're goin' too far. Run off with this pore ol' feller's wife, did he? What does she look like?"

The courier put the question. "He says she is young and beautiful and good, but this Rooshian party has forced her to accompany him."

This information angered M'sieu Hicks grievously. "Young and beautiful, hey? Dog-gone, that makes me mad! Let's go git him."

The courier agreed with alacrity. An American soldier, my friend, always cheers up when there is prospect of a fight. We looked to the chambers of our automatics and bade the *Bürgermeister* lead the way; but he showed no disposition to do so. Instead he stood where he was and wrung the ends of his fingers.

"He's afraid," declared our interpreter.

"Then tell him to send somebody who ain't, and who knows the trail," directed M'sieu Joe, who assumed command by tacit consent.

No sooner said than done; the *Bürgermeister's* assistant—a tall lean young man with the dugout pallor still on his face—volunteered to guide us. He seemed more amused than concerned over the situation, and presently we learned why.

"This guy says she run off of her own accord," the courier translated, "and that she ain't worth fightin' over anyhow. He says she is dish-faced and cross-eyed."

The announcement gave me pause. Henri Giraud is ever ready to rush to the aid of beauty in distress, but a woman with a squint and a dish-face! *Mon Dieu*, that is another matter entirely, m'sieu. Why should I imperil my life in so dubious an undertaking? Besides, I had a wife and two noble boys to consider. However, M'sieu Hicks had his mind firmly set on the adventure.

"Don't matter if she's got a wooden laig!" he cried. "He cain't pull any of that stuff in our area; and besides, maybe we'll git a fight out of it. So step to it, doughboys!"

We climbed up into those hills and penetrated into the hushed, cathedral obscurity of those woods. And now we ceased to talk, but moved warily lest we be overtaken in ambush.

At last, "There they are—in that hut!" whispered the courier, and I descried a shack in a small clearing. At the window of it we could see two heads, those of a man and a woman.

Evidently they had discerned us, too, for we heard a shout.

"He says to keep off," explained our comrade. "He says if we don't somebody'll get hurt."

"Tell the woman to shake him and come home to papa, and we'll attend to his case alone," commanded M'sieu Hicks.

The courier did as ordered. "She only give me the laugh," he reported. "She says she don't want to go home. She says she loves this party. If we'll go on about our business they'll leave these parts and beat it somewheres else."

The pair were cool enough about it, in all conscience. As for me, I was in favor of permitting them to go their way, but M'sieu Hicks would not hear of it.

"What? Let a Bolshevik run off with our wife?" he exclaimed. "Tell 'em I'll give 'em sixty seconds to come out, and then if they don't, we'll attack."

To make a long story short, they did not come out, and at the expiration of the time limit my comrade made his dispositions. He and the courier were to deploy in front; I was to creep stealthily round behind the hut and attack it from rear. As for our guide, he was nowhere in sight. No; he had discreetly beaten it.

"The H hour is eleven o'clock. That'll give you fifteen minutes to reach there, Henree. Be careful not to shoot into us, and don't hit the woman if you can help it. Better aim at her and maybe you'll git the Bolshevik. Everybody set? Then let's go."

It was not such an easy matter to sneak unobserved to the rear of our objective, for it was an ideal O. P., commanding every avenue of approach, and the visibility was excellent despite the dim light. Indeed the light was more to their advantage than broad day, for figures showed up more distinctly. You may have noticed, my friend, that a gray day brings fine scores on the rifle range.

But I was never one to be deterred by the difficulties of a situation. Making a wide detour I flitted like a redskin from tree bole to tree bole, exercising the nicest care lest an incautious step betray my presence. And at last I arrived at the fringe of the clearing behind the shack. The hands of my watch pointed to ten-fifty-nine.

Exactly one minute later came the angry spat of automatics and a shrill bloodcurdling whoop which I had no difficulty in recognizing as M'sieu Joe's product. That was my signal. Upon that I was to rush on the place from the rear, while he and the courier charged from the front, converging on the hut so as to pinch it out.

Possibly these tactics could have been improved upon with time and preparation, but, as M'sieu Hicks said: "The only way to capture a position is to go git it." Moreover, an attack never works out the way the staff plans it. There are always hitches, and somebody fails to come up. It has been my experience that battles are won by the gamest men, m'sieu.

It was so in this case. For, mark you, I arrived at my objective in advance of the other elements. Yes, alone and unsupported, with both flanks in the air, I reached the enemy's position on schedule. There was no door on my side of the hut, but there was a window, and it stood open.

(Continued on Page 43)

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(Continued from Page 40)

Crouched down, with my trusty weapon ready for instant use, I arrived below this and peeped in. Behold the Russian sitting on the floor trying to make a tourniquet round his right arm with a handkerchief! But they were by no means defenseless, for the *Burgermeister's* wife was standing at one side of the other window, shooting through it at the attackers. Her hair was down and she uttered strange barbaric cries.

Truly a woman can rise to sublime heights of daring when her heart is engaged.

What to do now? That was the question. At any moment she might detect my presence and fire through the wall, in which event I was lost. Yes; my noble boys would then be without a father to guide their steps through the pitfalls of adolescence. The thought spurred me to action. It must be now or never!

The window was narrow, but then I am not what you might call a big man, and therefore it would not be a difficult matter for me to pass through. But it had to be done all in one movement; to crawl through would be to invite disaster, to court death. In this critical juncture my early training stood me in good stead. You may remember, m'sieu, I was for long a juggler upon the stage, being rated no mean acrobat in my day.

Making sure that the occupants of the hut did not suspect my presence I drew back a few steps and took a short run. Then through the window I plunged, head-first, alighting on my hands and bringing up on my feet before the astounded enemy could recover from the shock. Never in my career have I made a more sensational entrance.

Next instant I had leaped on to the back of Madame Kochem. *Mais oui:* I made her my objective, rightly conjecturing that the Russian could be left out of account by reason of the wound in his arm.

You will ask why I did not smite her on the head with the butt of my revolver and finish the business at once. But I could not bring myself to it. No; the idea occurred to me, but was at once dismissed, for a man of heart, a man with a spark of chivalry will not strike a lady under any circumstances. Therefore, instead of disposing of the *Bürgermeister's* wife in that brutal fashion I sprang upon her back, and gripping her neck with both hands tried to choke her into unconsciousness as mercifully as might be.

Nom de nom, I speedily repented of this mistaken generosity, for she proved a very lioness in combat, m'sieu. With one heave of her powerful body she almost wrenched free—yet not quite. I tightened my hold, whereupon she suddenly threw herself backward, sending me flat on the floor with herself on top. The jar of the impact shook loose my hold and before I could recover my advantage she had turned over and was flattening my features with her gross hands, at the same time pinning me helplessly to the boards by sheer weight. At the same moment the door flew wide and in dashed my allies. The courier covered the Russian with a revolver; M'sieu Hicks sped to my side.

But did he help in this desperate emergency? No; he proved faithless. Astounding as it sounds, my comrade rendered me no assistance. On the contrary he immediately gave way to the curious sense of humor I have encountered in many Americans and commenced to halloo encouragement to the enemy. Yes; it is true. He egged her on! He danced about us, laughing and shouting advice:

"Go to it, ol' gal! You're doin' fine. That's it! Git a holt on his hair! Tickle her, Henree! No fair bitin'! Tickle her. Hi, leave go her knee!"

Leave go her knee, forsooth! when she was scratching me cruelly with her long strong nails. Besides, she showed herself absolutely insensible to tickling; one might just as well have tried to stop an enraged elephant that way. It was no time for the niceties that govern athletic contests. This was war. I can be as chivalrous as any when the circumstances are propitious and seem to demand it, but now I was fighting for my life.

So I did not hesitate. Madame Kochem's thick coarse hair hung down within reach. I secured a handful of it and started to pull. She protested savagely, thumping my head against the floor. Nevertheless I clung to my grip, and the pain of it was more than she could bear. With a last parting claw at my cheeks, which laid open two deep gashes, she rolled off to one side and signified that I was the victor.

What a spectacle I presented when I arose and dusted my uniform, m'sieu! One eye was blacked; there was a contusion on my temple; my lip was cut, and half a dozen long deep scratches attested to madame's frightfulness.

However, I had conquered—I had saved the day—and I naturally anticipated congratulations and gratitude from my companions. Instead they both seemed disappointed.

"Why couldn't you let it go another round?" asked my partner regretfully. "Wow, ain't she a wildcat, though? Sometimes I think Patsy's kind of rough in her talk, but I reckon I'm well off at that, Henree."

Alors, we started back with our prisoners. And halfway to the village here came the populace to meet us, led by the *Burgermeister,* Herr Johann Kochem. At sight of his wife and her companion he flew into a violent rage, striving to beat them with a stick he carried. Yes, despite his assertions that she was young and beautiful and good, he would have set upon her in wrath. But if he thought that madame's spirit was broken he was badly mistaken—equally mistaken in expecting us to afford him protection in his punitive measures. The instant he attacked her madame whirled, seized him by the scruff of his neck and shook him as a terrier would shake a rat. All the children, forgetting their respect for the *Burgermeister,* squealed with delight; the men guffawed and the women shrilled applause; the Russian prisoner even forgot his pain and smiled wanly.

So we returned with honor to that town. The *Bürgermeister* carried his wife home—that is to say, he followed at her heels in liveliest apprehension—and we three escorted the Russian to a strong, heavily doored cellar, in which we locked him.

"And now for a drink and somethin' to eat," exclaimed M'sieu Hicks. "That give me an appetite. When I ain't killin' people I just naturally have to drink."

After this affair they could not do enough for us in the village, my friend. We were heroes. The buxom landlady bustled into the kitchen and cooked an excellent meal, consisting of veal steak, fried potatoes, Brussels sprouts and coffee, and whilst we were eating it the admiring yokels came to the door to stare curiously at the fearless Americans. Myself, especially, drew their attention. I could detect that they were pointing me out as the vanquisher of the redoubtable Madame Kochem.

"What ails you, Henree?" inquired M'sieu Hicks. "You act like you're sittin' for a photograph."

The meal finished we sat back for a smoke and to take stock of the situation. "Say, we're ace-high in this burg," opined the courier. "Seems a pity we can't stay here." And he glanced meaningly at my comrade.

M'sieu Joe half shut his eyes, which was a peculiarity with him when cogitating. After a minute: "We got to stay here a coupla days. Henree, there, can't move yet a while. He's hurt too bad. We'll just rest easy in this place till he's well enough to travel, and then we'll hit back, takin' the Rooshian with us. That's good enough. A Bolshevik prisoner will git us anything we want."

"But I am perfectly sound. I can go back immediately," I protested.

"Don't mind him," said my comrade to the courier. "It's the beatin' he got that makes him talk wild that way. You're injured, Henree—all cut up and hurt internally. So don't forgit it when the captain asks you. I'll say you got it fightin' the Rooshian, and maybe they'll give you a citation or something."

His last words made a deep impression. Why should I not get a decoration for my feat? Many a medal has been awarded for less.

"Very well. I will stay. But where shall we sleep?"

"I got a billet," replied the courier. "And there's another room with two beds in the same house."

Forthwith we went to inspect the place. "This won't do a-tall," declared M'sieu Joe, gazing round the dark chamber. "It's too cold and it's too damp, and there ain't enough light. Besides, Americans had ought to take the best there is. We beat 'em, didn't we?"

"The *Bürgermeister* says this is all they got."

(Continued on Page 45

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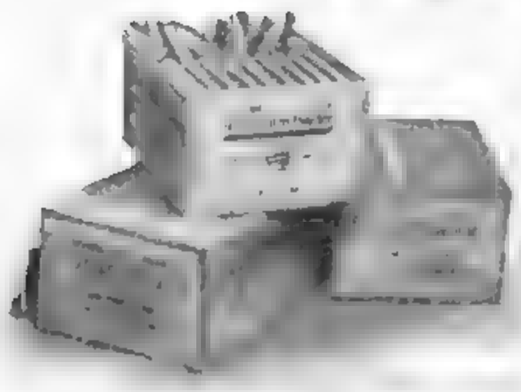

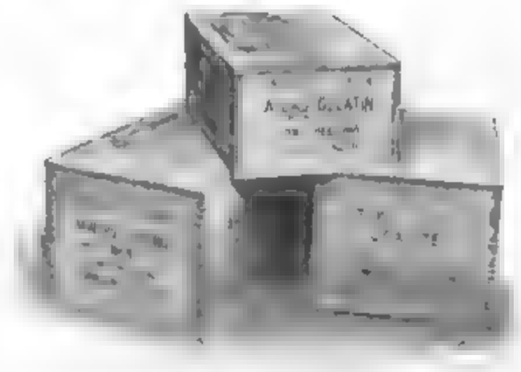

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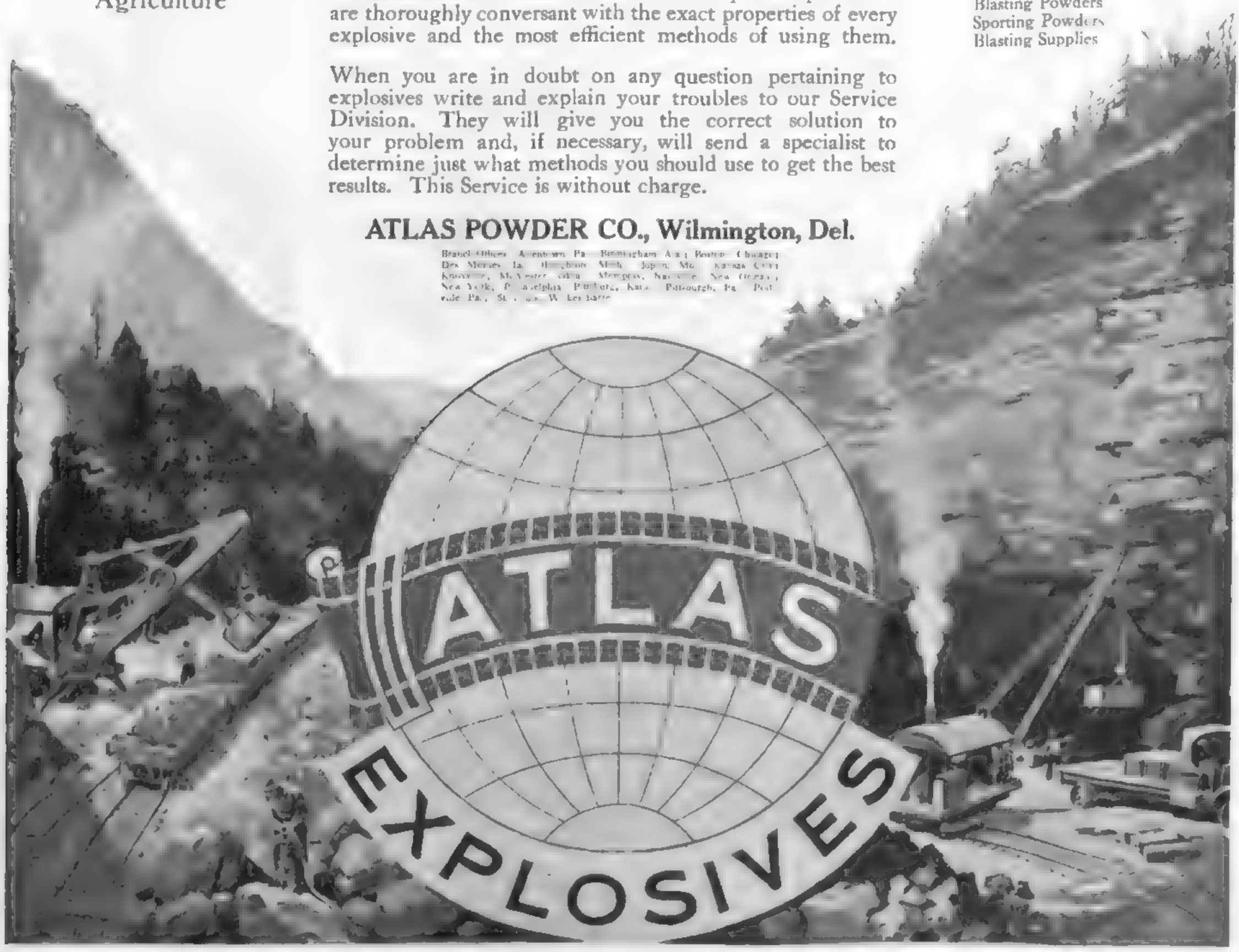

(Continued from Page 43)

"Go fetch him here," commanded my comrade abruptly.

Presently the *Burgermeister* appeared, in great trepidation and full of compliments. He feared lest we were about to impose a punishment of some kind, and his relief was marked when he learned that all we wanted was a billet.

"He says there's another house we can have, but it's no better than the one I'm in," announced the courier.

"All right, buddy. Now ask him who lives in that big castle."

A sharp question, voluble explanations, and the answer came: "That belongs to a nobleman. He is a count. He says the count is the *Landrath*, but ain't workin' at it just now because he is with the German Army somewhere. He is a general and belongs to the staff. Nobody lives in the castle except a caretaker. It is forbidden to go there."

M'sieu Hicks drew a deep breath of satisfaction. "Fine! Tell him we will take the castle." And to me he added: "All my life I've wanted to be boss of somethin', but Patsy wouldn't never let me. Now I aim to run this town, Henree. The courier here'll be my chief of staff and G1 and G2 and G3 and interpreter, and you can be the headquarters troop. We'll learn these birds the ways of civilization."

It was ludicrous to watch the *Bürgermeister's* consternation and horror when informed of our intention. Up went his hands; his sparse gray hair seemed to stand on end. What we asked was impossible! It was sacrilege! Why, there wasn't an official within a hundred miles who dared intrude on the premises!

"Tell him," said M'sieu Hicks placidly, "that there's three doughboys who will."

Herr Kochem became agitated to the verge of tears. And then the truth came out. We could not go to the castle; it was already occupied. Who was in it? The countess and her two daughters. Yes, they had gone into seclusion there, hoping they might escape observation, that they might be overlooked in the terrible times bound to follow enemy occupation of the land.

"All the more reason we should go there," asserted my comrade. "We'll learn her the difference between us Americans and her own boches."

The *Bürgermeister* threw out his hands helplessly and gazed at the floor. *Ja wohl!* If the *Amerikaner* commanded it he would show them to the castle.

"All right. That's settled. Now tell him I will take over the town and hold him responsible for anything that goes wrong. Got that?" By now my partner was exultant and in full stride. "I'll show these people a thing or two, Henree; none of these hairy generals've got anything on me. Tell him, buddy, to order the people to clean up the streets and their yards. I don't want any dirt left laying round a-tall."

"He says he understands."

"I want all guns and firearms to be turned in to us."

"He's got 'em corralled already."

"O. K. Next, tell him this saloon will only be open between the hours of five o'clock and nine at night, and nothin' is to be sold but beer and wine. We got to have sobriety in this burg."

"He says it will be done."

"O. K. Then tell him to send up a dozen bottles of schnapps and cognac to the castle for us, and some beer and a case or two of wines. We'll sleep up there; we'll eat there too. I want the best cook in town and three gals to wait on table. Then I want three men to dogrob for me and you and Henree. He can find them, cain't he?"

"He says he understands. There are thirty-six young men in the village, just released from the army. He will give you three of them."

"Fine! We'll have boche orderlies, Henree! We can lie in bed and watch 'em clean our shoes. That's some better'n the Argonne, hey, Ol' Timer? Say, we'll be sittin' pretty!"

Herr Kochem was gazing at him appealingly. What new extravagance would be demanded?

"I want everybody to be indoors and to stay indoors after ten o'clock at night. They got to clean up all these manure piles; and tell him we'll need firewood and food at the castle."

"All this will be done," reported the chief of staff.

"It had better be," ended M'sieu Hicks sternly. "If he don't 'tend to these things if they ain't done prompt or if anybody makes a break—I'll throw him in the guardhouse with the Rooshian prisoner and fine him a hundred marks."

The *Bürgermeister* listened to the translation and groaned. He had no wish to be locked up; that was plain.

"Well, now we're all set. Let's go. It's a tough climb, but we've just got to live in that castle."

Preceded by the *Burgermeister* we ascended a winding road which led to the castle. The *Landrath's* home was perched just below the top of a butte—precisely the sort of butte you can see in our Western country, m'sieu, rising abruptly from a level stretch. It was very high, yet the towers of the castle did not show above the hills that surrounded the valley.

"He says he will go in first to prepare the countess," the courier reported.

We waited outside, staring curiously at the noble pile, blotched by the rains and winds of centuries. In a few minutes the *Bürgermeister* backed out of the door, hat in hand. He turned to M'sieu Hicks and touched his forelock.

"Her Excellency invites you to enter."

Mon Dieu, I was burning with eagerness to see what manner of lady this countess might be. We found a slim, rather plain woman, simply and even dowdily dressed, who bowed to us distantly and then asked of M'sieu Hicks in excellent English: "What is it you wish?"

Standing very straight and soldierly he answered: "It is necessary for us to occupy your house, ma'am. Leastways, part of it. I want three bedrooms, a parlor, a bathroom, and the use of your kitchen for a few days."

The lady's countenance betrayed her consternation. Evidently Herr Kochem had been too timorous to explain the object of our visit.

"We won't do no damage, and nothin' will be stole," continued my comrade. "You'll hardly know we're here in fact, except perhaps for a li'l music maybe. Yes, ma'am, you and your daughters are just as safe as a church."

"My daughters?" repeated the countess, beginning to tremble. "How do you know I have daughters?"

"That's all right, ma'am. You needn't be scared. If you like you can keep to your side of the house and we'll stick to our'n, and you needn't never see us."

So it was arranged. But they did not keep to their side of the house, my friend; no. For when they perceived that we had no desire to intrude, much less molest them, the countess and her two daughters went about in perfect freedom.

All three could talk English with ease; one played the piano ravishingly; what more need I say?

The prettier of the two young ladies perceived at a glance that I was a man of breeding and parts, and this knowledge would probably have led to a delightful acquaintance had not M'sieu Joe and the courier spoiled the favorable impression I had created, by some rough stuff. Yes; that is the only way to describe it. For after dinner that night, being flushed with heady Rhine wine, nothing would do my comrade but that we should have the three girls from the village who waited on us at table to a dance. For music he summoned one of our boche orderlies and commanded him to dish up a little jazz on the concertina, which the former soldier of the Kaiser was very pleased to do. Not content with this, M'sieu Hicks next invaded the servants' quarters belowstairs and routed therefrom sundry squat, frowzy scullery maids, whom he likewise whisked about on the gleaming hardwood floor of the salon. *Nom de nom*, what cows they were! Sportive cows kicking up their heels after rain.

"Ladies to the left and gents to the right!" he yowled. "All hands round and hold 'em tight!"

Yet he did not entirely lose his sense of propriety. For happening to meet one of the young ladies gliding timorously through the hall he clicked his heels together and bowed from the waist as he had seen them do in the movies—and she smiled at him!

We stayed in that village three days, taking our ease and resting from the terrible hardships through which we had so recently passed.

"This was comin' to us, Henree," declared my comrade, lolling luxuriously under a silken eiderdown at nine o'clock in the morning. "After what we done they owed us leave. Hey, Ol' Timer?"

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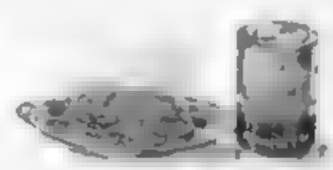

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I could not but agree with him; yet I was uneasy. It was high time for us to return with those vegetables.

"Tell Heinie to fix me a hot bath," he commanded. "And, say, I want him to soap my back for me this mornin'. Where's Jerry?"

"He is taking breakfast in bed."

"There's a chief of staff right!" he remarked admiringly. "He must've dog-robbed for one once—the way he copies 'em. What've we got for breakfast?"

"Lamb chops, eggs and potatoes, toast and coffee."

"Good enough. They're feedin' us fine. But you tell Jerry to stick round more. Yesterday I wanted some ham, and there was nobody I could find to translate for me. Had to get down on my hands and knees and run round the floor, squealin' and gruntin' like a pig. And then guess what they brought me? A bucket of hot mash!"

Saying which he yawned, stretched, and got up to take his bath, assisted in the operation by the obedient Heinie, formerly a corporal in the *Stosstruppen*.

Yes, m'sieu, for three days we governed that place—M'sieu Hicks, the courier and myself. Every morning the town crier would go about clanging his bell to summon the people, and when they had gathered round him he would cry in a sonorous voice the proclamations and decrees covering all sorts of activities, from policing the streets to cutting firewood.

Offenders were rigorously punished. The *Bürgermeister* collected a fine of a hundred marks from the owner of the *Gasthaus* for selling schnapps to an ex-soldier, who got drunk thereon and sang Deutschland Uber Alles. We pooled this fund, but subsequently the courier won it by a truly marvelous dexterity with the dice. Also, M'sieu Hicks punished the soldier.

I will venture to say, my friend, that there was not a cleaner, more law-abiding or orderly community in our army area than this forgotten burg under command of M'sieu Joe. Some of the people had been getting out of hand, what with the unsettled state of things throughout the country and the Bolshevist ideas that were running like an undercurrent beneath the calm surface of their daily life; but we speedily suppressed all tendencies in this direction and saw to it that everybody stuck to his job and earned his keep.

Moreover, we disciplined the children. They had formed a habit of playing truant from school, and the teacher could not control them.

"You tell them to be in school every day sharp on time or they'll git paddled right in the street, where everybody can see it done," announced my comrade; and the town crier carried the news.

Later the padre of the village called upon M'sieu Joe to offer his congratulations on the wonderful improvement in the behavior and spirit of his flock.

"All right," responded M'sieu Hicks; "but you ain't cleaned up your own yard like I ordered. Tell him, Jerry, that he's fined fifty marks, and the money's to go to the town crier to buy a new suit of clothes." In such impartial fashion did my worthy friend face his responsibilities.

On the morning of the fourth day he cried to me: "Go find Jerry and tell him I want the *Bürgermeister* to fetch us all the vegetables we can carry. I'll pay."

"What? Are we, then, returning?"

"Sure we are. If we don't go now those scratches of your'n will all be healed and our alibi's busted. So shake a laig."

I did as ordered; so did the *Bürgermeister* and his zealous assistants. The result was that an hour before noon we were ready to depart, our ration cart loaded to the brim with cabbages and turnips and potatoes.

"You two ready?" he inquired. "Then follow me. And when we say good-by to her let's see you git a snap into that salute."

Taking our cue from this we stood stiffly while M'sieu Hicks made his farewell to the countess. He did it with admirable poise.

"Thank you," she said earnestly, and held out her hand. "I shall never forget your kindness. I feared for my home when the Americans came. But my fears were groundless. You have behaved like honorable men, and the lessons you have taught our people down yonder were badly needed. I wish you all the happiness in life, sir—and—and"—she ended chokingly "a mother's thanks."

At noon we set out. The courier tuned up his motor cycle, remarked nonchalantly "Well, so long, you guys. Hair on you!" and sped away up the road to a fury of sound.

And M'sieu Hicks and I drove back over the hills toward our company headquarters, thinking of many things as we went. Behind us plodded the Russian prisoner.

"What're we goin' to tell the captain?" M'sieu Joe asked presently.

"Why, the truth, of course!"

"Sure. But let's both git it the same." And thereupon he carefully instructed me in the details of the story.

We might have saved ourselves this trouble. The sight of the prisoner and my still unhealed wounds were amply sufficient. It happened that G2 at division headquarters was extremely anxious to lay his hands on a Bolshevist who—so rumor ran—was at large in these parts trying to stir up disaffection, and the captain had an idea that it would be a feather in his cap to produce the Russian as a suspect.

"I suppose you're lying," he remarked good-humoredly, "but your records're too good to be spoiled this late in the game, and you've pulled a good stunt by bringing in this bird. So get back to your kitchen and we'll drop the matter."

It did not end there, however. Before the week was out the captain summoned us to the orderly room once more, where we found him sitting in a sort of daze, with a letter spread out on the table.

"Hicks—and you too, Giraud—listen to this! It's addressed to the commanding general of this division and comes to me 'through channels':

"'*Sir:* Three of your officers arrived at my house on the seventeenth of the month and asked for quarters, which I readily gave. They remained here three days, being attended by men and women of the village. During all that time they showed every respect to myself and my daughters and departed without occasioning us either trouble or fear. Their conduct was perfectly correct. Had my husband been at home I could not have felt safer.

"'While here one of them—a Captain Hicks, if I remember the name correctly—administered the affairs of the village. He did it so well that we have since regretted his departure, for strange notions are stirring among the inhabitants and many things happen which cause us uneasiness. As a defenseless woman and a mother, I wish to inquire whether it would be possible to send this brave officer back again, together with his staff.

"'In any event I cannot let the opportunity pass to express my appreciation of the chivalrous manner in which your soldiers conducted themselves toward us unhappy ones. It was so different—so wonderfully, wonderfully different—to what we had been led to expect.

"'I am, sir '"

But there was no need for us to hear the name, m'sieu. We knew who had written that letter.

"Well, what've you two got to say about this?" demanded the captain. "Any suggestions, Captain Hicks? It says here to explain by indorsement."

"Why not tell the truth, sir?" suggested my comrade virtuously.

The captain eyed him a while.

"No, I guess I'll just tell them the story you told me, instead," he replied quietly; and that terminated the incident.

As we were returning to our kitchen M'sieu Joe remarked very thoughtfully: "They're awful queer, Henree—these big bugs."

"How so, my friend?"

"Why, take the Kaiser! He's got a li'l bedroom in that grand palace of his'n, not half the size of mine. And it's as bare as the guardhouse."

"What of it? It is the custom in this country."

"But that ain't all, Henree; no, sir. Right next to him is the adjutant, who's got a bigger room than the Kaiser."

"Suppose he has? What then?"

M'sieu Joe sank his voice to an awed whisper: "But the Kaiser and his wife have got separate rooms, Henree. Yes, sir, it's a fact. Think of that. She's got a whale of a room, all gold and silk and hand paintings and things. It's just beyond where the adjutant sleeps."

"And where may be the peculiarity in all this?"

"Why, it just goes to show the hell of the military system, Henree. Every time the Kaiser wanted to go in and see his wife he had to git a pass from the adjutant."

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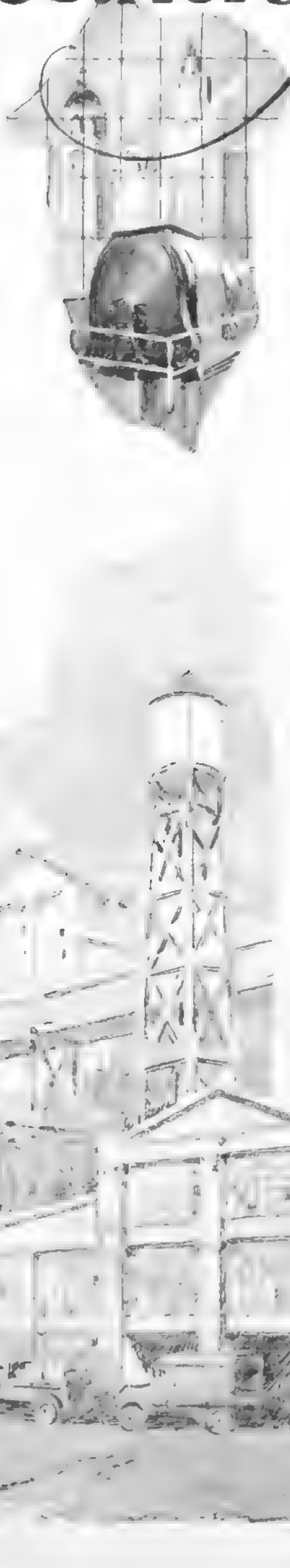
Electricity a Nation Builder



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Electricity is the nerve force of civilization—a nation builder.

Electricity is, too, a builder of industry. Electricity makes possible the central, economical conversion of fuel into power. And the practical and efficient distribution of power in any amount, at any hour, to any point.

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Habirshaw Power Cables—Rubber, Varnished Cambric and Paper—Sector and Concentric

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 19

The Hector Macawbers, who were very rich beneficiaries of the perfumery trust, usually dined in splendor at home, the colonel moodily reflected as he sat beside Flossie in a taxicab that bumped them toward Bedlam.

"Aren't the Macawbers keeping house any more?" he asked with a sigh.

"We didn't come to New York to sit round a stuffy old plush house," she told him. "You know what the doctor ordered. Hector and I picked out Bedlam this afternoon over the telephone. It's noisy and low—full of broken-down actors and lovely wretches. We can dance our heads off."

"That'll be nice," agreed the danceless husband.

They found the Macawbers and their party waiting for them in the noisy little lobby by the Bedlam's elevator. Young banditti in pinkish uniforms were busily robbing people of their coats and hats; the sign Evening Dress Obligatory was prominently hung over the cloakroom door, from which a profane stranger in a brown business suit was being ejected.

Mr. Hector Macawber was an overfed gentleman of fifty-five, whose slender waistline and bulging sides hinted that he wore corsets. Mrs. Macawber was a frilly person with silver slippers and snow-white hair. Phil Jason, also of the perfumery trust, was a neatly groomed, close-cropped little man who suggested the commuting church member come to New York for a good time. As a matter of record he was born in lower Fifth Avenue, had been twice divorced, and the stout but still beautiful woman at his side was an ex-choir singer who had got her name in the papers as the third Mrs. Jason.

There was a clatter of welcome.

"What a fascinating, queer place. I am thrilled," protested Mrs. Macawber as they were going up in the elevator.

"Flossie just would come here. I suggested the Insomnia Roof and the Nightmare Gardens—but she insisted that Chester had to have excitement." Macawber winked over at Framm.

"I've been having the most awful time with him," confessed Flossie.

"What can you expect?" Old Macawber looked ever so wise. "Husband, New York—puff. He's off!"

"They're dreadful," sympathized Mrs. Jason in her languid contralto.

"Heck's going in for Bicardi rum this week," proclaimed Mrs. Macawber. "It makes him very loud. What vice has yours taken up?"

This last was put to Florabel.

"Public speaking," announced Chester's little secret of eternal youth.

"Public speaking!" echoed the elevator.

"We have with us to-night Col. Chester A. Framm, citizen, patriot and man," spouted Jason. "Got the habit, I suppose, the night you sneezed your way into the Hall of Fame?"

"Shut up!" commanded Flossie.

Framm, who was blushing like a schoolboy, began to stutter, "It hasn't—come on yet. You see, my wife ——"

"Proud of you?" wheezed Macawber. "Quite naturally. Who ever heard of a colonel who wasn't an orator?"

The old beau stood staring pop-eyed.

"What's the matter now? Going to have a fit right here between floors?" asked Jason in counterfeit alarm.

"An in-spi-ra-tion!"

He opened his mouth, displaying a suspiciously even row of teeth, and would have spoken further had not the door opened upon the African din of New York's most frantic nightmare dining room. The walls were done in violent vegetable designs with restless monstrosities capering across the panels. Over the ceiling stretched an awning of wild stripes. More or less presentable young women in the costume of Pierrot strolled between the overflowing tables, passing small cards with the announcement:

A NIGHT IN LOVELAND
AND
FEAST OF AFTER-DINNER WISDOM
J. FAWCETT TWEED
CELEBRATED RACONTEUR AND PRINCE OF BOHEMIA AS
HOST OF THE EVENING
WELCOMES YOU ALL

Chester Framm had read the card twice before he looked over and saw the grin on Macawber's face.

XVII

"BY GEORGE, Chet," cried the merry old blade, "here's your chance! There's the speaker's table all set and ready for you."

Framm frowned at his wife, and heartened by her averted gaze he decided that the Macawber style of wit was poor and nothing more. The table to which he referred was a large one, elaborately set with a dozen places and standing on a raised dais at the end of the room.

"What's the idea?" he asked, again puzzling over the card as he took his seat at their own table.

"Abe Hannigan, who runs this place, got the notion that he could conduct a continuous banquet here every night. So he's hired a gang of professional banqueters to sit at the host's table and a broken-down spellbinder to act as host of honor. But I didn't know J. Fawcett Tweed had got this low," explained Jason, eying the empty head table.

"And who's this J. Fawcett Tweed?"

"You've lived away from Broadway," was Jason's commiserating hint.

"Tweed isn't the man he used to be, nor never was," cut in Macawber. "He was one of your ballyhoo lawyers with a silver tongue and a leaden brain until the state disbarred him for engineering a fake-condemnation proceedings in the Bronx. Then he decided to become a prince of good fellows—you know the type—recklessly generous with other people's wine."

"He was quite sought after for a while," chimed Mrs. Macawber.

"He is now—by the subpœna man."

"There he comes," said Mrs. Jason; then after a moment's gazing: "Isn't it sad?"

"I hope you'll like my party," remarked old Hector to Mrs. Framm, but that lady's eyes were all for the head table.

There was something ghastly about that head table. It conveyed the same sense of sacrilege which religious rites, funerals or weddings often do in stage productions. Bright with glassware and flowers—artificial flowers probably—the whole laden board awaited its mock revelers. The effect was depressing. The table had been set in such a way that the imitation guests could face their audience as they do in stage banquets. Broadway had never thought of anything more mawkish than this scene.

The band blared. Out of the nowhere those puppet guests came trooping—a miserable painted crew, as Framm could see from his not distant seat. Weirdly enameled women and queer feeble men—they sauntered self-consciously two by two and stood expectantly by their chairs. Then came a salvo from orchestral trumpets. A puffy little fellow with the face of a diseased mushroom stood at center plate and spread a mechanical smile. The appearance of J. Fawcett Tweed brought some applause, also catcalls.

"I thank you, fellow Bo-he-mi-ans," came a sonorous whisky-laden voice. "Let the revels begin."

The poorly paid revelers at the main table were seated accordingly, and Tweed was seen to turn his stupid, self-indulgent old smile toward the painted lady at his left. A stage butler poured wine—it was easy to imagine that ginger ale gurgled from the tin-foiled neck of the bottle, and by Tweed's meager occasional sips one might quite safely say that such was the case.

"You don't mean to say he does it every evening for money?" Framm found himself asking, with both pity and marvel.

"Money and the drinks," grinned Macawber. "But Hannigan's foxy—J. Fawcett doesn't get a real drink until the party's over."

"He's never asked anywhere any more," came Mrs. Jason's rich contralto.

"He made a pretty fair speech back in 1910," explained Macawber.

"He never was any good," objected Jason. "I wonder who ever told him he could make a speech?"

These comments were distributed over several courses of food which was a degree better than Bohemian and several degrees worse than good. At the table of honor the imitation ladies and gentlemen were hanging on the words of J. Fawcett Tweed; now

SIMONDS
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—the ability to work hard and long—stamina to resist wear—are in every Simonds Product.

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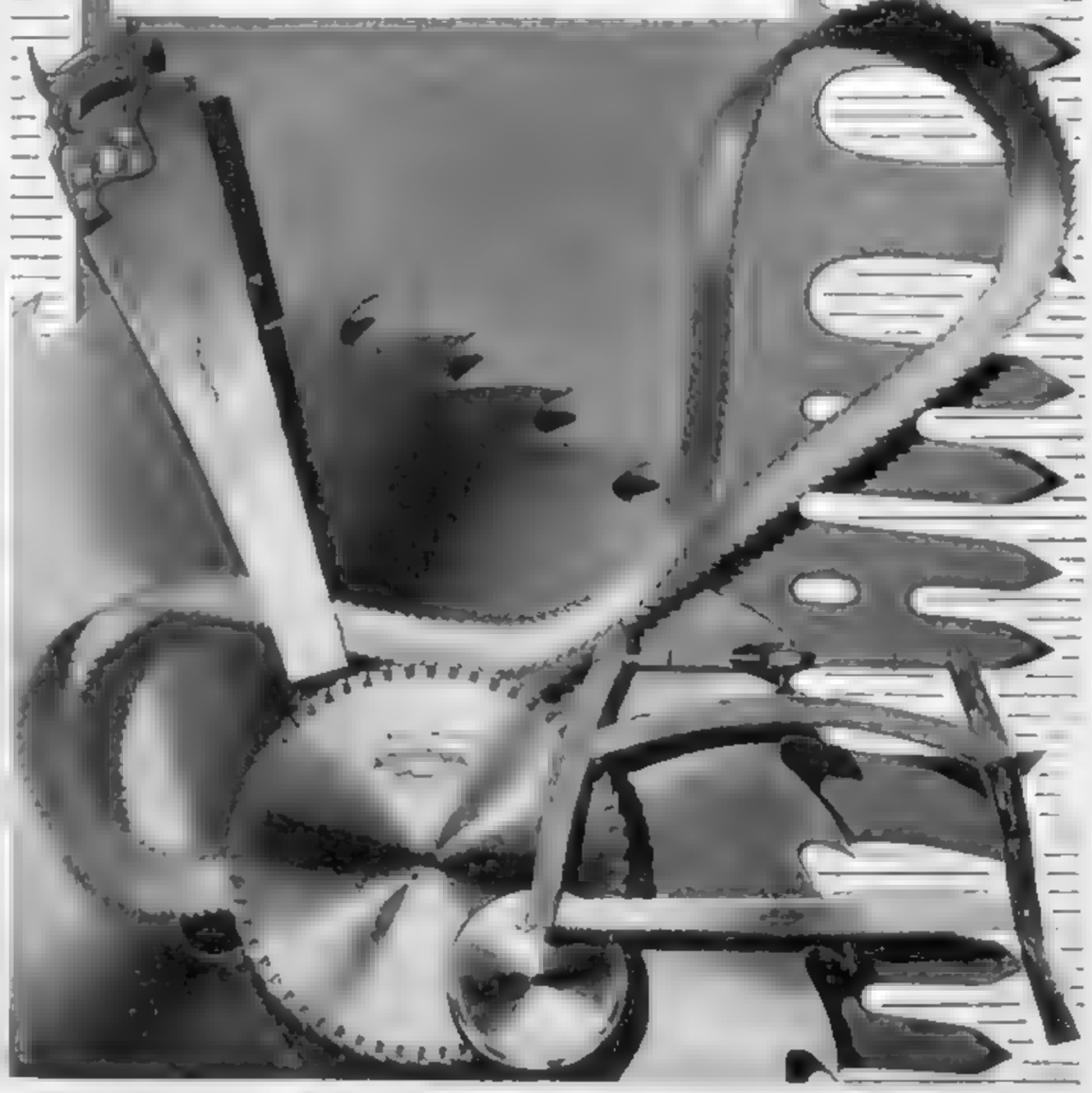

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and then they would burst into a gale of laughter—a gale so nicely timed as to suggest the pressing of a button at proper intervals. Chester during a break in his morbid contemplation found his Flossie whispering intimately with the captain of waiters, who wore a worldly smile and glanced now and then toward the host of honor.

"I'm getting his biography," she explained when her husband caught her eye. "It seems he is just playing here for the week. Last week they had a Hindu juggler, and next to come will be a troupe of trained dogs. The waiter says that the people like the dogs best."

"Heck, why did you choose this dreary place?" asked Mrs. Heck by way of wholesome cheer.

"Ask Flossie," he defended weakly. "She's brought Chet to study—and of course he's got to make his usual appearance to-night."

"You just let my Goober alone!" demanded Flossie; and her tone wasn't all banter.

"Come on—give us an oration—be a good chap!" Jason put in his oar.

"My wife won't let me," protested the blushing slave of ambition.

"Go ahead," said Flossie kindly. "It's so noisy here I'm sure nobody ever listens to anybody."

The sharp woody tat-tat of a gavel punctuated Bedlam. The band blared, the drums ruffled. Right and left little hissing sounds besought silence; for J. Fawcett Tweed was standing by his chair on the dais. Leaning slightly forward, his fat fingers braced against the tablecloth, his swollen old face distributed its lifeless smile right and left.

"Dear brothers and sisters in Loveland—or shall I say—true affinities in the Land of Love and Laughter?

"We welcome you here in the name of the divine electric spark which leaps from breast to breast in that chosen realm where responsibility is unknown, where care is as nought and joy is unconfined."

"Poor wretch!" insisted Mrs. Macawber, who apparently was one of your rich women who love to indulge in pity.

"In Bo-he-mi-a," thus the husky voice rolled it forth like the blast from a distillery, "there is no such word as slave. We are all kings and—pardon me, ladies—queens together. Here the millionaire hobnobs with the clerk, poverty sits cheek by jowl with riches. There is no gold here"—he turned to frown at a waiter who was quarreling over his tip—"no gold here, save the true gold of mind and heart. Here, amid the bubble of wine and the laughter of bright eyes, we may pledge the toast"—ecstatically lifting a hollow-stemmed glass of ginger ale: "Here's to me, as bad as I am, and to you, as good as you are. For as bad as I am and as good as you are I'm as good as you are as bad as I am."

"Phew!" whispered Jason. "That joke was chloroformed when I was a freshman."

"1891," agreed Macawber.

"As bright as I am as punk as he is," paraphrased Jason, "I'm glad Flossie insisted on our coming."

Col. Chester A. Framm, however, was only aware of the applause which followed the after-dinner bathos. He was ashamed of the envious thrill along his spine.

"In the flower-laden court of Bo-he-mi-a," the prince of good fellows went rolling on, "all men are poets, for who so dull as not to sing when the rarest flowers of thought are strewn with a prodigal hand ——"

"Get the hook!"

This comment, which the colonel rather resented, came from a rat-faced little fellow who sat beside a milk-white blonde at the table just behind him. The blonde replied: "Shut up! He ain't an amachewer." Which raised her in the colonel's regard.

His wistful eyes were again on the professional speaker, and when he turned and looked over at his wife he caught her studying him with the amused affectionate expression she often held for him. He turned sullenly away. Awful example of misspent ambition that this Tweed might be—and Framm had no intention of trading lives with him—yet he possessed the thing which Framm had always wanted to cultivate in himself—stage presence. What though his phrases were empty as sucked eggs, his condition a mockery among his fellow men? In spite of that he could stand alone, the observed of an audience; and in the last analysis their jeers were drowned in the general applause.

Every evening he could feel that ego-satisfaction which Chester A. Framm had known but once—on that mad, glad prize-winning night when Carlotta Beam had shown him the first step on the road to greatness.

He got another glimpse of Flossie. She was taking in the speaker's table with all the sarcastic brilliance of her eyes.

The colonel was brought back to his surroundings suddenly, shockingly, as by a dash of cold water. Somebody was shouting his name through the room:

"Col. Chester A. Framm!"

That horrifically personal address was being roared from the speaker's table; moreover it was J. Fawcett Tweed who was roaring it, his shapeless mouth wide open, his fat right hand generously extended.

"——and again I repeat that name, Col. Chester A. Framm, a name which is doubly blessed in every well-equipped boudoir throughout the length and breadth of the land. Let us hail the Cosmetic King! Need I say that we are proud to have him with us to-night? And yet it is not unusual in the court of Bo-he-mi-a for princes of commerce to come and make merry with struggling poets and –and workers in the busy marts of trade; for in the realm of flowers is not the primrose the equal of the American Beauty? It is an unusual treat which we all have in store—to hear a few remarks from the American Beauty ——" It was not till now that full realization of his danger came upon Chester Framm. His tongue seemed to have turned to chalk.

"—— the American Beauty who has done more to perpetuate American beauty—I mean the ladies, God bless 'em—than any other citizen of our great republic. Beauty, they say, is only skin deep; yet by the skin we are able to tell a peach from a potato. But let not my own poor words detain you all from a feast of good things. Ladies and gentlemen, Col. Chester A. Framm will honor us with a few words on ——"

He paused and seemed to consult his notes.

"—— on The Secret of Success."

The room grew black before Framm's eyes. In the haze Macawber's face seemed to have grown purple and Mrs. Macawber's to have taken on her favorite look of plutocratic pity. He tried to shoot an angry glance at Flossie, but the muscles of his face were out of order.

"Get up, you goose!" he heard her commanding.

He staggered to his feet amidst an avalanche of hand-clapping and an earthquake of bang-banging sounds—the latter being produced by means of little wooden spoons which the management had provided as ready noise makers. All the world was looking at him with the same vacant stare—he now knew how the mob must look to the man inside the noose. From the head table the impossible Mr. Tweed smirked like some cruel idol. Framm stood a tortured moment before he performed his supreme act of self-sacrifice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said quietly, "I am no talker. But I thank you nevertheless."

And he sat down.

It was brief, inglorious and surprising even to Chester. But what immediately followed was in the realm of miracles. For the heavy contact with his chair seemed to have touched some synchronic spring across the table, a spring which caused a little woman to leap to her feet, snapping quick golden fires from her eyes as she challenged the whole room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he heard Flossie's chirping, clear, rather nasal challenge, "I'm Mrs. Framm. There's a speech that's been bottled up in this family for about sixteen years, and because my husband has been too busy with real work to fool with dissipation that bottle's never been opened. I will now proceed to uncork it. The label on that speech, I believe, is The Secret of Success. Well, here goes.

"I don't know anything about great big grand successes like Napoleon. The only

(Concluded on Page 53)

"I—Was Sort of Thinking How I'd Like to Hear You Make a Speech—if You Were Anybody's Husband but Mine"

Raisins Grown Without a Seed

A Sweetmeat for Healthy Children

—Natural, Good, and *Good for* Them

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See What Good Foods You Can Make With Them

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SUN-MAID SEEDLESS RAISINS are rich in *fruit*-sugar—a natural, pure sugar in practically *predigested form*. So here is one of the best sugars that anyone could have.

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Serve Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins in Cookies, Rolls, Corn-bread and Buns. Or mix in the morning oatmeal, corn flakes, wheat foods, or rice.

Or furnish them as a natural confection, a delicious sweet between meals.

Nothing could be any better in food for children. Let the active ones have them often. There are scores of ways to serve. Try them in puddings, pies, cakes and other foods.

Note how prunes and all other fruits are improved in flavor when you stew these raisins with them.

Grown-ups as well as children like these luscious raisin foods.

Made from Seedless Grapes

These raisins are made from juicy, tender, California grapes, grown without a seed.

They make many dishes attractive and palatable that children shun otherwise.

So the feeding problem of many families is a very much simpler matter when raisins are employed.

Send Now for "Sun-Maid Raisin Recipes"

We will send free on request an excellent book of recipes describing scores of raisin foods.

You'll use twice as many raisins when you know their full possibilities. Just send a post card for the book. It will come by return mail.

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"All together—let's continue production and insure prosperity."
U.S. Dept. of Labor,
William B. Wilson,
Secretary.

From a Sunshine Plant

Never were goods prepared for you in a more cleanly manner.

California's famous sunshine floods our great new plant through more than a thousand windows. It reaches every nook and corner.

Pure country air circulates throughout.

The raisins are placed in the packages by spick-and-span, uniformed "sun maids."

They come to you, therefore, as immaculate as if *you* had prepared them.

Order a package now. But be sure to say "Sun-Maid Seedless" instead of merely "seedless raisins," else you may get another kind.

Also try Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins (seeds removed) and Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

Ask your dealer for Raisin Candy. Good and good for you.

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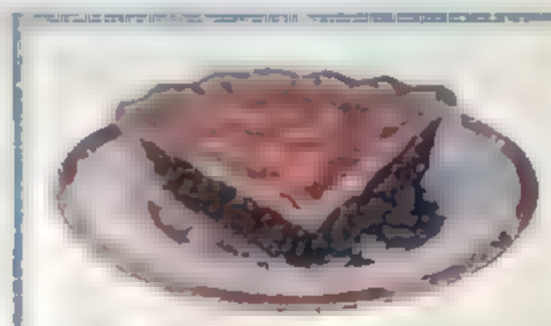

Two delicious treats are California Raisin Pie and California Raisin Bread. Bakers everywhere are baking these foods for you. They are made with Sun-Maid Raisins. Try them.

Lighting IS a Factor in Production

The war taught many manufacturers something new about lighting. Production they had to have! Anything that would help production was purchased. War-goods factories became the best-lighted plants in the world.

—So Much So that You Probably Need in Your Plant More Lighting—and Better Lighting.

For the first time the effect of lighting in *producing more goods* began to be measured with something like accuracy. Increases in output—due to lighting alone—ran in some plants from 8% to 27% in different departments. On certain operations increases as high as 100% were obtained. The *average* was 15% over the old production—taking into account a number of different factories with a great variety of operations.

In the light of this showing a good many executives need to revise their thinking on the subject. Lighting can no longer be considered an unproductive expense. *It is an active factor in the reducing of other production costs.* It becomes an investment in working efficiency, and its results are spread over every man and every machine that comes within its influence.

The lighting engineer today can tell how much and what kind of lighting you should have for best results.

And the means are at hand for securing economically any amount and quality of light your work may require. For lighting practice has gone through a thorough revolution during the past five years! Lamps, reflectors and other equipment of the highest efficiency had been developed even before lighting gained this late but unmistakable recognition as a factor in production.

We believe the full story—and its application to your business—will be worth the time of one of your higher-up executives. May we, without cost or obligation on your part, put you in touch with a capable engineer who will canvass your situation and recommend the needed changes if any?

Our factory lighting booklets are yours for the asking

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of General Electric Co.
21 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

Any of these labels is a guarantee of National Quality

NATIONAL MAZDA

(Concluded from Page 50)

work of genius I've ever had a chance to watch is my Chester building up the cosmetic business. If you want to hear about him ——"

Cries of "Hear! Hear!"

"Well, now friends, this is his secret of success. He's got there by three things: Finding something the people wanted, giving it to them, and keeping his mouth shut. Chester never advertises himself; he lets other fellows do it for him. Did you ever notice that the fellow who blows the horn never conducts the orchestra? That's Chester's philosophy. There may be something fine about being a great oratorical statesman, like Noah Webster. I don't know, because I never read history books. But what I do know is this: My Chester is just as big a hit as I want, and just the kind of hit I'm looking for. Sixteen years ago he started in by trying to interest a corner druggist in a dozen jars of homemade rouge. This week the shipments of Framm's Complexion Preparations throughout the United States, Great Britain and the Colonies, if carried in a single train of box cars would extend twice round Manhattan Island and stick the end of its tail out beyond Yonkers.

"If Chester's got to be bragged about I'm the one that should do it, because I'm his wife. At the age of twenty-three he started in to be a great statesman and fizzled out after one performance. At the age of forty-one he's lost the power of speech, but he's the man who puts complexion cream on the face of the globe. And that's the secret of success—if you know what I mean. I'd rather be boss in a glue works than a cockroach in the Hall of Fame. The thing to do is to find out what you're good at, then do it; and if you can't find out for yourself find somebody who can."

She sat down in the hush before the cloudburst. Mr. Hannigan was the only complainant that night because, as he told the head waiter: "Enthusiasm's fine for the place—but who pays for the breakage?" The Macawber table became the focal point for one of those distressingly cordial affairs known as getting acquainted with New York. They would have borne Flossie triumphantly on their shoulders had they dared and had not Colonel Framm, now master of his dignity, prevented.

As a matter of fact Chester would have approved had not his egotism smarted with one of those vanity wounds which an actor feels when he finds that his poor little wife is becoming billed as a prima donna. The formalities ceased in a general clatter during which Mr. Hannigan saw to it that breakage was made golden for him in extra wine orders. The jazz began its harmonic convulsions, the floor cleared for dancing.

"I'm crazy to jazz!" cried Flossie, and almost on the confession found herself whirling away against the broad shirt front of Hector Macawber. Her husband, still deep in his coma, sat facing a newly opened bottle of wine.

"Ah, Colonel Framm!"

A champagne-thickened, fusil-oily voice spoke close to his shoulder. Looking round Framm descried the bulbous face of the host of honor.

"Mr. Tweed? How do you do."

The colonel found himself pump handling the pretentious hand of the pretentious little fellow. Tweed's air had changed from one of lofty inspiration to one of cringing servility.

"It's a great honor to us," he insisted, quite ignoring the passion with which so recently he had eulogized Bohemia's democratic tendencies. "A great honor to have one of your er importance in our midst. It gives tone to the place." His eyes were wandering toward the champagne bottle. "I have often thought it would be a good plan to organize a little club restaurant where the better classes our sort of people, you know could forgather and exchange ideas."

"Upper class Bohemia?" asked the colonel with a sarcasm unusual to him.

"Exactly." The small watery eyes were now resting so lovingly upon the bottle that Framm could not unheed the hint.

"Waiter, bring a glass for Mr. Tweed."

The waiter, who was a magician, produced a glass out of now here, and the orator scarcely lingering to wish the colonel's very good health drained it at a gulp.

"Excellent!" He smacked his thick lips. "You never can tell about a wine ——"

"Until it's uncorked?"

"A splendid idea! I hope you'll let me use it in one of my speeches. It will be especially appreciated as one of Colonel Framm's epigrams."

Framm grunted his consent. He wished the man would let him alone, but he lingered to help himself to a second glass.

"Ah! And, colonel, I wish particularly to congratulate you on your charming and -ah—brilliant wife. A splendid speech! A telling speech! She goes in for that sort of thing, perhaps?"

"About once in a lifetime," the colonel conceded.

"She should cultivate the talent—practice for the rostrum. Nothing can be gained without application. Public speaking is as much an art, I might say, as acting or portrait painting."

As he talked and drank he swelled back into his air of sublimity. Could it be possible that this ghastly wreck thought of himself as a success?

"I have no doubt."

"You should groom that little woman for a career ——"

Framm was standing patiently waiting for the pest to finish his glass and go his way.

His head was beginning to ache and he hoped Flossie wouldn't dance all night.

"And—ah—colonel. Before you go would you mind my presenting you to Mrs. Tweed? Come here, my dear. Mrs. Tweed, Colonel Framm. It is seldom we have an opportunity nowadays ——"

A faded woman came forward out of the throng. So colorless was she that it was a full minute before Framm got the true significance of the apparition. Tall, thin, her whole look somehow terrible, the woman stood before him and calmly held out her hand. Her hair was iron gray, her eyes deep sunk, and she wore the same professional smirk as did her husband. And yet there was no doubt about it. It was Carlotta Beam.

"How—how do you do, Mrs. Tweed?" His hand was shaking in her cold and skinny clasp.

She made a stiff, peculiar curtsy. The sight of the dilapidated evening gown over her stringy, rather masculine frame, the glimpse he got of her badly tinted complexion made him want to laugh one of those tragic laughs which, like a consumptive cough, should bring the blood. Should he recognize her? Should he say to her pompous failure of a husband that this was Carlotta Beam, who had all but taken Chester's life into her strong hands to mold into her statue of true greatness? Mrs. Tweed stood smirking, a faded, naughty, old-maidish smirk.

No sign of recognition. Apparently the cue was for silence.

"I was telling Colonel Framm that he ought to be proud of that little wife of his," Tweed was going glibly on. "She has the gift; perhaps not the art—but the gift."

"It was very nice," was Carlotta's cut-and-dried comment. He was shocked to hear her voice, which had grown shrill and cracked.

"Ah. Just a second—only a second."

It was not made plain where Tweed was going, save toward a quarter of the room where free drinks were easier to obtain.

Only for a secretive point of time Chester Framm stood beside his early ideal, yet somewhere in her faded eyes he saw that vision which had glowed so purely in the days when they had sat under a live oak, a book between them.

"So you have come to this," she said in a tone which would have seemed patronizing had it not betrayed a strain of curious tenderness.

Framm merely said "Yes" and smiled. Which was to his credit; this was the woman who in youth had boasted that she could make statesmen at will.

"Well, Carlotta—this is sudden!"

The music had stopped, and Flossie, detaching herself from old Hector's arm, came smiling toward her long-lost rival.

"How do you do?" croaked Carlotta, gaunt and forbidding as some old raven.

"Of course you know you're talking to Mrs. Tweed?" Chester had put on his most jovial air.

"Yes indeed. I saw you at the table of honor. It must be great to be in the public eye like that."

"Thank you. We were very much amused by your—your pretty little speech."

It was like a compliment delivered from the throne to a deserving milkmaid.

"I'm glad you thought it pretty. That's our business, you know—making people pretty."

Flossie never lost her smile, but she said it as though she would add: "And we could do a thing or two for you, my dear."

Mrs. Tweed excused herself and walked away toward the table where the Prince of Bohemia was buried deep in someone else's champagne. Floss had had the last telling word. Your best Prussians, after all, are women.

"Candy kid," said Col. Chester Framm late that night, addressing the silken bundle he was holding in his arms as their taxicab skidded homeward, "I really believe you requested that Tweed idiot to call on me for a speech."

"I really believe I did," she recollected, speaking into his fur collar.

"Why?"

"Old nuisance! You had to begin your public career somewhere, now didn't you?"

"Had to stop it somewhere, you mean."

"You got so tragic about your blighted genius. So I thought I would lead you to a place where you could just uncork that old speech."

"I see. How did you know they made speeches at the Bedlam Restaurant?"

"Saw an ad in the paper. It said, 'Bedlam Restaurant—Night in Loveland—Anybody Allowed to Speak Five Minutes—Feast of Oratory—Amateurs Welcome!' "

Chester Framm cringed, but she clung to him furrily, much as a squirrel clings to a tree in a high wind.

"Are you awful mad, papa?"

"No, angel cake. But tell me something more—how did you know Carlotta Beam had married that bad actor and would be at the party?"

"I just naturally find things out, Mister Brutal. That's my contribution to the firm."

And since this is a symphony in which the movements run rapidly over a long theme, let me tell you what happened to the Framms next day just as they were going out to lunch somewhere along the Broadway health resort. Junius McKoncle, president of the Golden Poppy Society, was announced, and when he came up he explained that he was going to California that very afternoon and had come to the Framms in haste and secrecy.

"To cut it short," said he, "state and national politics are in a mess. Last week I had a conference with Senator Wheeden and Governor Wilde, who were passing on toward Washington. Someone must be chosen who will do justice to the state and yet be in a position where he can say that he has made no enemies. We decided that you would be the man and they asked me to speak to you and coax you to consider the nomination."

"For what?" Chester's face was grim.

"Senator from California."

The silence emanating from the nominee-elect was long and embarrassing.

"Goob!" cried Floss in a moment of rapture, "don't you hear what they're offering you? Don't mind him, Mr. McKoncle. He accepts. Go catch your train."

"I decline."

It came rumbling like a voice from the tomb.

"But Colonel Framm!" McKoncle was quite shocked, that was sure.

"I don't think you realize the situation. If you accept I feel sure the state will be with you. A large majority of the people want ——"

"One thing I do realize," grunted Chester A. Framm, "and that is what a rotten senator I would make."

"Come here and kiss me," commented Floss, which brought a frivolous note into the convention and caused the California delegate to retire in disgust.

And when they were alone Chester said: "You have to begin early with these things—the way you began with your complexion."

"What won-derful ideas you have, old Goob!" she confessed down his collar. "I began with my complexion the day I was born."

"What?"

He held her away at arm's length and studied the famous coloring.

"How about Angel Bloom Cream?"

"Give it up," she smiled as becomingly as he could have wished. "I never tried it. What's the use of wasting it on me when there are forty squillion homely women willing to pay a dollar and a half a bottle?"

Which was a true word out of the mouth of the Framm Complexion Girl.

(THE END)

Do You Smoke in the Dark?

What's become of that amusing old notion once held by so many people that no man ever thinks of smoking in the dark?

How often after all the others have gone to bed on a warm Summer night have you slipped out onto the front piazza, lighted up your pipe, "Old Faithful," and settled back in the dark to enjoy a few minutes of peace from all the noise and worries of the world?

The theory that a man doesn't enjoy smoking unless he can see the smoke is an exploded idea.

It adds much to the delight of pipe-smokers to watch those purple ribbons of smoke climb up a gleaming shaft of sunlight. It adds considerably to your enjoyment on nights when it is very cold outside to note the way smoke hurries to the lamp and does a May-dance around it.

But there is much more to smoking than merely these appeals to the eye.

There's the fragrant odor, there's the easing up of all nerve-tension, there's the encouraging conviction that everything's all right or bound to turn out all right, and there's that feeling—at one and the same time—of both privacy and companionship with your pipe pulling true in the dark.

You get something of this last feeling of being alone and yet not alone from a dog lying right smack up against your feet. That's why so many people keep dogs. But *all* of these comforts you get only from your old pipe loaded with the right tobacco.

Your enjoyment, of course, is not quite complete without just the right tobacco. Your tobacco must absolutely suit your taste, and a man's taste in tobacco is something individual, and not easily satisfied.

You may have tried many kinds of smoking tobacco, and not feel satisfied. You won't be happy until you get just the right kind.

We wonder if Edgeworth may not be the right kind. We should be glad to have you try it and find out.

It may not be the kind you crave, but so many swear by it after once putting it to the test!

If you haven't yet come upon the tobacco that thoroughly satisfies you, we would welcome your opinion upon Edgeworth.

Merely send us on a postcard your name and address, together with those of the local dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we'll despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in economical in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package, but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples, upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants — If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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Look for this Label in your Raynster

United States Rubber Company

Clothing Division
New York and Boston

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 12)

might take the other side; and invariably, even if the Courier-Journal stood for the reforms they affected to stand for, they began a system of misrepresentation and abuse. In no instance did they attain any success.

Only once, during the Free Silver craze of 1896 and the dark and tragic days that followed it the three or four succeeding years, the paper having stood for sound money, was the property in serious danger. It cost more of labor and patience to save it from destruction than it had cost to create it thirty years before.

Happily, Mr. Haldeman lived to see the rescue complete, the tide turned and the future safe.

A newspaper, like a woman, must not only be honest but must seem to be honest—acts of levity, loose unbecoming expressions or behavior—though never so innocent—tending in the one and in the other to lower reputation and discredit character. During my career I have proceeded under a confident belief in this principle of newspaper ethics and an unfailing recognition of its mandates. I truly believe that next after business integrity in newspaper management comes disinterestedness in the public service, and next after disinterestedness come moderation and intelligence, cleanliness and good feeling, in its method of dealing alike with affairs and its readers.

From that blessed Sunday morning, November 8, 1868, to this good day, I have known no other life and had no other aim. Those were indeed parlous times. It was an era of transition. Upon the field of battle, after four years of deadly but unequal combat, the North had vanquished the South. The victor stood like a giant, with blood aflame, eyes dilate and hands uplifted again to strike. The victim lay prostrate; save self-respect and manhood all was lost. Clasping its memories to its bosom the South sank helpless amid the wreck of its fortunes, whilst the North, the benign influence of the great Lincoln withdrawn, proceeded to decide its fate. To this ghastly end had come slavery and secession, and all the pomp, pride and circumstance of the Confederacy. To this bitter end had come the soldiership of Lee and Jackson and Johnston and the myriads of brave men who followed them.

III

THE one Constitutional barrier that had stood between the people of the stricken section and political extinction was about to be removed by the exit of Andrew Johnson from the White House. In his place a man of blood and iron—for such was the estimate at that time placed upon Grant—had been elected President. The Republicans in Congress, checked for a time by Johnson, were at last to have entire sway under Thaddeus Stevens. Reconstruction was at length to be equally thorough and merciless. To meet these conditions was the first requirement of the Courier-Journal, a newspaper conducted by outlawed rebels and published on the sectional border line. The task was not an easy one.

There is never a cause so weak that it does not stir into ill-timed activity some wild, unpractical zealots who imagine it strong. There is never a cause so just but that the malevolent and the mercenary will seek to trade upon it. The South was helpless; the one thing needful was to get it on its feet, and though the bravest and the wisest saw this plainly enough there came to the front—particularly in Kentucky—a small but noisy body of politicians who had only worked themselves into a state of belligerency when it was too late, and who with more or less of aggressiveness insisted that "the states lately in rebellion" still had rights, which they were able to maintain and which the North could be forced to respect.

I was of a different opinion. It seemed to me that whatever of right might exist the South was at the mercy of the North; that the radical party led by Stevens and Wade dominated the North and could dictate its own terms; and that the shortest way round lay in that course which was best calculated to disarm this radicalism by an intelligent appeal to the business interests and conservative elements of Northern society, supported by a domestic policy of justice alike to whites and blacks.

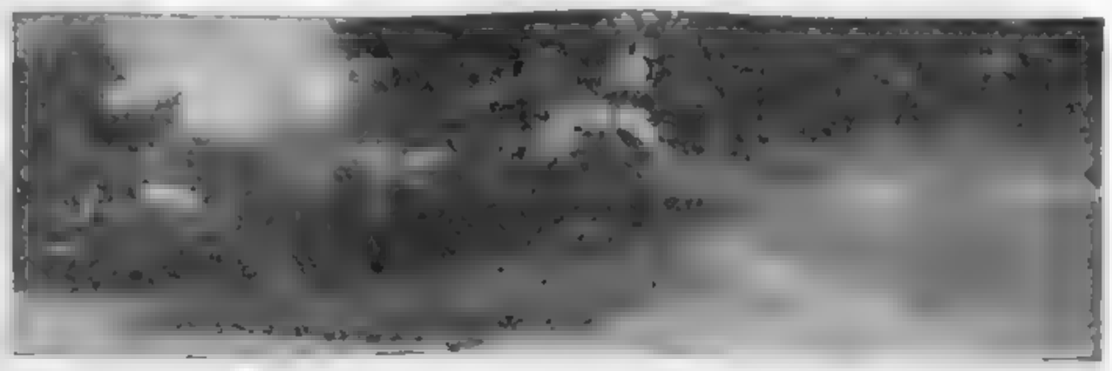
Though the institution of African slavery was gone the negro continued the subject of savage contention. I urged that he be taken out of the arena of agitation, and my way of taking him out was to concede him his legal and civil rights. The lately ratified Constitutional Amendments, I contended, were the real Treaty of Peace between the North and South. The recognition of these Amendments in good faith by the white people of the South was indispensable to that perfect peace which was desired by the best people of both sections. The political emancipation of the blacks was essential to the moral emancipation of the whites. With the disappearance of the negro question as cause of agitation, I argued, radicalism of the intense, proscriptive sort would die out; the liberty-loving, patriotic people of the North would assert themselves; and, this one obstacle to a better understanding removed, the restoration of Constitutional Government would follow, being a matter of momentous concern to the body of the people both North and South.

Such a policy of conciliation suited the Southern extremists as little as it suited the Northern extremists. It took from the politicians their best card. South no less than North, "the bloody shirt" was trumps. It could always be played with effect. It was easy to play it and it never failed to catch the unthinking and to arouse the excitable. What cared the perennial candidate so he got votes enough? What cared the professional agitator so his appeals to passion brought him his audience?

It is a fact that until Lamar delivered his eulogy on Sumner not a Southern man of prominence used language calculated to placate the North, and between Lamar and Grady there was an interval of fifteen years. There was not a Democratic press worthy the name either North or South. During those evil days the Courier-Journal stood alone, having no party or organized following. At length it was joined on the Northern side by Greeley. Then Schurz raised his mighty voice. Then came the great liberal movement of 1871–2, with its brilliant but ill-starred campaign and its tragic finale; and then there set in what, for a season, seemed to be the deluge.

But the cause of Constitutional Government was not dead. It had been merely dormant. Champions began to appear in unexpected quarters. New men spoke up, North and South. In spite of the Republican landslide of 1872, in 1874 the Democrats swept the Empire State. They carried the popular branch of Congress by an overwhelming majority. In the Senate they had a respectable minority, with Thurman and Bayard to lead it. In the House Randall and Kerr and Cox, Lamar, Beck and Knott were about to be reënforced by Hill and Tucker and Mills and Gibson. The logic of events was at length subduing the rodomontade of soap-box oratory. Empty rant was to yield to reason. For all its mischances and melancholy ending the Greeley campaign had shortened the distance across the bloody chasm.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The eighth will appear in an early issue



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REGAL SHOES

RED FRIDAY

(Continued from Page 17)

talkative—the gossips, the sounding board of the revolution. They chattered, he claimed, unendingly—like the birds in the aviary in the park; and yet in that chattering, as he called it, he recognized as well as anyone, there was always, from some source or other, some bit of news or gossip that was valuable. And it was my part to gather this.

These men in the inner circle of what Plangonev called "savioring," which included, of course, the more wealthy of them, or those with the more wealthy wives, gathered quite often at the house of a young millionaire—a tall, handsome, rather effeminate man, who smoked Russian cigarettes in a long holder, of which he had a great collection; who wore a very costly ancient ring, and almost invariably spats; the man whom Plangonev with his usual disregard of all propriety always designated as "the god in spats."

With this inner set, as well as with this class as a whole, Honest John Hodman—"Comrade John"—always had close relations. To them he was a type, a heroic figure—an example of the hearty hardy laborer. His vulgarities, his continued partial submergence—even in the new temperate time—in alcohol; his mixed marital relations—were all typical to these amateur social students of the natural reflex action of the honest toiler escaping finally from oppression. Even his hired murders were understandable—if true! He was to them, in short, an oracle—semisacred; the slightly alcoholic voice of the people.

Hodman on his side, though privately his opinion of these people was not amenable to repetition, could not, naturally enough, resist expanding under their deference and adulation when with them—especially when more than usually in his cups; and he often retailed to them the purposes he had hatching in his mind; and before this time I had at the instance of Plangonev more than once found him overtalkative of our movements, and requiring repression, which he very promptly had and took most humbly from Plangonev, for whom he had up to that time a very salutary and chastened fear.

This time again I found Plangonev right; Comrade John Hodman had been talking again to his friends, the amateur saviors; and in a very different mood from what I had ever heard before. I ascertained this soon after, during a visit to the house of him whom I will call the man with the spats, where the inner circle were gossiping.

They were all agog, of course, with the collapse in the stock exchange—the practical elimination of the common stock of great publicly owned corporations.

"It is the very thing we have been working for for years," said one of the leaders.

"Yes," said the man with the spats, "the culmination of years of effort."

"It has been a frightful mental strain," said the thin man with the very wealthy wife, his hand upon his forehead, "upon many of us."

The circle had made, very naturally, a specialty of the understanding of the new events in Russia—several writing and speaking as authorities on the matter—most prominent among these being a young observer in horn glasses, who had gone personally into the Russian rural districts and made there a three weeks' study of the Russian view, concerning the possibilities of which he was most enthusiastic. So they all knew something of Plangonev, both as a Russian and an American influence.

They had heard, of course, of the work of Plangonev in this country by this time, but merely as one instigating labor through Comrade Hodman in the West. There was no secret, especially among those directly interested, in his presence and mission in America. But they knew nothing of the accompanying relations with Stephen Black or the fund of freedom, for these were covered up, as I shall show later, with more than extraordinary care. In these people's minds the collapse had been brought about by their publicity and agitation and such allies as Hodman and his class—plus, of course, always, the support of natural social tendencies.

Yet they were not entirely at ease—some of them, even then. I thought I saw sober faces there, for more than one income, of course, must have been affected. However, they were all, for whatever cause, under the stimulus of excitement. A great new matter had come into the world to be talked of. They considered the socialistic era now at hand.

"We must apply ourselves—all our energies," said the lean man with longish hair who sat back on a deep-cushioned English lounge beside the man with the spats, "to its direction in its formative stage." And the others agreed at length.

They had of course, as I knew, much of their information on labor conditions from Hodman. It was a rare evening when he was not quoted, and that night it came out that from his predictions some dark and revolutionary thing was about to happen—something, they brought out finally, with some few side glances at me, that would affect quite materially the real leadership in American labor; a remark which I took to be aimed indirectly at Plangonev. He might disappear, it seemed, before long to where he came from, so I learned finally, according to Honest John's mysterious utterances, no doubt made under a slight excess of exhilaration from alcohol. He might disappear, that foreigner—it seemed that he prophesied—some day as suddenly as he had come here. And in some ways, good riddance!

This was a new attitude for Comrade John, the honest labor leader, usually so friendly and subservient to Plangonev; lodging with him, in fact, quite often at his rooms—sobering off in quiet from his periodical debauches. I lost no time in carrying my information to Plangonev.

He preserved his usual fatalistic calm.

"Do you connect it with Black still?" I asked him.

"Why not?" asked Plangonev. "What could he not offer to get rid of me now? And what I know?"

"Not violence!" I said.

"Who knows? Why not, if needed?"

But I would not believe it.

"Comrade John," said Plangonev, "and his dynamite!" And he laughed.

"That is a poor jest," I said, shocked.

"So Comrade John will find," said Plangonev, his manner making that strange change which it now quite often made, from scornful fatalistic levity to a sudden seriousness which bordered on ferocity.

I did not at the time entirely accede to his suspicion, yet I could see there were excellent reasons for it. We had looted a continent, indeed, with these men, but there might be necessarily in the situation, I was beginning to see now, elements of physical danger over the division and the concealment; for there must be, as there had been, most scrupulous concealment of such a tremendous spoil.

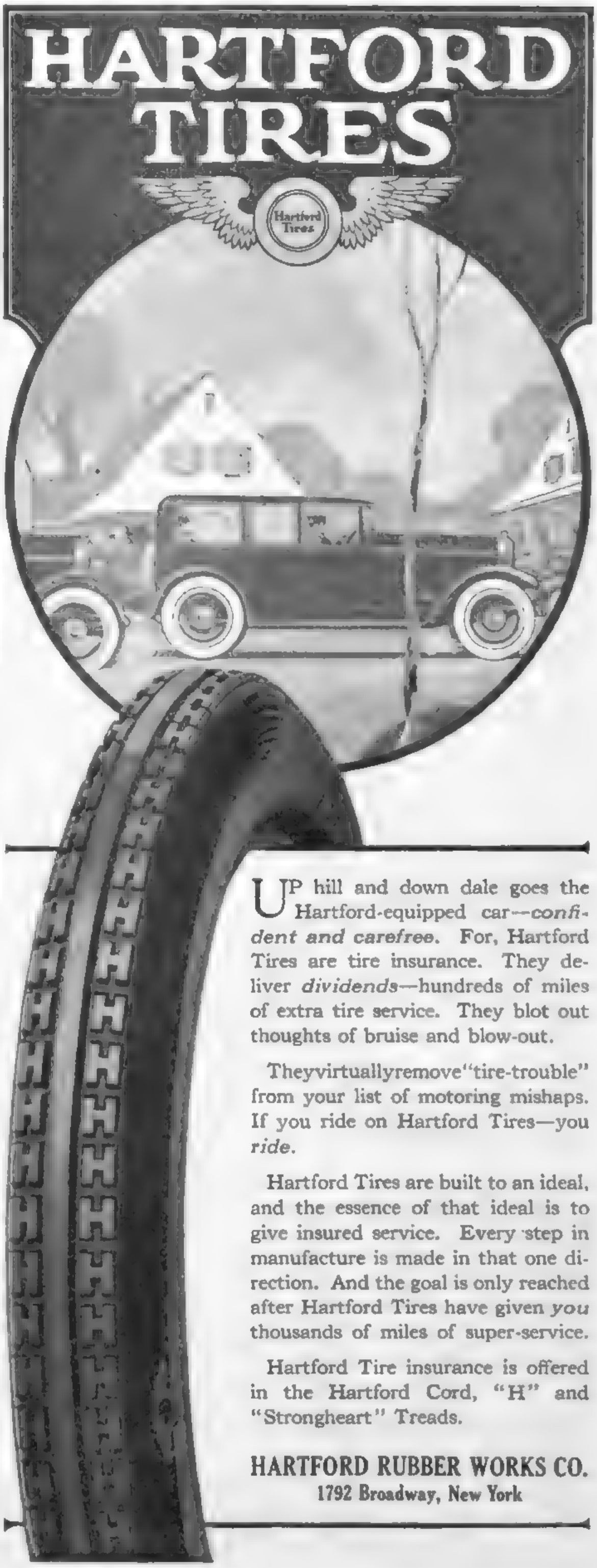
VIII

THE necessity of concealment on the part of Stephen Black of his tremendous booty from the stock market will be apparent when the conditions of the time are brought to mind.

It was now the spring of 1922, just following the first or preliminary closing of the national stock exchange. Our plot of debt was well on in its second phase. The hard-lipped pincers of government competition in industry on the one hand and taxation to pay its expenses on the other had closed about private capital in the private corporation and all but destroyed it, dragging down, of course, a great share of its owners and the great capitalists who controlled great companies in its falling.

It was necessary now for us, as our second step in our plan, to eliminate the other members of the great bourgeois—the damned two per cent; or, as Plangonev now put it in his hard way: "The main battle is well on; it becomes now time to go out on the field and kill off the stragglers."

Not all of the great bourgeois, of course, held their property in the form of stock of corporations. Some, aging, had turned it into underlying bonds. Some few held city real estate; a large number had and still held government bonds obtained for railroad stock—though there had been a tendency among the very rich not to retain these. Some—very important ones—especially in the lines of metals, petroleum and food supplies, still held the great secret private corporations whose stocks had never been listed upon the recognized public stock exchange. Some, watching this flood of government debt and taxation rising, had been credited with converting all that was possible of their property into actual



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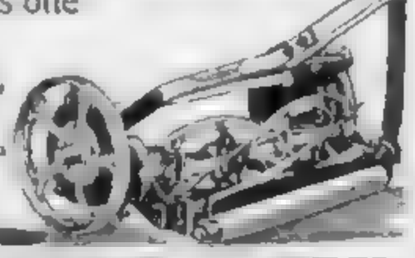

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cash. Against this supposed sequestration of great property the general public, egged on by means of every form of propaganda that we or the natural American genius for agitation could devise, was now in full cry. For government expenses were not lessening; the government debt was mounting; and the main source of war taxation was now being lost or escaping entirely.

During the war, of course, under the agrarian influence from the West and South, the war taxes had been framed; those happiest taxes, as Plangonev had termed them, ever devised by man—to be laid upon the property of corporations and the great incomes of the very rich, leaving at least ninety per cent of the population practically free. Of these two main sources of public income the corporation was being lost, and the other was fast disappearing; and the general population, now being threatened with being taxed itself, and taught in the past to regard the very rich with continual suspicion, believed that they were now escaping, through some new subterranean way, their obligations to the state. So the Government was sharpening the penalties of law with more and more drastic punishments to prevent this.

I often speculated on the position of Stephen Black. He was of course under a double danger now. For years by very skillful machinery he had kept the real immensity of his fortune and his income from all knowledge—public as well as private; now if through his recent accretions his property and his income should be divulged the penalties he must pay, both in property and in person, would be overwhelming.

I touched upon this occasionally, but rather lightly always, with Plangonev; for from a natural personal policy I learned as little as possible of the actual financial transactions of either man.

"Where and how has he concealed it?" I asked Plangonev once, and it seemed to me that he rather avoided me.

"That we would all like to know," he answered. But, though I suspected at the time he had lines of investigation out everywhere hunting this knowledge, he said nothing of that phase.

"We do know this," he said; "It makes a danger hanging over him, which will not let him cease until he closes every means of approach."

"Meaning," I said, "us!"

"Why not?" asked Plangonev.

"And you still suspect our Comrade Hodman?"

"Suspect, perhaps," said Plangonev, "is not the word." And I saw now by his way that he had no more information ready for me, and dropped the matter.

Hodman was now in the West, carrying out his familiar methods of a labor campaign. The strongest, of course, of all American corporations had been those great private aggregations which had especial control of the mines and meat and oil. These great secret strongholds of capital had no one knew what resources behind them with which to go forward with their work. On the other hand they employed always the rougher elements—the free labor, as Plangonev termed it—most easily excitable, quite largely of recent foreign origin, and already more than slightly touched by the kindling flames of the successes of the proletariat in Europe. Here was the obvious place to apply pressure on the more obstinate citadels of private capital, and here Honest John Hodman was especially strong. Up to this time violence had not been greatly apparent in our movement, in spite of my recent fears, but I could see its continual tendency to creep in. The daily press, I recall, one morning registered another dynamiting; a wholesale hired murder of scab labor, typical of the method of that smiling *entrepreneur* of murder, Honest John Hodman; and I took occasion at that time to protest to Plangonev about it, reminding him of his promises of a peaceful revolution.

"They may deny it as much as they choose," I said, "but you know and I know it is the work of Hodman. And I for one protest that I shall not sit by and close my eyes or even wink at it. He must stop it—and at once!"

"I think," said Plangonev, "it will not recur."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Comrade Hodman," he answered, "if I am right, is already on the way toward eliminating himself from the problem; or so, at least, I hope."

He said nothing more definite at the time, but it must have been only a few days after this that he called for me to accompany him on another evening excursion.

"To see Stephen Black again?" I asked when I saw the direction he was taking. And I spoke with some surprise, for we had not been with Black then for some little time.

"No," he answered.

"To whom, then?" I asked.

"To see Comrade Hodman."

"To see Hodman!" I cried, surprised. "Here!" For I had supposed him still in Colorado.

"Wait," he said. "That is what I desire you to see as a witness."

We progressed, nevertheless, till we came into the vicinity of Black's house—toward the concealed entrance on Sixty-fifth Street; and we were almost there when a man brushed by whom I recognized as one of those whom Plangonev had out in his service of investigation continually.

"Soon?" asked Plangonev as the man sauntered by us in his long overcoat.

"Very soon now," he answered without slackening, and was past.

We sauntered by ourselves, and stood for a few moments opposite the end at Sixty-fifth Street upon the broad walk of the Central Park side of the street of the great bourgeois. It was a damp, unpleasant night again, with few upon the streets, and here was a point of vantage where we might stand relatively undisturbed. The street of the great bourgeois stood more forbidding and silent than ever before. Heaven knows how many of those great imitation castles were now empty—three, perhaps, out of four; and the occupants of the rest, in all human probability, sat within in gloomy anticipation of the future.

We had not stood there watching more than a few minutes when a familiar figure appeared from the back-stairs entrance of Stephen Black's.

"Hodman!" I said at once, for there was no mistaking that big hulking shape.

"You see him now with your own eyes," commented Plangonev.

"With Black!" I cried again; and a shudder of personal apprehension passed over me, knowing the two men and knowing now that Plangonev had been cautioning me from real information.

"Why is he here?"

"Considering us, no doubt," said Plangonev.

"How? How?" I said, for I was now thoroughly alarmed, as much by what I saw he knew as by what I myself had seen. "How shall we defend ourselves?"

"It will be better, I think," replied Plangonev, "to leave the comrade to himself."

"To himself?" I repeated after him.

"Yes," said Plangonev; "it is better. Such cases often tend to self-elimination, rather than violent defense."

"Self-elimination!" I exclaimed, adding immediately: "Of course, anything but violence. And if you know ——"

"It is often the way," said Plangonev calmly; "I only wished to show you for your own good; that you would be circumspect, for instance, in the disposal of your evenings."

And with that I had to be content. Plangonev in point of fact gave me his confidence less and less now, and indeed there was an effort on my part as well as on his against his giving it. His plans or the tendency he might be fostering for the elimination of John Hodman remained a mystery to me.

Plangonev's warning, however, was not wasted upon me. It gave me a tendency at least to keep indoors after nightfall—the knowledge that that smiling, hearty handshaking murderer was in the city; and as Plangonev with his better knowledge observed: "Not uninterested possibly in extinguishing what information we may have, together with our brains." No doubt, too, as Plangonev intimated, the man might wish to further some ambition of his own. All this at one stroke, happy to both his employer, Black, and himself. What he was capable of, both in treachery and homicide, our knowledge of his record well showed.

"But how," I asked myself more than once in that period, remembering Plangonev's intimation, "by what means will the man eliminate himself—without our action?"

I could see now that it was at least possible that my participation in this promised peaceful revolution had led me very quickly

(Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 58)

to the edge of personal as well as social violence—no matter how I might deprecate it. Both personally and for society I began now to have a deep sense of apprehension over the situation.

Yet, I could reflect at least that if violence were threatening to extinguish our knowledge, together with our brains, my danger would be in a way secondary to and probably, in fact, following that of Plangonev himself.

IX

IT WAS not many days after this that in the late evening I was roused from my writing of my daily record by the appearance of Plangonev on my threshold.

"To-night I shall spend here," he informed me.

"Very well," I said.

This, though not usual, was an arrangement that had been made before. And we went to bed finally, after general discussion of both the progress of the plot of debt and, not unnaturally, our own personal situation. But when in the morning I took from my doorway and spread open the morning paper I could not repress an exclamation of surprise.

"Look!" I called to him. "If you had been there!"

"If I had been—yes," he said calmly. And I stared at him.

He lived—incognito always—on the ground floor of his old tenement—an arrangement that gave him easy and unnoticed access to his dwelling. A bomb or an infernal machine had been placed there—possibly in the cellar, but more probably by the sidewall in the hallway—and had exploded, driving out the contents of his rooms upon the sidewalk. Fortunately, the account in the paper stated, there was apparently no loss of life; the other tenants were unharmed, and the owner of the apartment—a man not known to the neighbors—seemed to have been away, for no trace of his body had been found. The one feature out of the ordinary had been, the journal stated, that the explosion, with the going out of the windows, had filled all the adjoining neighborhood with papers—clippings of newspapers.

We were forced to laugh in spite of ourselves at the net results of the explosion—the scattering of the fruits of Plangonev's newspaper-clipping bureau over the adjoining neighborhood.

"The comrade must have been disappointed," said Plangonev with his usual phlegm, "at his accomplishment."

And he went down to investigate, leaving me still wondering just how definite a warning of the danger he had had from his investigators.

The attempt on his life was, of course, much simpler than it would seem to one in other sections than New York. The use of explosives for private murder is not at all unfamiliar in the tenement district in the eastern-central parts of Manhattan, where Plangonev lived. It was not, in the first place, a phenomenon unfamiliar enough to demand large space in the newspapers beyond the first day, especially as there was no loss of life. It was credited again to some recrudescence of the so-called Black Hand of the Italian population; and in a space of time incredible to anyone but a New Yorker the explosion was forgotten and Plangonev, still undisturbed in mind, was living in an adjoining tenement, this time in the highest story.

The attempt at extinguishment might, it occurred to me for a moment, have come from someone in our movement who might be fatuous enough to suppose that Plangonev held on his own premises some part of the great sums he handled in the freedom fund; which of course he did not. But very few if any knew of this, and I saw of course immediately that general explosion was not the way that any thief would approach a robbery, even if he had knowledge of our fund. And so as far as it went I could but see that the occurrence fitted in nowhere so well as with the theory involving Hodman, which I knew Plangonev and his investigators were working on with so much patience and almost preternatural lack of fear. No doubt Plangonev knew with much exactness the movements of our sinister comrade, Honest John.

I had another inkling of this black double game of shadowing. On the second morning after this I received a telephone message from Plangonev putting me on my guard—to the effect that Honest John would be calling on me in a very short time; indeed, a matter of an hour.

"Do not be alarmed," said Plangonev. "He will offer you no personal violence face to face. You know that—or should know it from his past. That is not his method—if he can avoid it. But, whatever you do, show no emotion or surprise when you see him—beyond your natural surprise at finding that he is in the city."

It was an easy order to be given. I felt so a half hour later when I beheld Hodman entering. Fortunately I saw he had been drinking—and was in fact at the latter end of a thoroughgoing drunk, with which it was commonly said he always followed his attempts at murder; and I was ready for him with my modulated expressions of surprise at his presence in New York.

"I had supposed," I said, "you were in Colorado."

"I was," he said, "when I heard what they were trying to do here to the comrade. They telegraphed me, and on I came."

And as he said it he searched me with his drunken eye—watery with feigned emotion.

"I came," he swore with a hearty outpouring of horrid oaths in testimony of his manly feeling, "to find out who did this thing to the comrade. And when I do he'll hear from Honest John!"

"The comrade," I said, for that was what he always designated Plangonev, "will be glad to see you!"

I released the hand he was still holding in his soft, moist, ex-workingman's palm, after he had nearly crushed it to pulp. Then, following more cross-examination and probing of my feelings, he slapped me in full heartiness upon the back and started heavily for Plangonev's new quarters, to which I had directed him.

I saw the smiling, friendly murderer go upon his new quest with mixed feelings: Was his coming really in response to some call by Plangonev, telegraphed on and forwarded to him from Colorado by a confederate? Was he drawn in by the power the Russian held over him? Had he really had a summons he would feel he must obey? Or was it that, now that indirect murder had failed, under the false courage of his debauch he came forward, smiling, to make a second and more direct attempt to extinguish us—Plangonev first?

"You must keep me informed," I said to Plangonev when I warned him over the telephone of Hodman's coming, "whenever he comes toward me again. I must be in a position to protect myself.

"And you," I said, when he made no answer—"why do you take this risk? Why not call in the authorities?"

I could hear his jarring laugh through the telephone.

"The authorities!" he said. "We? Now?"

Of course I realized too. That was one of the serious features of the situation. We could not, from our position, invite investigation. In a very real and dangerous sense we were outside the pale of law. We must defend ourselves.

"Do not be alarmed," said Plangonev; "until after he leaves here at least!" And he put down the telephone.

I reflected several times that next day on the phrase of his closing—"until after he leaves here at least!"

And the next day, it seemed, he had not left.

"He still stays," said Plangonev. "He is in bad condition after this last debauch. We are attending to him."

Just whom he meant by "we" I was not sure—and am not now. I was in those new quarters practically not at all. Yet I knew that with his means now he commanded just what help he pleased, and just the type to suit his exact purpose, drawn from the interminable variety of types in that inexhaustible human reservoir—the tenements of New York.

"He is no better," he told me the next day. "We are forced by his condition to keep liquor from him. He is not so cheerful as when he first came," he added. "He becomes restless when deprived of alcohol. He is almost violent when we are not with him. He must be watched to prevent this natural chemical attraction from working."

It was like a daily report from a hospital or a prison, I came to think, feeling a little surprise—yes, uneasiness—over the situation.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked finally.

"Oh, yes," said Plangonev briefly, and closed the wire.

X

I WAS not at all prepared for Plangonev's next call on me. It came in fact an evening or so after this, in an invitation to go with him again to the house of Stephen Black. It had been now some weeks since we had been there, and I for my part had no idea our visits were to be resumed.

I conjectured rightly that it was not Black who had sent for him.

"No," said Plangonev, in explanation. "There is a matter of special importance which will come up to-night that I must talk to him about, so I sent word to him."

I reflected naturally that under the existing situation he could demand at least an audience from the capitalist at will. What special knowledge Plangonev had of his affairs I could only dream. But I myself had more than ample to damn him in the eyes of the Federal law if I cared to give it out. So then we went on together to the house of Stephen Black. It so happened that our usual secret entrance at the rear was under repair, and we went into the house that night by the direct and public way.

As we went in Charlotte Black came forth to meet us, her father not being quite prepared; not overwell, she said, though not really indisposed.

It seemed to me at the time that the young woman was never more beautiful, more alluring—nor at the same time more independent and inaccessible—than on that particular night. Her wealth was indicated rather than displayed in her costume; by the simplicity or even paucity of valuable ornament—lace or jewels; very little personal adornment indeed, but every single piece a gem, the highest of its kind. It was in her person even more, and in her manner—the quality of her skin, the poise of her head, the direct beauty of her eyes—that she showed both what she was and what she estimated herself to be: the most beautiful of all creatures, free, uncaught, who never conceivably would be captured but upon her own terms.

It was curiosity, I presumed, that urged her out to meet us in person—the fascination, possibly, of Plangonev, this monster from the slums, who attracted her by the very menace of his personality and the darkness of his knowledge—and more especially by the menace of his beliefs and theories concerning marriage.

"Now that you are a man of property," she said mockingly, "as I am told, I suppose you will go on to the acquirement of more."

"Of what?" asked Plangonev, studying her.

"Of a mate—a woman—a wife," she said.

"That is not the property I desire—in another human being! I prefer free association between free persons," he said.

But again his hard eyes devoured her as she went on, driven by that woman's fatal instinct, always inevitably to use her powers—to tempt or even, in this case, to taunt. White, slender, delicate, beautiful with every accessory of calculated beauty, she played above him that night—consciously, it seemed to me—Ariel to Caliban—taunting this monster from the slums, secure always in her power to escape; and yet we know—or I at least am certain—that beyond the mere promptings of curiosity there was nothing, no personal emotion which attracted her on toward her own doom.

It was in the Blacks' private museum, upon the same floor as his office, that she held us while we were with her—a room fitted with priceless objects of foreign art of all varieties and kinds, such as, by an old habit—following no doubt, as some satirist has said, the parlor whatnots of their ancestry—the great bourgeois often gathered together in one room from distant lands. The priceless rug of the six hunters was there upon the floor, a great and wonderfully delicate Ming vase, and on standards or on the walls the angular early Italian art, the gay pagan carving of later Rome and the celebrated Brilliaux hawking tapestry.

In this particular case, it must be said, the assembly of art objects had been made more or less congruous by taste—not only the professional taste of the collector and architect but the personal taste of the two women—past and present rulers of this particular house—the mother, and now her daughter.

She talked with us, Charlotte Black, in the museum for a comparatively short time. Then from there we passed through the silence of that muted house—heavy hangings, heavy carpets, the forced and unnatural silence of the servants of the very rich—to the huge working office of Stephen Black.

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 60)

Black had changed, it seemed to me, in the weeks since we had seen him, not for the better. He was not thin; in fact, his lower face and throat seemed much heavier, but his voice was tired and his mien seemed strained. An atmosphere, in fact, of strained watchfulness seemed to be about him. But more than all I then saw this curious growing change showed in his eyes; that bulging that effect of fear seemed now intensified. In spite of his phlegm, his studied calm of the speculator and the lifelong gambler, that look—that gleam of fright that was in his eyes—would not escape you now, no matter how unobservant was your habit. So poorly was he under self-control that he seemed to flinch—at least I thought so—when Plangonev first entered the great room.

"I have come to see you," said Plangonev when we began the interview—again shortened by the orders of Black's master, Doctor Tideway—"upon a matter you and I must face."

"What matter?" asked Stephen Black, gruffly and hoarsely at the same time.

"Our associate, John Hodman."

There was no change in the careful calm of Stephen Black—except one. It seemed at least that his prominent eyes became more prominent—protruded almost as you watched, in his otherwise unmoved face. He made no vocal answer.

"I was wondering," Plangonev now went on, "just what he meant to you."

"To me?" said Black, rousing and speaking in his ordinary gruff voice again. He was outwardly the same old unbending man once more, but that his strange appearing eyes betrayed him.

"Yes-s-s," said Plangonev; and I marked again how the Russian sibilants hissed in his speech with his restrained emotion. "We did not know he was in your acquaintance until quite lately; until our comrade, the Reverend Mr. Todd, and I, perceived him coming from your door."

Black, turning now, found confirmation of our knowledge in my eye.

"Since then we know more," the Russian went along. "Since then he has been with us much. He now lies in my rooms, not well! With his old trouble. We are keeping him in restraint for both himself and us—for fear of delirium tremens; for fear lest under the influence of liquor he may speak still more!" He gazed meaningly at Black. "And so," he went on, "he is not now well—not able to be here. I was, in fact, somewhat anxious for his condition when I came here—when I left some hours ago; and I promised," he said then, "to call up my rooms and see just how he was to-night, knowing," he said to Black with still politeness, "that you would desire to know!"

I was surprised there was no readier response from Black—from a man of his bold type and hard experience. He merely stared that dreadful stare—with fixed and bulging eyes.

"Now, if you please," said Plangonev, with an almost stage perfection of politeness, "I will see—concerning your friend!" He rose and passed across the room. In the corner, set in the carved wainscoting, was the private telephone booth of Stephen Black—used for who could tell how many market-shaking commands in his business life. To this Plangonev stepped and entered—while Black and I sat in a constrained and perfect silence. The seconds passed; and several minutes. We heard no more than the faint muffled murmur of Plangonev's talking. But then at last he appeared from the booth.

"Comrade Hodman," he announced, "is dead!"

"Dead!" I cried, springing to my feet.

But Stephen Black said nothing—sat staring with protruding eyes.

"It was a singular thing," said Plangonev, returning and sitting down again across the table, where he could look into the eyes of Stephen Black once more, "yet very simple. The comrade was violent, delirious, even screaming for liquor, which, as you know, he continually must have—even in this time when it is forbidden us. But now, by my orders," said Plangonev, staring into Stephen Black's eyes rigidly, "and by the orders of his physician," he went on presently, "he was deprived of it. For his own good. In my absence," the relater continued—"shortly after I had gone, it seems—the guard, against my orders, certainly," he interjected, continuing his significant glances at Black, "left the room for a moment. There was there," he went on, "a quantity of alcohol, which we had obtained for use in a small spirit lamp; a bottle standing at one side on a table by the wall. This, it appears, the attendant left standing there. You see the rest!" he said.

"The rest!" I said, clutching the arms of my chair, for it came back to me—his intimation of the few days before—his prophecy of self-elimination concerning Hodman.

"It was wood alcohol," said Plangonev.

I could not repress an exclamation. I saw in my mind the scene—the foul-ceilinged little room in the old tenement; the cheap iron bed with its tumbled bedclothes; and this craven hulking creature, with glazed eyes, screaming for his liquor—sure as a chemical drawn to its affinity to find and drink in alcohol, in any form. And then the guard's absence—and Plangonev's—and the wood alcohol! Could this be—must it not be, my startled mind inquired—that self-elimination Plangonev had so explicitly predicted? And yet who could prove it—even I?

"It is wonderful, is it not," I heard Plangonev's voice recalling me to the scene, "how each contains within itself always—each living thing—the germs of its own self-destruction? He goes," he said to Black; "and you remain. Yet you too contain within yourself so many elements of self-destruction. Do you not?" he asked.

I could but wonder more—not knowing yet of course the full reason of it—at the small reaction that Stephen Black made to him. There was almost no response at all. And then the Russian passed along, with calm speech and threats intolerable in his voice. And I myself sat as fascinated as apparently Black was.

"You, for example, make your plans," he said in that deadly even voice. "You conceal your wealth most admirably. In cash. In gold—so much of it. To leave no trace to government investigation for the tax on income. You conceal it so carefully—its making and its place. You keep it so much here—in this room where you can know."

And now I thought Black did give a little start at last.

"But suppose now," said Plangonev, sitting more erect, his cat-and-mouse manner gone in the twinkling of an eye—"suppose now, for example, the Government should come to know of you, of all your illegal acts, of this fortune which you so lately made, and saved so much intact from general taxation."

And now for the first time—driven curiously by the lifelong habit of a trader and fighter of men—a reaction of self-defense came at last upon Stephen Black.

"Suppose the Government should come to know of you?" asked the Russian.

"Or of you?" returned the American, raising again his shrunken shoulders in his high-backed chair.

"Quite true," said Plangonev, smiling now—a smile not beautiful, showing his stained broken wolfish teeth. "And yet we differ so—in this as well. Let us look at it—examine now the situation critically. For you," he said to Black, "dealing necessarily with so many parties in the first accumulation of your wealth, it has been difficult at best and most ingenious that you have continued to conceal yourself at all. And so it would, I think we can agree, be correspondingly most easy to disclose your operations.

"As for me," he went along, "I at least have had transactions with but one—yourself. So you at least would come first—and then perhaps it might be you could involve me. Let us say," he said, "you did. There is still this difference between us: I at least have had before the experience. Prison life will be no novelty to me—or great danger. I am peasant; I am prison stuff. But you," he said—"ask yourself."

And that dreadful look—that look of terror in the great bourgeois' eyes—sharpened once again.

"You know, certainly!" said Plangonev smoothly. "And as for flight—which you have canvassed in your mind so often, naturally—I would say dispassionately you were safer here. You would be too often seen after leaving, by those not exactly your friends. We had a saying in old times," said Plangonev, "among our house serfs in Russia: 'The eyes of the slave are never closed upon the master.' It is so also to-day with the proletariat and you! As you have seen to-night," he added.

And the slumped figure in the chair made no answer.

"My feelings, though," said Plangonev, "are that with proper understanding with a mere extension of the understanding which we have already had—all will be well for both of us."

He showed, it seemed to me, in his calm—in his continuation of his cat-and-mouse manner, to which he had returned—the spirit of the half Oriental in his blood.

"I have felt," he went on smoothly, "from the first that ten per cent was too small a part of what we made together—of our mutual gains upon the stock exchange. I have felt that we should have, not ten per cent, but half at least for what we did—to add to our account—for our fund of freedom."

I gasped, listening. Blackmail in tens—in hundreds of millions! On a scale more incredible than could have been even dreamed before our times! And while I took in my breath I heard Plangonev's voice going smoothly on.

"But that certainly," he said to Black, "must be your decision—and not mine! I simply now show out the weakness of your position. You have naturally, as Comrade Hodman, essential weakness; the germs of self-destruction lurk in your own situation."

There came from Black at this a sort of mumble, which Plangonev stopped to hear. I watched him as he paused. The gleam of happy hatred shone in his one bright eye as then, when no more intelligible sound came from Black, he passed along.

"Death unfortunately," he said, "as you know, awaits you all too easily—from many ways. If you should fly, perhaps! If you go to jail, with the germs which lie so long within you; even with the suspense of not acceding to my request—and what even that might bring to you."

He waited with me, watching now that frightful and now appalling change upon the face of Black—the sinking body, the sweat upon the face, but most particularly that look—those eyes, those dreadful, fixed, protruding eyes of a man who sees in his own mind the last degree of horror.

But while we rose to catch him he stood up; stood and waved his futile hands before his face like one who fights away an invisible swarm of insects from him.

"Death! Death! Death!" said Stephen Black, and falling forward lay upon the dragon-covered oaken table.

And as he fell—before we came round to him—the door opened and the long-faced doctor, the master of Black, came running through the doorway.

"What's this?" he called, and hurried on to Black's side—where I was by now, holding him from slipping from the table.

He was injecting something—some fluid from a small vial he had hastily produced—into the forearm of the now half-conscious man when he dismissed us and we passed out.

XI

THE thing was on me—like the still persisting panting of a nightmare upon a sharp awakening. I could say nothing now in protest or discussion to Plangonev as he stumped beside me down the half-dead street of the great bourgeois. He himself was not more communicative. He treated me by this time indeed as a mere convenience, a piece of household furniture or, as he once said with characteristic bitterness, as a bourgeois does his wife. We passed up the street together and turned eastward at our corner—both wrapped in heavy thought. And we parted at my place of leaving with as little ceremony.

My mind in point of fact was held now with varied questions which I could not trust myself to frame at once for his answer. What morass of guile and indirection had I not plunged myself into in this hoped-for peaceful revolution? What violence, secret now and later very likely open, was not involved in the general situation? My mind went on from Comrade Hodman to Stephen Black, and back once more to Hodman—to Hodman, self-destroyed, lying there, self-eliminated accidentally. Or was it murder—murder of a devilish ingenuity, entirely safe, unproved, unprovable, as untraceable to any human cause as any open act of God; even incapable, I saw, of proof to my own self?

These things haunted me all that night—the hulking, distasteful figure of Honest John Hodman, the class murderer, now dead, ostensibly at least by his own appetite; the unknown danger that might be in store for Stephen Black; the situation in which I found myself inextricably involved.

(Continued on Page 65)

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Warmth Without Weight

Body lining and sleeves are fine, soft suède leather—wind proof and warm. Body is finest velour.

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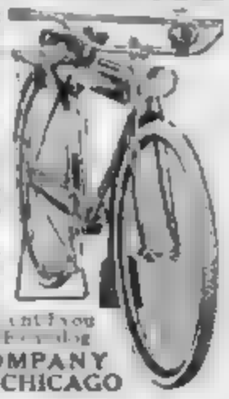

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THAT'S the Educator. It's the shoe built like the army shoe—built scientifically to let the feet grow as they should—to free them from binding pressure—to abolish the thought of corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches.

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Educators for Men, Women, Children

(Continued from Page 63)

There was no sleep for me that night; no change in my thoughts in the morning. And it was with an intense welcome almost equal to my surprise that I responded to a knock upon my door and opened it to find there the silent and uncommunicative specialist, Doctor Tideway—that master of Stephen Black.

"Who the devil is this man?" he asked, sitting down and lighting up a cigarette. "What type of murderer have you got yourself involved with to play upon a sick man's fatal disease?"

"Fatal disease?" I said after him, recalling of course now the older rumors concerning Stephen Black.

"You have seen it," he replied, "in action. You have seen its symptoms—its sweat, its staring eyes, its counterfeit of deathly fear. Not counterfeit for him, but real! A perfect type of the extreme case—the one that terminates in death through fear."

"Death," I said, "through fear!"

And then he told me—what I should have myself recalled—of the disease of fear—that not uncommon disease of the thyroid gland, but at the end of an extreme course.

"It comes, you know," he said, explaining, "from too great emotional stimulus—to women; to men under constant nervous strain, as this one has been under all his life."

He spoke in the cold impersonal manner of the doctor—considering the patient as a mere sequence of reactions between disease and restoratives—lighting now another cigarette.

"Often," he said, "death does not intervene this way. We keep them going years—as in this case—by watchfulness, by the use of the preventive extract. But this man is too ungovernable—has had his way too long. He has too long a career of unopposed imperialism in his nervous system.

"You can't do much with them," he observed calmly, "after all," and stopped, contemplating the end of his cigarette. "And at the end," he said, "in these extreme cases they die practically of fear—eyes protruding, hands flexed, muscular rigor. They end up finally in a kind of fit of fear."

He spoke still with perfect coldness, and though with my memory and the images which his speech evoked I was depressed and infinitely shaken he saw nothing of it, going on in his own professional way.

"It is especially bad for them—any such excitement at night, when the nervous power in the brain cells is low when the batteries of the brain are well discharged," he said and went on in the spirit of pure materialism.

I did not answer him.

"Who the devil is this man—this Plangonev, who follows him so?" he asked again. "I know who he is in general," he explained. "But where does he get all this knowledge—which Black especially conceals from everyone?"

I told him briefly what I could, my mouth still dry with my emotion.

"You," he said after a wait, when I was finished, exhaling a long-held cloud of tobacco smoke from his lungs—"you, unless I am mistaken—you must be at least humane."

"I hope so, certainly," I returned quickly.

"Keep him away, then! Keep this man away from my patient—if you do not want to be a party to a murder. Indirect—but certain!"

When he said this my very flesh rose on my back as I recalled again the indirect, intangible elimination of Honest John that very night before.

"But," I said, steadying my voice, "I cannot control this man. He is much more likely to prove my master than I his. He will stop," I said "will let loose this hold of strangulation, in my opinion, when he secures what he desires—and not before."

"He can have it—absolutely," said Tideway quickly. "I know this absolutely—from what my man says. You can tell him so—you must! He can have anything—anything; but he must not see my man again. He cannot see him! For it is a disease," he said—"this thing—without rime or reason.

"You fear particular objects—particular men—and at the last everything! Though God knows," he added, "this man of mine has got enough to fear about—and all his class!"

We both sat silent for a period.

"I came to you," said my companion then in his cold, emotionless voice, "first of all to save him. First of all for my patient's interest. As an ambassador, if you choose, with his knowledge and consent—you being at the present time the one chance, the one element of possible mercy in the situation that we can see. And you must tell your man just what I say. He cannot see Stephen Black—to put it baldly—because it would mean death to him. But I also come to you for another reason—personal," he said, and stopped for a time, scrutinizing his dead cigarette.

"You and I, if I am right," he said, "are in the same boat. We know too much—both of us!"

I assented warmly. "Much," I said, "that I would gladly now unlearn."

"But we are in it, nevertheless," he said. "For I take it that you can't get out. I know that I cannot. We are witnesses of this thing by necessity. But as witnesses," he went on, "we must not witness too much—for our own good."

"I begin," I answered, "to believe that you are right. Where is this thing going?" I cried, letting loose my grasp upon myself a moment. "Where is all this going to stop?" For that night of reconsideration and anxiety had made me very nervous, fearful of everything.

"I don't know," he said, "but it makes you sit up—what has happened now to these fellows on Fifth Avenue. All now but a very very few. I am a doctor," he said, flipping off his cigarette and rising now. "I am not a political economist. But we are in strange waters, my friend—you and I and all our kind. We want to be careful they don't close over all of us."

He gave me his long cold hand and went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Into this greater future enters the telephone, with its long-armed, myriad-fingered service. It gives the farmer a voice in the city's market place; the industry constant touch with commerce and finance; the home the security of instant and unlimited communication. Out of the past, through the present, into the future, in unbroken, ever-increasing service, stretches the telephone.

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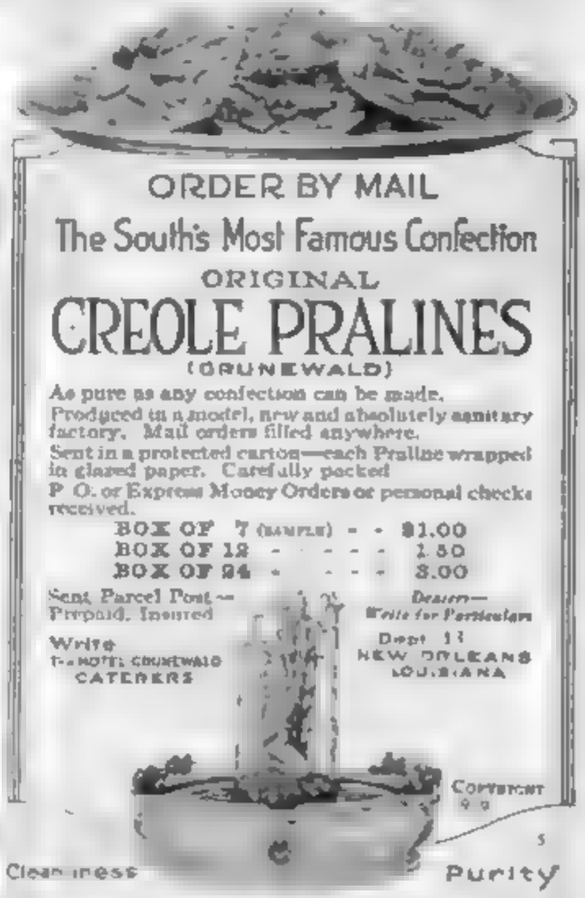

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IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

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You Can Do the Same

Yes, you with no previous experience can earn the money that may be necessary to the welfare of yourself and those dependent upon you.

The way is open to you as it has been opened to thousands of women who are now earning permanent and increasing incomes in a pleasant, dignified way of obtaining needed money, admirably suited to a woman's nature and ability. You may be all or part of your time and be sure of handsome returns for every hour you engage. Learn about this opportunity without delay.

World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear

The well known high quality and exceptional value of the great *World's Star* line make our representatives welcome callers in every home. Our [illegible] and satisfied customers [illegible] repeat orders season after season.

More Than 17,000 Women Helped

They are now earning [illegible] selling. Their incomes are growing larger every day. You can do the same as they are doing. Write today. We will send you [illegible] Call [illegible] and see what it is to be a World's Star Money Maker.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
Over 30 Years in Business

GETTING OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

(Continued from Page 15

and we respond or react to certain things largely because of race, nationality, sex, age, heredity, experience, mood, character, and the like.

It is not reasoning that makes the moth fly from darkness to light or the cockroach scuttle from light to darkness. It is not reasoning that leads the baby to cry when he pricks his finger. Nor is it the long slow circuit process of reasoning that makes the engineer throw on his brakes when he sees the wreck on the track ahead. There is such a thing as instinctive response illustrated a thousand times a day in our ordinary life.

Every idea of a situation whether an impulse from within or a suggestion from without tends to set up its own response. It has motor power. There is a reaction to it. Think of your nose and you will rub it. Those of our distant ancestors who did not react quickly to the suggestion that an enemy stood behind a tree did not survive overlong.

The ideas of the human race have tended to realize themselves for ages. If this had not been so the race would have perished long ago. We have got into the habit by now of responding to ideas for quite a good many millions of years.

A professor of chemistry said to his class: "This bottle contains a powerful chemical of peculiar odor. I wish to see how rapidly the odor will spread through the air and will ask each member of the class to raise his hand as soon as he detects the odor."

Then he opened the bottle, and one boy put up his hand within fifteen seconds. Before a minute had passed nearly everyone in the class had fallen into line. But the bottle contained only distilled water, which had no odor.

The writer of this article has gone to his bedroom, undressed, got into bed and gone to sleep, absentmindedly and unconsciously, without any intention of so doing, all because of the sight of the bed. Public school-teachers say that if they go into a classroom and call out "How many ——" a number of hands will be raised even before the teachers have a chance to finish the sentence and explain to the children what it is that they want them to do.

And Yet There are Doubters

In one of the Liberty Loan campaigns a slogan "Double the Third" was much employed. It had no official sanction in its application to the individual, and yet any number of prominent business men, perfectly capable of reasoning out what they could and should subscribe, bought more bonds because of the slogan than they would otherwise have done. They merely followed the suggestion, their minds reacting to the idea implanted therein. It is said that department stores which carry a window display bearing upon the subject sell ten times as many War Savings Stamps as stores without any such exhibit.

There are a thousand simple illustrations from daily life of the power of outside suggestion. And yet there are people who sometimes doubt the efficacy of advertising!

An advertising man in one of the Federal Reserve Districts spent long hours of tedious work in figuring out how many mental impressions were produced during each one of the Liberty Loan campaigns by certain stunts or features which he had charge of. He added up the grand total of 729,369,572 mental impressions for one loan. If that many mental impressions were produced in one of twelve districts of the country by only one part of one campaign in a space of three weeks—and the proof is conclusive enough—it is no wonder that huge quantities of bonds were sold. Man's mental make-up simply cannot resist the persistent and overwhelming force of innumerable impressions.

Advertising, in which term I include publicity and stunts, and personal salesmanship are of course only two expressions of the same thing, of the selling idea. Personal salesmanship goes after the individual; advertising goes after the mass. One form of appeal makes the individual its unit; the other form goes after many individuals at once.

Though personal salesmanship was used to an enormous extent in all the great war drives there is universal recognition of the facts, officially stated in the books of instructions to workers, that "sales follow publicity," that "oversubscriptions depend upon publicity," that "to increase the sale of bonds you must intensify your publicity."

One of the oldest problems in the modern business world is whether advertising or personal salesmanship should come first, and though there may be exceptions the general answer garnered from long experience is that they must go hand in hand, must supplement one another. As recently put, the question is like that of the Irishman's boots which were so tight that he couldn't get them on until after he had worn them a year; or like the question of whether the hen or the egg came first.

Certainly the experience of the Liberty Loans emphasizes the necessity of working advertising and personal salesmanship together. Never before has advertising been so intensified, so magnified, so speeded up in an effort to shorten the salesman's labor by delivering part of his message for him. Never before has it been so necessary to use the mass appeal on such a scale.

The Value of Bigness

Nor can we more than begin to glimpse the extent of the uses to which advertising and publicity will be put from now on, both in private business and in the spread of public ideas, as a result of the experience gained from its use in the Liberty Loans. The situation is like that of a man who has never thought of a caterpillar tractor in any connection except to pull logs or a tank, and then discovers that it will also plow up millions of acres of farm land. It is like the discovery that a stick of dynamite, which was once thought of only in connection with the extinction of autocratic Russian rulers and the demolition of buildings, is now the great miner of coal.

Straight advertising, "paid" advertising, proved a weapon of perhaps unexpected suppleness during the Liberty Loan campaigns. Just as the Fourth Liberty Loan got under way talk of peace began to fill the air. The news was all against the success of the loan. It led to no line of action. In fact, it failed to stir to action, though a few months previous the news columns of the papers were a tremendous stimulant to warlike conduct. But paid advertising was able to jump into the breach and turn and interpret the news into a definite message to the people. Salesmen could have done the same thing, but it would have taken them months or years to do it.

It was found that by slamming whole-page advertisements into thousands of newspapers at once the desired message of carrying through and finishing the job could be brought to the attention of millions of people in a few days' time. Advertising men had long known the phenomenal value of bigness—when combined with quality of content—and they used this device to the utmost.

But the Liberty Loan campaigns proved that salesmen are needed ordinarily to cash in on the fever which advertising produces. The patriotic orator and the clever auctioneer are no good unless salesmen run up and down the aisles with order blanks. Never before in the whole history of salesmanship was there a more carefully coördinated system of sending salesmen to the points where the mental impressions were being most extensively registered. Stunts by themselves may seem foolish, but not if the salesman is on the spot to cash in; and experience proves that he can and does cash in.

Then too the Liberty Loans brought out the fact in a striking manner that multitudes of people read so little and are so accustomed to taking orders in their work by word of mouth, orally rather than in writing, that advertising will not reach everywhere. Millions of people are not accustomed to act on the printed word because all their lives they have obeyed oral orders. So it will be a long time, if ever, before the salesman is wholly supplanted by the printed word.

I have not the slightest doubt that one reason the fakers are distributing so many get-rich-quick oil stocks at the present time,

(Continued on Page 69)

The Finger in the Dike

WHEN a whole countryside was menaced by a great disaster, a frail human finger saved thousands of lives and millions in property. People went about their daily affairs never dreaming of the impending catastrophe or of the tiny finger that averted it.

Today millions of people work and play and sleep and eat totally unconscious that "fingers in the dike" are serving them and protecting them in every waking and sleeping moment.

The trolley or train that carries you to your daily occupation would stop "dead" were it not for the vigilant "fingers in the dike" back at the power house—stopping the leaks by keeping the joints tight, and making possible the manufacture of power.

Fatal railway accidents would be frequent but for the "fingers in the dike" that keep the air pumps tight so that the air-brakes will instantly respond.

The elevator which lifts you to your office would not respond to the control of the operator if the "fingers in the dike" were not keeping the plungers packed tight.

Electric lights would fail; water in kitchen and bathroom faucets, *in fire hydrants*, would not flow if somewhere "the finger in the dike" failed to serve.

You never give a thought to these silent and hidden "fingers in the dike"—

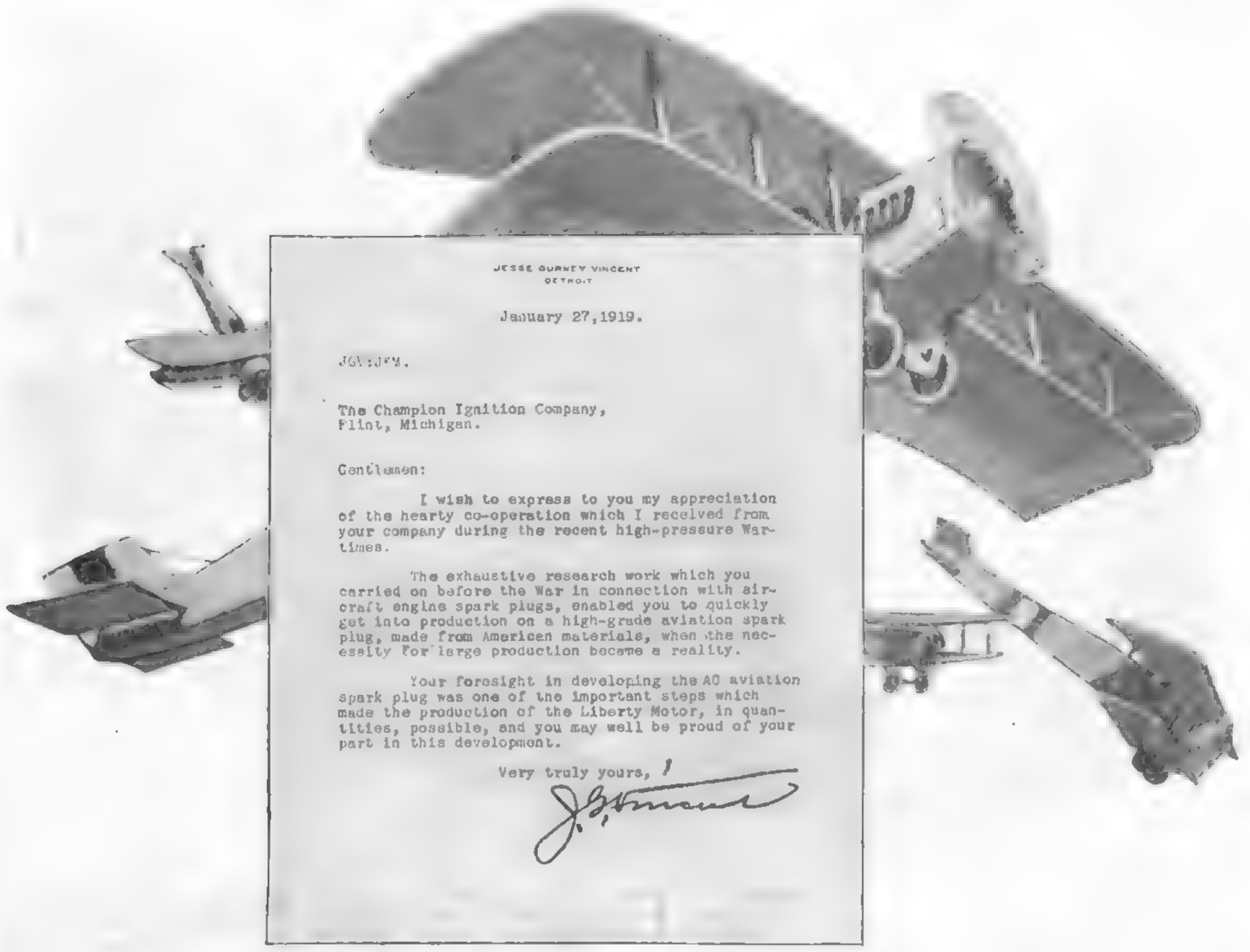
They are Packings, *rubber* packings, UNITED STATES PACKINGS, Packings that make joints water-tight or steam-tight or air-tight. Packings that make possible modern POWER, the keystone of civilization.

There is an appropriate United States Packing for every need. There is a United States Engineering service (free of all charge), that puts every plant on a standardized basis so as to apply the right packing to the right place in the right way.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division


JESSE GUEST VINCENT
DETROIT
January 27,1919.
JGV:JFM.
The Champion Ignition Company,
Flint, Michigan.
Gentlemen:
I wish to express to you my appreciation of the hearty co-operation which I received from your company during the recent high-pressure War-times.
The exhaustive research work which you carried on before the War in connection with aircraft engine spark plugs, enabled you to quickly get into production on a high-grade aviation spark plug, made from American materials, when the necessity for large production became a reality.
Your foresight in developing the AC aviation spark plug was one of the important steps which made the production of the Liberty Motor, in quantities, possible, and you may well be proud of your part in this development.
Very truly yours,

We are proud of this letter.

Jesse G. Vincent, who wrote it, is Vice-President of Engineering for the Packard Motor Car Company. During the war he wore the silver leaves of a lieutenant-colonel while supervising the design of Liberty Airplane Motors for the U. S. Government.

He was selected for this work because of his record as an engineer and because of his conspicuous success in designing Packard airplane engines before the war.

Mr. Vincent knows spark plugs.

He specifies AC for Packard vehicles.

Long before the war he put highly efficient Packard aircraft motors at our disposal for test purposes. This co-operation did much to enable us to furnish AC Aviation Plugs which stood up under the government's severest battle-plane tests when war was declared.

Most chief engineers have, like Mr. Vincent, specified AC Spark Plugs for the cars they build. The AC Airplane Plug which was exclusive equipment for all Liberty and Hispano-Suiza aircraft motors has the same basic design as the AC Plug for motor cars which these engineers have used for years.

The spark plug which best serves such masters will serve you best also.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915.
U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

The Standard Spark Plug of America

(Continued from Page 66)

solely by means of personal salesmanship, both by visit and telephone, is that they feel that the publicity of the Liberty Loans will serve their purposes as well. The undiscriminating citizen has been put in a mood, in a frame of mind to buy securities; and the faker reasons that it might as well be his stuff as anything else. He is saved advertising expenses and so can afford to concentrate upon high-priced salesmen.

This suggests that vast forces of salesmen are needed to protect the people in their Liberty Bond investments. Perhaps in course of time the life-insurance agents of the country can be put to work on this great and essential occupation.

Underneath all effective advertising and salesmanship lies the fundamental truth that people are fondest of their own ideas. If you go to a prosperous workman and suggest that he buy an automobile there will be less internal resistance to the suggestion than if you tell him to kill his baby. Perhaps he has already thought that it might be pleasant to have a little car. At least it is easy to make him feel that the idea is spontaneous with him, that it is his own idea, of internal origin.

The Liberty Loans have been the most gigantic efforts to feel the pulse of the nation and flow with the popular current in the whole history of business. Psychologically they are nothing but the connecting up of a universal idea, or ideas, with a desired line of action. All this seems to have been done with an uncanny skill. But probably the skill has been no greater than that of a hundred private advertising and merchandising campaigns.

It is only the scale of operations that made the truth so plain. The clothing dealer who by his advertisements makes people feel that somehow his clothes satisfy their æsthetic tastes has just as deep a knowledge of human nature as the managers of the great nation-wide campaigns.

Because ideas that appear to be spontaneous are always the strongest it follows that they should appeal to universal instincts and emotion. For then they are not recognized as of external origin. Put it into a man's mind to be patriotic, good to his family, comfortable, well fed, well clothed, and the like, and most of the time he will not know that you planted the idea there. But even when he is in a trance he will not as a rule violate lifelong habits, sacred relationships and fixed moral feelings. It is the line of least resistance along which travel is fastest, never the path from which must be displaced habits, usages and practices of long standing.

So the Liberty Loan managers played upon human nature like the stops upon an organ. It may be said that patriotism did it, and without a war no such total of bonds could have been sold. But that is as far as patriotism goes.

The Lines of Least Resistance

If it were not for the fact that mankind, or at least part of it, likes to be clean there would be no sale of bathtubs, but it takes something besides the instinct for cleanliness to sell bathtubs. The people bought Liberty Bonds in such great quantities because nearly all their emotions were appealed to: not only patriotism, but selfishness, love, sympathy, curiosity, rivalry, personal pride, local pride, vanity, even love of amusement.

The whole effort was to induce the people to buy along lines of least resistance through the channels known to them. This was followed out even in the most technical details. A vast amount of advertising was done which was not paid for by the Government but by the committees in the various districts, who in turn had to collect the money from individuals or corporations. This money could have been obtained if necessary from a few banks or rich individuals, but it was deemed far better to get it from manufacturers whose goods were well known to the public and whose names could be signed to the advertising.

For though people have confidence in the Government it does not enter into their daily lives like the department store or the nationally advertised manufacturer. The indorsement of well-known trade names added immense popular strength to the appeal, and in turn the merchants and manufacturers who contributed money for the purpose, who gave the "space," gained enormously in good will and prestige.

The attempt to tie up advertising with the habits of the people was made in still other ways. Printed slips descriptive of the bonds were handed out with theater tickets, loaves of bread, bottles of milk, and the like. It was merely an effort to connect up in people's minds the goods being sold with such common ideas as amusement, food and pocket money.

In one campaign it was proposed to distribute two million eight-page newspapers describing the cause to every family in one of the large cities. It was found that the only approach to a perfect system of distribution of goods was the morning paper and the milk bottle. So it was suggested that the eight-page paper go along with the morning paper. The objection to that was the certainty that hundreds of thousands would merely be thrown into the gutters. Then it was suggested that the supplement be printed right up with the papers. But someone raised the objection that thousands of people read more than one paper and such a course would involve duplication.

Finally it was suggested that a separate supplement be got up for each morning paper in line with the ideas and style of its Sunday editor, the committee to pay for the printing and to supply the articles. This was as close an approach to a perfect tying up with the recognized channels of popular reading as could be devised.

How the Publicity Changed

"The truth is that the people really wanted to do it," said a man who perhaps had as much to do with the four loans and will have as large a part in the fifth as any single individual. "If it had been put to a vote the American people would have unanimously voted in favor of buying the bonds. It was up to us to create the stupendous piece of organization to take care of that situation. It was our task to connect the Liberty Loans with what the people were doing and thinking every day—with the store, theater, movie, their food and clothes, and the street-car lines in which they ride.

"We had to find out what the people were thinking about and go with the current of public opinion. We had to flow with the current, never against it. This city is perhaps the world's greatest emporium of ideas. Men and women come in here every day with ideas for attracting attention to bonds. The first question is whether the people as a whole will like it. Then we ask Will they like the idea now? Of course we can make people like anything, we can force it down their throats, but that is not the right way. It is not any form of organization that produces the results, but the great existing human energies which we must study and hitch up with.

"Notice the way the publicity changed from loan to loan. At first, before we had any troops abroad, we had to call attention to our goods by noisy methods. Anything was all right provided it was not offensive. We might send a camel down the main street with a sign reading 'Get a hump on.' We always had our men in the crowd to see how such features took. If they heard people say 'That's a hell of a way to sell bonds!' we knew we were wrong; but if respectable-looking people followed with a smile on their faces we knew it was all right.

"In the Second, Third and Fourth Loans we had casualty lists, and there was a popular demand to raise the dignity of the appeal. We had avenues for our Allies, altars of liberty, and the like. Roses were put on the altars for the foreign nations and their flags appeared everywhere. Indeed we tried to capitalize the growing solemnity and tragedy of the war. We tried in the great cities to put the people in the spirit of civic action, to have, as it were, a spontaneous outpouring of the civic spirit. We tried to make the city express itself as a whole in great meetings, occasions, displays of art, music, special poetry, and the like, for we knew that this spirit would in turn express itself in the purchase of bonds.

"Then came that very terrible moment of the armistice when we had to throw all our advertising in the wastebasket because there was an immediate change in public opinion, and the public became absorbed by a big new idea. We had to seize the news and make a boomerang of it, to crystallize the idea in the minds of the public of finishing the job, of perpetuating the fruits of victory."

The absolute necessity of going with rather than against the current is especially

"Finds the Leak and Fixes It"

JUST as it instantly and surely seals a nail hole in a tin can, SE-MENT-OL Liquid swiftly finds and fixes radiator leaks.

A liquid itself, the SE-MENT-OL combines and circulates with the water. When it finds a leak, the air contact causes the SE-MENT-OL to harden in and over the opening, forming a firm, metal-like seal that *never lets go.* Leave some SE-MENT-OL Liquid in the radiator and it will stop other leaks before you know they're there. Can't clog even the smallest passages.

SE-MENT-OL
(LIQUID)
The Radiator Cement

has become the *standard* repair for leaky radiators. Its work is *permanent*—not affected by vibration or road-rack. Does not lay up the car. Also made in powder form.

Get a can from your dealer today—75c. Liquid or Powder. If he is unable to supply you, send us retail price and name of your dealer.

The Northwestern Chemical Co.
124 State St., MARIETTA, OHIO, U. S. A

Motorists! Make this Test Yourselves

Other Norwesco Products—SKIN-N the rad-i-ator leaker, 75c; Canada, 90c. TOP DRESSING, for leather and Pantasote, pints, 75c, quarts, $1.25, Canada, $1.00 and $1.65. MOHAIR DRESSING, for mohair tops and all other leather, pints 75c, quarts $1.25, Canada $1.00 and $1.65. CRYSTAL BLACK, dries hard and glossy in one hour, half pints, 60c, pints, $1.00, Canada, 80c and $1.45. VALVE COMPOUND, for easy valve grinding, 4 oz. double-end can, 40c, one ounce shop can $1.00, Canada, 50c and $1.20.

Protect yourself—get the Yellow Can with this Trade Mark

Most Popular Catholic Prayer-Book Published
MY PRAYER-BOOK

HAPPINESS IN GOODNESS
By REV. F. X. LASANCE
702 pages, size 5½ x 3¼ inches
A prayer-book containing the best general prayers and devotions, reflections and counsels; a prayer book teaching happiness in goodness—a prayer-book that is different.
INDIA PAPER, GOLD EDGES
Rutland, fine grain, limp, $2.00
Persian seal, limp, silk lining, 3.5
Catalogue on request
BENZIGER BROTHERS
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO
36 & 38 Barclay St., 343 Main St., 211 W. Madison St.

Allen's Foot-Ease For the Feet

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. All dealers sell it.

The Chi-Namel GRAINING PROCESS

By these simple operations anyone can apply beautiful hardwood effects over old soft wood or previously finished floors, doors, woodwork and furniture. Washable; heelproof; looks and wears like real hardwood finish. Costs about 3 cents per square foot. Directions on each can. Learn to grain in 5 minutes at

THE CHI-NAMEL STORE IN YOUR LOCALITY

where you are assured courteous interest and will find Chi-Namel quality-finishes for everything in the home, all made of self-leveling, water-proof Chinese Oil by our secret process. Guaranteed for service and easiest for amateurs to apply.

THE OHIO VARNISH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

HEALTH *and* MONEY

Mr. Elmore Everett, of New York, is convalescing. He walks an hour or two daily in the open air, and *at the same time makes good money*. At his present rate of earnings his income from his few active hours this year will reach nearly

$1000.00

He writes that his health is coming back, and that he is "in this business permanently." Next year he should easily triple his present profits.

For You, Too!

If *you* have some spare time, we will give you the same opportunity that Mr. Everett enjoys as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Country Gentleman*.

No previous experience is necessary, yet almost from the beginning each of your spare hours should bring you an easy dollar. Hundreds of our workers everywhere earn from $5 to $40 a week extra! For details, clip and mail this coupon today.

The Curtis Publishing Company
963 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'm interested in your offer to representatives. Please send me your proposition at once.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

City

State

clear when it comes to dealing with the persistent tendency of the American people to put things off until the last moment. Most people like to wait to the last moment to buy anything. This fact was recognized in the Liberty Loans in several ways. Not only was the machinery provided to take care of the rush of buying at the end but this very tendency to delay was capitalized by introducing all manner of artificial elements of suspense. The organized, manufactured enthusiasm was not dumped out in a great mass all at once, but fed out week by week as the steam pressure of public opinion warranted.

"It is like the Greek playwright who was commissioned by a nobleman to write a play," said one of the directors of these drives. "Every time the nobleman met the dramatist he asked if the play had been completed, only to receive a negative reply. One day he was told that it had been finished and he asked to see it.

"'I cannot let you see it,' was the reply, 'for it is not in writing. That is only the slavish part, but the play has been finished. It is in my mind.'

"So we do not know when a man is sold. We want him to buy when and where he will, not reluctantly. We run counter to human nature if we try too hard to pin him down in the matter of time."

The Liberty Loans, like so many other advertising and selling campaigns, have shown how important is the cumulative effect of going after the buyer. Actors and revivalists have understood this truth longer and better perhaps than the business man. The actor never expects much applause in the first act, no matter how brilliant his work; nor the revivalist many conversions in the first half hour. It was not any single blow that defeated the Germans, but a succession of shocks.

Because of the scale and magnitude of the Liberty Loan campaigns the experts have learned more definitely and exactly than before the relations and relative values of the three great branches of advertising, using the word in its broadest sense. These branches are news, or publicity; features, or stunts; and advertising in the more narrow, technical sense of the word.

These three branches are more closely tied up than the layman might suppose. If one of the best-known movie actresses in the country goes out upon the public square in your town and throws gold coins into the air, do not suppose that the stunt is a failure because the salesmen on the outskirts of the crowd sell only a few thousand dollars' worth of bonds.

Unseen Machinery

Features, or stunts, have been used on an enormous scale in the Liberty Loans to provide something for the newspapers to write about, to draw crowds together and to get people to talk about the stunts and the crowds. If only the stunt is unusual enough the papers will be obliged to write it up, and then millions of people will read and talk about it who could never by any chance see it. Five thousand people may hear President Wilson speak, but five or maybe fifteen millions read about it.

If the feature can attain to the dignity of an event or occasion, or even something like the ancient triumph, then so much the better, for then it seems to happen spontaneously because of the spirit of the occasion. But, alas, the more spontaneous such features appear to be, the more perfect in all probability is the organization behind them. The effect of good advertising and salesmanship is much like the effect produced by good actors on a stage. The better the actor the better the unseen machinery behind the scenes.

It might seem offhand that the great thing in putting over these features is the idea itself. Business men are always looking for ideas in the way of stunts, publicity and advertising, and it is true that ideas are important. But it has been found in the Liberty Loan campaigns, where more ideas have been used and on a larger scale than anywhere else in the business world, that ideas are easier to get than to execute.

This does not mean that the origin of ideas is not in itself an interesting field of study. Many of the best hunches used in sale of Liberty Bonds in New York City came from a professional idea man who ordinarily in his commercial work never takes more than ten clients and charges a regular fee of one thousand dollars apiece. He takes no credit for what he does and has no egotism except the desire to be in on all important undertakings. His value lies in the fact that most of his ideas appeal to multitudes. When the Government gave the experts a blanket order to visualize to the people of the country America's appreciation of the Allies it was suggested that the leading street in the metropolis be decorated with the flags of the Allies. But the professional idea man immediately improved on this general notion by suggesting that a single block be given over to the flags of each nation.

On the other hand one of the best ideas—that of having a famous movie actor fly back and forth between New York and Washington in an aëroplane with million-dollar subscriptions—originated with a regular government official. Ideas in the main are a cheap commodity. The great thing is to have a standard or scale to fit them to and an organization capable of carrying them out.

The Enthusiasm of Crowds

Work that seems to be of a pioneer nature has been done in New York City by John Price Jones, a newspaper and advertising man in the employ of the Liberty Loan Committee, in the way of organizing, classifying, standardizing and especially in measuring the effect of features. No matter how original an idea may be he insists that its execution depends upon its fitting into very definite channels. No idea is accepted unless it carries a definite message, unless it is likely to attract large numbers, unless the amount of publicity will be large and unless it can be developed in a practical way without too much expert knowledge and supervision. If accepted the feature then falls into one of ten classifications and goes through the mill like any factory unit—like a shovel, a glass bottle or a cheap automobile.

As soon as a campaign is finished Jones figures up the exact number of mental impressions produced by each feature and by all features, the cost of each feature, the cost of producing a given number of mental impressions, the number of bonds sold and similar data. In one loan the figures indicated that more than five thousand mental impressions had been produced for one dollar. Though the cost in private business would be somewhat larger yet here is a field whose possibilities for business enterprise at least warrant further expert study.

The whole idea of features is closely tied up with the impressionable and suggestible state of mind of a crowd, indeed with mob psychology. No matter how elaborate the feature, it was always more effective if a parade could be marched up to and away from it. Why do automobile manufacturers have shows and the merchants of France a Lyons Fair? I am certain that shows, fairs and expositions do something more than exhibit goods. Why do revivalists prefer to have the audience sit close together? Why is a city mob more excitable than an equal number of farmers living several miles apart?

Any gathering or crowd tends to generate mental electricity, to arouse enthusiasm, to carry the impulse from the brain of the leader to the people. If that impulse be to rob and kill, then we don't want any artificial stimulation of crowds, but if the idea be to give money to the Red Cross, to buy Liberty Bonds or any other form of desirable and serviceable goods, then there is no reason why the Government and the business man should not employ the forces of mob psychology to further their ends.

Now, we all know that individual responsibility is lost in a crowd. A respectable citizen who would never dream of shouting and waving his hat when walking alone along the street will do so in a crowd because of the protection of numbers and the loss of his individuality. His life sinks and shrinks with the loss of his individual freedom of movement.

When a man loses his sense of responsibility and individuality, when the need of a severe and rational control of his movements ceases, when in fact he is physically unable to do anything different from his neighbors—he is in an abnormal state. His usual activities have stopped, he is removed from his ordinary surroundings, and he is in a strange, exciting and perhaps intimidating element. Never is it so easy to suggest an idea to him as now, for the usual internal obstacles are absent. Just as a bundle of sticks close together will flame up faster than a single piece of wood, so do ideas spread faster in a crowd than among scattered individuals. The units of a crowd inflame each other by mutual sympathy and mutual consciousness of it.

It is no great feat to sell Liberty Bonds to twenty thousand employees in a single great industrial plant gathered together in one plaza and harangued by the ablest orators. It is really no feat at all to stir into religious fervor twenty thousand people in a city tabernacle. But it is a real achievement to sell bonds to twenty thousand scattered farmers or to carry the message of Christianity to settlers in a new country.

It would never have been possible to raise the vast sums of recent years had it not been for the crowds in the cities and the industrial plants. Only sheer contagion was able to do it. Newspapers and all the ingenious devices of modern advertising tend to duplicate to a considerable extent among scattered people the conditions that exist in an actual physical crowd or mob. People who never see a baseball or football game read the score boards and newspaper accounts. Waves of feeling can be made to sweep over people even when they are not in actual physical contact.

If the merchandiser can only create the feeling among people that everybody is buying his goods, that it is the fashionable thing to do—he will almost reproduce the easy selling conditions that exist in a crowd.

"Why do people buy Liberty Bonds at theaters, auctions, meetings, and the like, instead of going to their banks?" I asked a man who has made more than two hundred and fifty Liberty Loan speeches.

"The answer is simple," he replied. "People like to go out in the evening. They like to be entertained and amused. They like to have a good time. All I have to do is to get them in the right mood, to get them to buy in the spirit of sport, of pastime.

"I find that it is impossible to go too far. In the next loan I am going to take the six most beautiful girls in town on the platform with me and allow anyone in the audience to select any girl to sing, the person in the audience of course being obliged to buy a bond when he announces his selection.

"I have frequently stepped upon the stage and exclaimed at the number of beautiful girls in the audience. Then I would suggest that each girl who was engaged should buy a fifty-dollar bond; and of course all those who are not engaged buy one to make people think that they are."

Sentiment and Rivalry

"Nor does the mother-in-law joke ever fail. I make a little speech saying that they all know their mothers-in-law are pretty good sports after all. 'Who looks after the baby when you want to go out?' I ask them. Then I ask how many young men will buy a fifty-dollar bond for their mothers-in-law.

"Then I ask all the old men to buy a fifty-dollar bond for the grandchildren at home asleep in the cradle.

"The great thing is to get people to match each other. Once started it spreads like wildfire. I have all sorts of variations on that idea. Perhaps one or two subscriptions have to be planted, but the rest come of their own accord. I try to get the instinct of rivalry, of competition, working. Then the crowd takes it up and runs away with it.

"No, I don't quite agree with you that people must be got into a state of hysteria. It is merely a question of taking advantage of every selling opportunity. Of course people must be got away from a cold-blooded view of the subject. The great thing is to get people to do something which has an effect not only upon themselves but upon other people. Anything to auction off is a great help. Any form of contrast helps. If in a charity drive I could get John D. Rockefeller, who gives perhaps a million, and a ragged newsboy, who gives a penny, to stand together on the platform, then I could raise all the money needed."

The fact that positive things have more power with the human mind than negatives was brought out strikingly throughout all the big war campaigns. This has long been a commonplace of psychology, but its bearing in business undertakings is better understood now than before. Never before has this particular peculiarity of human nature been so carefully studied and capitalized. The whole conduct of the war drives and also of the effort to increase production in the factories was based on do rather than don't.

(Concluded on Page 75)

Pale, sallow skins

The new steam treatment for them

THINK of the remarkable effect of this steam treatment on your skin. Steam penetrates the skin in a way water alone cannot do. It enables you to cleanse thoroughly the pores that have become clogged, to stimulate inactive blood vessels and give the skin new color.

To make your skin soft and colorful, one night a week fill your bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The very first time you use this Woodbury steam treatment, your skin will begin to show more color. The other six nights of the week, cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

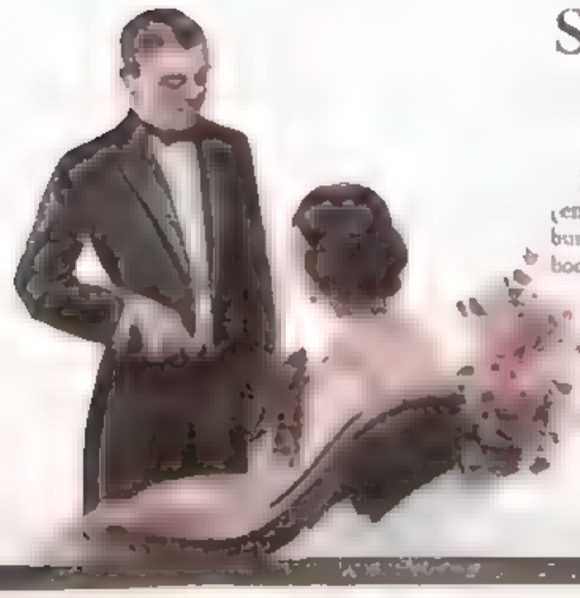
Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Get your cake at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

For the commoner skin troubles

You will find complete treatments, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch", which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Table of contents

Conspicuous Nose Pores
Blackheads
Skin Blemishes
Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Coarsened Skin
Tender Skin
Sluggish Skin, etc.



Sample cake of soap with booklet

of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch". Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 605 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 605 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A clear, supple skin, glowing with color! All young people should have it. Begin today to use the particular Woodbury treatment your skin needs.

"Apple Blossom T

There is nothing more contagious than enthusiasm. The keen appreciation and deep respect that over 600,00 Overland owners so freely express is an Overland asse of priceless value. This enthusiasm of Overland owner is our inspiration and obligation to produce cars tha will perpetuate and enhance Overland prestige. The Model 90 Overland is completely fulfilling this obliga

WILLYS-OVERLAN

rland

me, In An Overland"

tion to old and new friends. Where road conditions are poor, its easy riding qualities inspire appreciation. Everywhere its operation, sturdiness, low upkeep and dependable performance constantly widen the circle of Overland friends. This enthusiasm of the spreading, contagious, inspiring kind is your safest buying guide.

INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
$985; Sedan $1495; Prices f. o. b. Toledo.
Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

Ending Corns

Is Nowadays Part of a Lady's Toilet

Dainty women in these days should never keep a corn. Like a torn gown—like a grease spot—it indicates neglect.

Science has solved the corn problem. Now any corn can be quieted at once. Any corn can be ended quickly, completely and forever.

The way is Blue-jay—a scientific method. One applies it in a jiffy. It is snug and close-fitting, so one quickly forgets it.

It stops the pain instantly and stops it for good. Then a bit of wax gently undermines the corn. In two days it completely disappears.

The only exception is some old, tough corn. And that but needs a second application.

To pare a corn takes ten times longer than to apply a Blue-jay. By paring you do not end a corn—you but ease it for awhile.

Old-time treatments, harsh and mussy, are much harder to apply. And they must be oft repeated.

The modern way—the Blue-jay way—is scientific, easy, quick and gentle. And it's sure. Millions of people have proved that.

Try Blue-jay tonight. Let it end whatever corn you have. Then let it stop all future corns before they pain at all.

Your corn-free friends are doing that, you'll find.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Stops Pain Instantly

B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists

(Concluded from Page 70)

Both in the Liberty Loan campaigns and in the factories the greatest care was taken to refrain from calling men slackers because they failed to do something. To call them patriots because they did something was the universal aim. For the positive suggestion is always hardest to resist.

An old alchemist sold directions for turning eggs into gold. The purchaser was told to break a dozen eggs into a pan and stir them for half an hour without once thinking of the word "hippopotamus." But though thousands tried they all failed to resist the positive suggestion.

This is a great proposition, don't you think so? Do you think this is a good proposition? You don't think this is a good proposition, do you? It is quite superfluous to ask which of these three questions has the greatest selling power. The retail dealer who says, "We have some neckties that will go with that suit of clothes you are wearing," is more likely to sell than if he says: "I don't suppose there is anything more you want?" The salesman is taught to lay an order blank in front of the prospect, even to dip his pen in the inkwell.

Far more people are taught to save by telling them about a new system of family budgets or where to buy a good suit at a low price or how to get more miles out of a gallon of gasoline than are ever won by merely telling them not to spend. People may be extravagant, but it does no good just to tell them to stop. If a child has a sharp razor which you wish to take away, hold out an apple in one hand before you grab the razor with the other hand.

The human mind works in terms of positives and affirmatives rather than negatives, in similarities and presences rather than differences and absences. Men think in terms of highest, loudest, largest and ablest rather than shortest, faintest, smallest and weakest. This does not mean that indirect suggestion is never a good way to sell goods. One of the most successful salesmen of corporation bonds rarely talks about the bond itself, but calls immediate attention to the fact that the company stands AAA in the rating book.

"That is the same as Rockefeller's standing, is it not?" he asks the prospect. His method is indirect, but it is just as positive as if he said: "You simply must buy this bond."

There is a steady increase in the advertising copy that tells a story, a narrative, a piece of actual news or valuable and interesting information. This is indirect suggestion, but it is often the best kind of copy because the message carried is really more interesting than any direct statement about the purchase of the article in question.

Three Magic Words

An advertisement that proves how much easier it is to clean a room by electrical power than by broom and muscle may be only an indirect way of selling Binks & Jinks' vacuum cleaners, but it conveys a positive and powerful suggestion all the same.

A banker was shown a piece of Liberty Loan advertising and he remarked that it was intensely interesting, but he couldn't find any reference to the word "bond."

"The main thing," replied the expert, "is that there should be aspiration and idealism rather than repression. The main thing is to put people in a cheerful and enthusiastic mood so as to give expression to their feelings, as they are sure to do when stirred by music, color, meetings, and the like. They must be made happier, made to feel that they are part of a great effort. They must be made to feel in it. All the advertising must express forward movement, positive action. In this particular campaign, which is coincident with the bitterest fighting of the war, we must use such words as 'attack,' 'drive,' 'dig in,' and the like. People must feel they are doing a definite, constructive thing, and if that is done they will buy even if the word 'bond' isn't used."

In any form of selling, a big simple positive idea should be held before the people. In the Fifth Liberty Loan it will be necessary to drive hard on the idea of prosperity and of finishing the job. Slogans are especially suitable for a big national campaign of a public character. Assuming that enough people admired President Wilson, nothing would have been more effective in all the Liberty Loan campaigns than the universal use of three words—Washington-Lincoln-Wilson—with the respective pictures.

It is this same trait of human nature—to like big simple ideas—that makes it important in the highest degree to seize upon special occasions, special days, holidays, and the like, for extra effort. A special day upon which to buy is an easy thing to think about; it holds up something positive for the mind to take a hold upon.

Experts on selling have long known that the best average selling talk is a skillful blending of the emotional and the intellectual. This principle has been tried out on an unparalleled scale in the Liberty Loan campaigns. Every motive, every instinct, every feeling and every reasoning process had to be reached, for all manner of people—men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor—had to be sold.

Therefore every type of copy was used. Never has such a close study been made as to the respective types of copy that should go to the morning and evening papers, and to the highbrow and lowbrow papers. In the same way the question of putting different types of posters in the rich and poor sections of the cities was studied. In the case of leaflets, inserts, and the like the experts canvassed from loan to loan the advisability of writing separate copy for laboring men, for farmers and for women.

Heart-Throb Copy

Now on one point most authorities would agree—that it is the heart-throb or emotional copy which brings the best advertising results. But the fact or reasoning type of copy, the long-circuit stuff, was by no means neglected.

In each loan one of the first things provided for was a large amount of investment copy—facts about the value of the bonds, their freedom from taxation, and the like. In a single city nearly twenty thousand dollars was spent in one loan in advertising the fact of tax exemption through trade papers calculated to reach the well-to-do classes.

One rather interesting discovery was the fact that though the country was in a great war during the first four loans so-called horror copy did not go to any extent. Experts explain this on the ground that horror stuff does not lead to action. It lacks the constructive element. Of course there are exceptions. The proprietor of a tailor shop who saw a picture of a German soldier cutting the hands off women and children put in a large subscription. Then he went and dragged his ninety-eight employees out to see the picture. Every one bought a bond.

In a previous article on modern methods of raising money for charity I laid great stress upon the employment of competitive teams. In the Liberty Loan drives several more or less related human instincts—rivalry, imitation and vanity—have all been utilized to the utmost.

An enterprising salesman was put in charge of a campaign in a particularly dead community. He despaired at the smallness of the subscriptions. Then he heard that a rich and successful manufacturer had just bought a country estate near by. He called upon the man personally and asked for a subscription.

"Yes, I'll give you one," replied the millionaire as he filled out a blank for five thousand dollars. "You know, I put in my chief subscription in the city." The salesman looked disappointed.

"What did you expect?" asked the manufacturer, quite amused at the other's downcast expression.

Mister Salesman was at a loss to name an amount, for he did not know how rich a man he was dealing with. If he put the amount too high the prospect would be mad; if he put it too low he would be insulted.

"Well," was the reply, "you know this is a poor place with no spirit. I thought there would be at least one big subscription put in and that you might be the man to do it."

The result was a check for fifty thousand dollars and later the offer of a fine position to the salesman, so pleased was the manufacturer with his skillful selling methods. But the motives brought into play in that selling talk were of the simplest description.

Nowhere, however, have the results of playing upon the human tendencies toward imitation, rivalry, vanity, respect for prestige, and the like, been more marked than in the purchases of the organizations of business men and the employees in factories and industrial establishments. Nor are the results confined wholly to the purchase of Liberty Bonds. They point to new and interesting developments in the whole business field.

A very large part of all the money subscribed for Liberty Bonds has come either from the business men in the different industries, such as hardware, paint, shirt waists and hundreds of others, or from employees in large establishments. Results seem to have depended almost solely upon the degree to which internal organization was carried down to the smallest unit. The real way to sell Liberty Bonds in a factory, for example, is to introduce the element of rivalry down to the lowest unit, the smallest group. Have a score board or roll of honor not only for each department but for every conceivable group, gang or shift within the department. Have special buttons of different sizes for different-size subscriptions.

"Hey, you big stiff," says the workman with a large button to the man alongside him with the small button. "Why don't you get a real button? Don't be a cheap skate!"

Business men have long known that the way to get results from any class of employees, whether railroad presidents or day laborers, was to put their names up where all might see the results; in other words, to set rivalry, imitation and vanity to work. The same thing has been true in salesmanship.

"No," shouts the irate prospect, "I don't care what these other fellows are doing. I don't care who has bought your proposition or who hasn't. Show me what it will do for me."

But it is a foolish salesman indeed who takes the prospect at his word and fails to remark in passing that the man's bitterest business rival has already bought.

The Spirit of Rivalry

A great manufacturing company recently wanted to sell thirty million dollars of goods in one year. It has two hundred salesmen, and the management really did not expect more than twenty million dollars of sales. But in outlining the year's campaign the salesmen were all called together, and man after man was asked to stand up and pledge his word that he would do the best he could to sell a certain amount. What was the result? The chap who really saw no possibility of selling more than three-quarters of a million listened with mingled feelings to the man next to him calmly announce that a million was his figure.

"That guy has nothing on me," shouts the three-quarters man. "I'll make it a million too"; and a million he probably sold.

The simple device of setting quotas and giving honor flags to communities invokes the truly terrific forces of rivalry, imitation and vanity. "Tell us what you want," says the leading citizen of Squeedunk as he swells up with local pride, "and we'll do it." And they do. Forty thousand honor flags were given to communities in one loan.

I do not mean of course that the business men in an industry, the workers in a factory or the citizens of a community get together for a common cause solely because of rivalry, imitation and vanity. Enlightened self-interest, genuine friendliness and neighborliness and even higher motives play a large part. But it would be silly to overlook the significant and potent rôle which has been played by fear of being outdone by the man alongside you and the desire to imitate the man above you.

Out of all this, however, has come a new coöperative spirit. Employers, employees and citizens—all alike have a new pride and a new confidence in their particular industry, their plant or department, and their community. They have learned their ability to do things. Millions of men have learned for the first time the value and secret of organization and cooperation.

Of especial significance is the way in which business men have learned to work together. Time and again during the Liberty Loan campaigns the representative of some particular industry would look over, say, a hundred and fifty of his rivals seated amicably at a luncheon and remark with never-ending wonder to some Liberty Loan worker from the outside: "This is the first time we've ever been able to get these fellows together."

Of course an inevitable result of this getting together is a lessened inclination to call a competitor by some such name as "stinker." A customer who asks a concern about a rival is not likely, as in former times, to hear bitter words.

Now he is told: "Yes, we know Blank & Co. very well. They are a fine crowd, but we can show you where we are able to give better service."

The Factor of Convenience

Men in business competition have learned to respect one another. It is severe price competition, ruinous price cutting, that makes manufacturers hate one another. But the more often rivals get together the less likely they are to cut prices. Competition will be as fierce as ever, but it will take the form of competition in service, in quality, rather than in price. And manufacturers do not get quite so red in the face with each other over competition in service as they do when each is cutting the other to pieces on prices.

Many of the organizations formed under stress of the Liberty Loans in various industries will remain. In one trade where the feeling was exceedingly bitter there is now a plan under way for a new industrial city with improved working conditions for the employees, a club for the employers and other coöperative features.

Business men could not fail to get a new vision from their Liberty Loan activities. A man who never before thought in sums of more than half a million was obliged to think of himself as one of a committee which had to raise five millions. He realized for the first time what a vast whole he was a part of. In New York City alone 130,000 business concerns were listed, and each one was expected to do its part.

This article has dealt wholly with questions of appeal in the sale of goods, of what we call salesmanship and advertising. But there is another important element in selling. No matter how skillfully you may work upon a man's feelings or reasoning faculties, no matter what degree of art and science you employ in suggesting to him the desirability of purchasing—your effort is incomplete unless you make it physically easy to buy. The mere method of payment is of first importance.

Liberty Loan campaigns have emphasized this truth with steady insistence. For one thing it has been discovered that working people will pay one dollar a week for a year where they will not pay two dollars a week for a half year. This particular detail has proved a stumblingblock to many selling schemes, but the lesson seems to have been learned at last and future campaigns will be governed accordingly.

Immense sums of money, it has been learned, can be raised by automatic saving, or pay-roll deduction. This was not a new method, but its possibilities had never been generally realized before. Also it has been learned that large sums in the aggregate can be raised by clubs, fraternal orders and similar bodies by means of small weekly payments patterned more or less, I suppose, upon the payment of dues. In one place—Bucyrus, Ohio—this method of raising money for Liberty Loans and other similar objects has been tried out on such an extensive scale that it is now proposed by similar means to put up several new club buildings and a convention hall and community center. Nor do I see any reason offhand why some skilful organizer should not in time devise schemes of turning this method of money raising to the uses of private business enterprise.

Both are Goodyear; both built up layer-upon-layer

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Solving the Inflation Problem

POSSIBLY you may have wondered why it is that Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are such good containers of air and why they last so long.

The most dramatic answer to that query is to point to the giant gas bags which Goodyear has been engaged in building.

Essentially the same underlying principles of construction with which Goodyear solved the inflation problem for lighter-than-air craft apply to the manufacture of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

Nine years of pioneering and research have proved that rubberized fabrics, built up *layer-upon-layer*, form the most practical container for the elusive gas of the balloon.

Logically, therefore, this same built-up principle of construction proves most effective in the manufacture of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes where the inflation problem is greatly simplified, since the tube's sole function is to hold air.

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are made of pure, grey rubber, built up and cured together, *layer-upon-layer* —several plies thick. Then the valve-patch is firmly *vulcanized-in*.

Small wonder that these tubes hold air tenaciously and last remarkably long!

We find that an implicit belief in the superiority of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes is well established in the minds of users everywhere.

Our dealers tell us repeatedly that car owners who are once persuaded to pay the slightly added cost of these thick, grey tubes, will have no other kind from that day on.

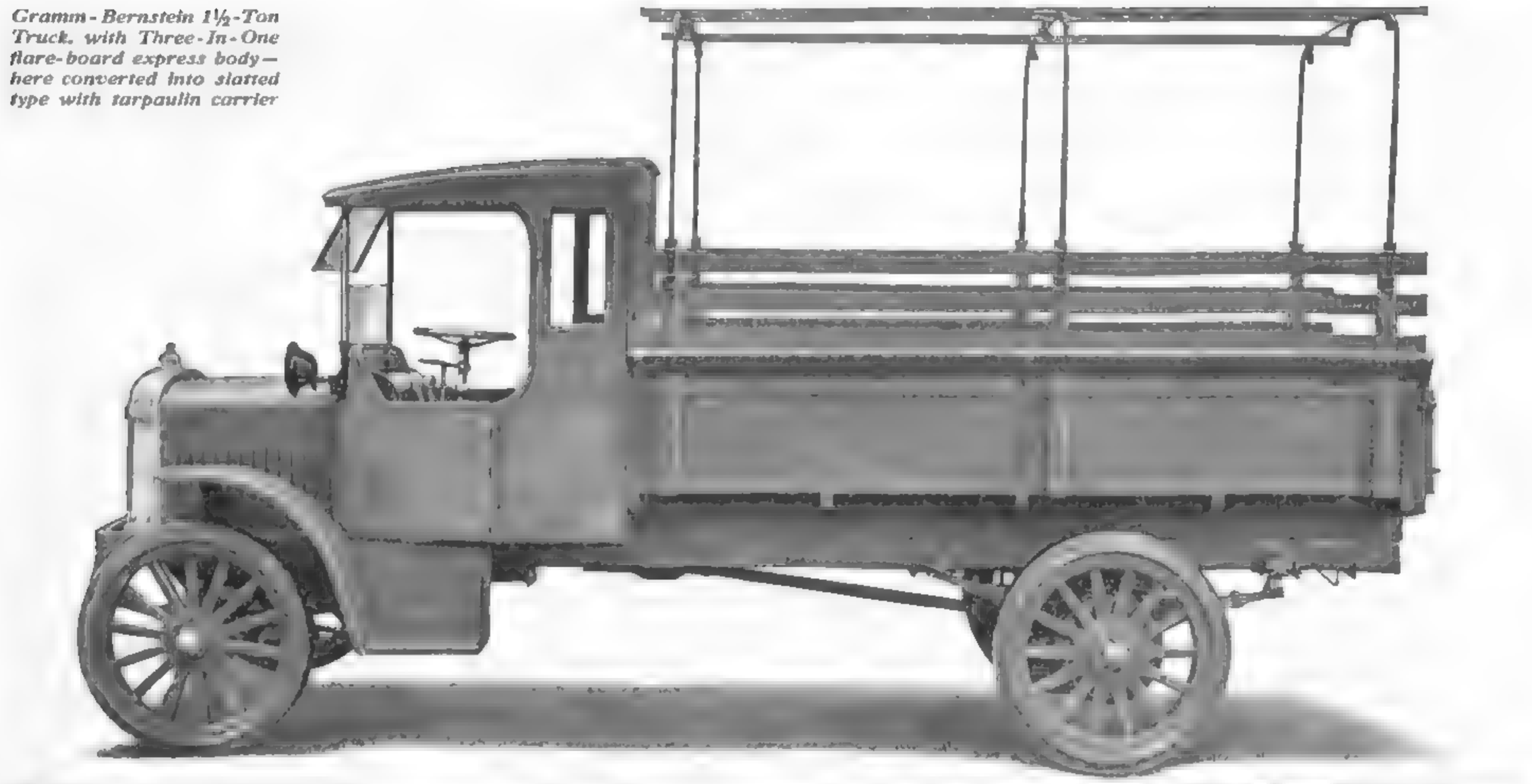
For they soon learn that these tubes are the best form of tire insurance—that they work well *with* and protect good casings.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

A section of a Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube with plies separated to show layer-upon-layer construction.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES



Gramm-Bernstein 1½-Ton Truck, with Three-In-One flare-board express body—here converted into slatted type with tarpaulin carrier

Built as a 1½-Ton Truck Should Be Built

B. A. Gramm puts his 18 years of truck experience into this 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein. It is built as he knows a 1½-ton truck should be built for long life and low hauling costs.

Business men can safely accept these facts as assurance of excess ton-and-a-half value.

On top of them is the clean record of all Gramm-Bernstein trucks.

This truck will do its part in keeping that record fine and clean.

Built Right For 1½ Tons

To some, the truck might seem over-size. That is because business men are not accustomed to such stout and generous specifications for a 1½-ton rating.

Rear axle bearings, for example, are one to two sizes larger than found in many 2-ton axles. Mr. Gramm wants no buyer to take chances.

That is why he has also equipped this truck with larger tires. A thoroughly good 1½-ton truck, he says, is entitled to soundness such as this.

The springs are neither too heavy, nor the leaves too many. Mr. Gramm insists, also, on the costlier Vanadium alloy steel, as an extra insurance.

Costlier Practices Make a Better Truck

Doubtless many experts would call this a 2½-ton transmission. According to Mr. Gramm it is no larger than this truck should have.

The two-piece, three-universal-joint propeller shaft costs more. But it does away with the "whip" of a one-piece shaft.

Having both brakes operate on the rear wheels is likewise more expensive. However, it avoids the excess wear which a propeller shaft brake imposes on the rear transmission bearing. Therefore, it is better.

Six cross members stiffen the frame against misalignment and undue strain. They are gusseted for still greater strength, and at the rear are two corner braces in addition to the corner gussets.

Built to Uphold A Good Name

So on throughout. Mr Gramm wants this truck to be as well thought of as all he has ever built.

He is not satisfied that it be just good enough to carry 1½ tons. It must be extra good.

In any comparison for real worth, we feel that close buyers must choose this truck, because of these downright superiorities and what they mean to successful truck operation.

The 18-year Gramm reputation for faithful, low-cost service is behind it, with all its force.

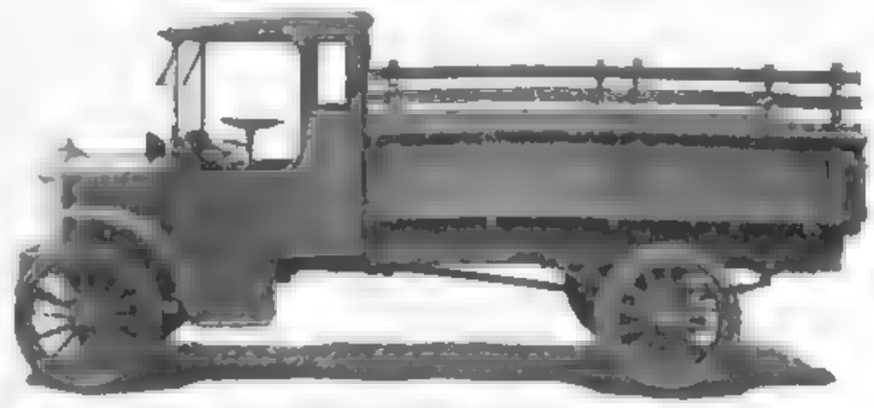
Three-In-One Body On 1½-Ton Chassis

One of the body options for the 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein is our Three-In-One type, illustrated here. Other standard types are the platform stake and the slatted stake, each furnished in high, low and medium styles.

All Gramm-Bernstein trucks are chainless drive. Capacities from 1½-ton to 5 tons.

THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

GRAMM BERNSTEIN



The 1½-Ton Three-In-One body, with extra slatted panels added.

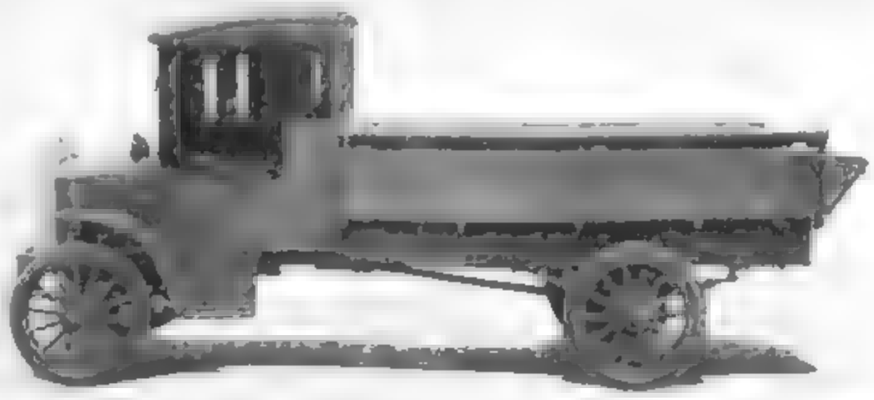
$1895 *F. O. B. Lima, Ohio*

1½-Ton Chassis with driver's seat.

$1975—1½-Ton Chassis with all-weather cab, doors, curtains and windshield

$2115—1½-Ton Truck, complete as illustrated below, with flare-board express body, which is convertible into a slatted express body, and a covered, slatted express body.

36 x 6 and 38 x 7 Pneumatic All-Weather Cord Tires Furnished at Extra Equipment



Standard 1½-Ton Three-In-One flare-board express body—The foundation for the types shown above. Note complete curtain equipment.

THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, LIMA, OHIO, U. S. A.

Builders of the First Standardized Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck

DINNER IS NOW SERVED

(Continued from Page 4)

a slightly thickened coat of our old friend the versatile soup. I told you that soup doubled in another part. This is it—gravy.

Once more to the chicken leg. It is cold, oh, so bitter cold! Its patina of gravy protects it but miserably. What it really needs is a nice long thick woolen stocking. But attack it with your fork and knife and you have something less fanciful to think of. Gouge out a bit and taste it. Now you know why the children had to go to bed without any supper, even when they hadn't been bad children. But you are not a child with a child's puny muscles, so you try and try. You are loathe to believe this of a government which has been so highly spoken of both here and abroad. But it's true, so terribly true!

That roast spring chicken easily won a fight with me three times in three dining cars between New York and San Francisco. Each time was put before me the emaciated thigh, the shrunken shin, of something that beyond question had once been a chicken. Not a cold-storage chicken. I am too meek a citizen to mutter about chicken on a dining car that is merely cold storage. Well, go on—if it wasn't cold-storage chicken what was it? Simply this: The life history of those venerable birds had been rounded out centuries, hundreds of centuries, before cold storage was invented. Indeed! And may I ask how that well could be? Certainly you may. Nature herself had cold-stored those fowls ages before man of the old stone age had invented his first battle-ax. They were early paleozoic chickens and had been engulfed by a glacier. Nor were they spring chickens, either, in that far-off epoch when they perished. When they met the great adventure they were already senile, doddering wrecks. Otherwise that glacier in the world's dawn couldn't have caught them. You know how slow a glacier moves, don't you? Imagine a flock of chickens that one could overtake in a race. And the slow ages passed and the glacier gave up its dead. The poor old things were drawn from their frigid sepulture. And instead of being mounted in the American Museum of Natural History as instructive survivals of a bygone age they are being served in dining cars as food. And by a government we try to think well of. All right! My country, right or wrong, but just the same no privately owned dining car ever dared sell at any price a chicken leg that would be useful only if you wished one to fool a friend with on April first—telling him you were going to give him the leg of a chicken and then foisting on him one of these Pre-Cambrian fossils.

Spring Mammoth Next

And the possibilities are disquieting to one who travels. Lately they have found an almost complete hairy mammoth amid the arctic tundras of Siberia, frozen and fresh in the paleocrystic ice. So look out, on your next journey, for "roast spring mammoth with gravy." Don't take it. I mean to say, how will they know it is spring mammoth? They won't. They will have no means of knowing whether that trove of dining-car food passed out in the spring or in one of the coldest winters up there when people drove their sleighs right across Bering Strait. It is merely a thought in passing. And I received another thought about the gravy that is put on with a brush. I caught it from a gentleman of somber garments and subdued manner who dined across the aisle from me one of those jolly nights. As one will at such times, I had idly speculated about his life work when he was not in a dining car. Something in his appearance decided me to suspect that he would be one of that useful guild now calling themselves, in any town of over five thousand people, morticians. This person scraped off a bit of the glaze that primed his chicken leg, tasted it cautiously and spoke to the hovering waiter.

"George," he said—I don't know if this waiter's right name was George or not, but that's what the man called him. "George, that fluid that's been used on that chicken ain't quite fresh." I don't say what fluid he thought it was, but I am sure I had guessed his occupation, and I could tell by the way he let his chicken leg alone that it had appealed to him otherwise than as food.

But why keep on calling them chicken legs simply? A person might think you believed a chicken to consist entirely of legs. Very well, I'll take that little matter up. Legs were all we got; all I saw anyone get. At three separate dinners in three dining cars in four days I must have seen seventy-five orders of roast spring chicken with gravy served. This is conservative because I am a trained observer to begin with, and this faculty was immensely stimulated after the first meal. I used to get a seat at the kitchen end of the car to check the orders. So I must have seen seventy-five complete chicken legs served to people who thought they were going to get roast spring chicken. I even got so I could tell at a mere glance whether the legs were rights or lefts. They seemed to run about even; one night I might count more lefts, but the next night there would be more rights. I do not wish to make this scandal worse than it is. I say at once, and will affirm before a notary at any time desired, that to the best of my knowledge and belief the Government played fair with us in the matter of right and left legs. Of course I am still puzzled in the matter. I should like to be told—indeed I should have asked the curator of the dining car—why only the legs of those early tertiary birds had been recovered from Nature's own ice box. Why of all those fowl should only the chassis, the running gear, be preserved, and never a tonneau? Certainly, no tonneau of a chicken was served at those three dinners. Had only these more obdurate parts of the organism survived the long glacial night, or was the Government holding out? Not that I think the missing limousines would have proved edible. Nothing like that. I ask merely as a piqued paleontologist.

The Tremolo Stop

Anyway, this is why the wan-faced children would be put to bed whimpering; why they refused to sleep, the earthy little beasts, until they were told pretty stories about the children of rich parents who do not have to travel on limited trains but may stay snug at home and have oodles of rare delicacies for supper, like poached eggs and apple sauce and rice pudding—and maybe some time if they were very, very good they could get off this old train. And that is why, at the holy twilight hour, their elders, having basely pinched into the dwindling stock of milk and dusty crackers, would draw sweetly closer in the golden dusk and dream back to a happier time, speaking in hushed and tender tones of lamb chops and roast beef and baked ham and mashed potatoes and macaroni and baked squash and lemon cream pie—on and on into the very abyss of these sentimental dreams, until emotion overpowered and utter grief bedewed the expensive car-seat plush; or until, the proud train having hesitated beside a station, the faithful black would come burdened with spoils. Not the kind they sold up in the dining car. I mean things he had been told to buy at the lunch counter. Ham sandwiches and sponge cake. Those sandwiches were bold of bread and timid of ham; the sponge cake belonged to the old red sandstone period of the earth's building. But they were the products of private ownership and they made a beauteous vision in the desert.

One day I took a bold step. I asked our Government if the children couldn't have eggs for their lunch. The Government looked grave, as if I were going pretty far, but said they might this once if I would sign a printed form saying they were sick. And I signed it. Of course strictly speaking, those children were not sick. They were merely starving to death. But I lied brazenly and I have never even asked our pastor whether I imperiled my future. Let our Government make the most of this confession! Congress can take it up to-day for all I care. I would do the same thing again. You take a baby and pour money into it for four or five years—shoes and measles and romper suits and animal picture books, and woolly sheep with ventral moans, not forgetting an expensive Dutch crop on the tonsils—until you have several thousand dollars tied up in the thing, and even if there isn't a cent of return in sight you won't see it all go to waste for the mere want of your signature to an utterly false statement. Sometimes I think even a congressman wouldn't. And of course, the adults didn't dare try to get any of the Government's food that way. True, I was sick. I was sick of government control for dining cars. But they didn't have any blanks for that; or maybe they had run out.

And all this bitter time I was reading about the scandalous way our Government threw its money round on shipyards and aeroplane factories and munition plants. To hear Congress talk about the Government you wouldn't think it would bother to waste less than one hundred million dollars. And here was the same Government offering dinners at $1.25 on a basis of at least fifty per cent clear profit. And getting away with it! Because in a dining car you can't take one good look at the roast spring chicken with gravy and get mad and grab your hat and say "Come on out of this dump! Let's go round to the Italian place!" Not a bit of it. The Government has you roped and hog-tied, as writers of those cowboy stories say.

The Cosmic Urge of Pork Chops

It was in those ill-fed days, at odd moments when I could forget the cosmic urge to a couple of pork chops and a baked potato, that I began to think our Government is like any other business corporation: It will push you as far as you will stand pushing. If the Government had been as thrifty, as cautious, as grasping, in other departments as it has been amid the guilty splendors of a dining car there wouldn't have been the need for so many bonds. How ruthless it has been here. See how it has availed itself of psychology. I should guess that at least twenty of the obvious fifty per cent profit on those meals must go to the psychologist who discovered that in a dining car you can give people next to nothing for a dollar twenty-five if you only stick round enough notices ordering them to write out their criticisms of the food and service.

Without those sinister notices three dining cars I know of would have rung with the execrations of hunger-maddened dupes. Dark deeds might even have been done. As it was, the moment a dupe would get all maddened up and begin to execrate, his eye would fall on the small notice marring the bill of fare or on the large notice, looking like a war extra, pasted over the beautiful woodwork of the car, and he became chilled with terror. The very abundance of these notices scared him. They were printed on everything but the napkins, and I now suggest that one be etched on the hip of every chicken; but let that go. The effect of these notices was not to invite but to dare the poor dub to complain, and he thought twice about it and was glad to pay his money and get out of the car without being arrested for internment. And there was a menacing steward at his elbow, asking in tones of false sweetness if the chicken was all right. Again and again I observed some man of undoubted weight in his home town cower under this threatening accost, mutter words that could not incriminate him and fall to what any one would know was not food the moment its make-up was rubbed off. That psychologist was right; he is earning his bit. If you mean to commit a crime which must from its nature be done full in the public eye, be brazen. Abash the public by loftily daring it to complain. I shall always regret not having taken up psychology early in life. It must be a wonderful help in this world of give-and-take if you know how.

Me? I was as cowardly as the next man. When the honey-voiced steward asked me if the chicken was all right to-night I quickly said it was quite all right, so far as I knew or ever would know. I explained that I hadn't come into that dining car to eat; merely to see whether more right legs than left legs of roast spring chicken with gravy were served; that as a matter of fact I was dining out that night with some dear friends on the North Side who would send their limousine for me in a few minutes, but I would see him again at breakfast when I came in for rolls and coffee. I said I especially liked his coffee because I had quit drinking coffee. But he left me in the middle of it to ask a woman with a little boy if the chicken was all right to-night. The little boy had sprained his wrist in trying to cut his chicken. The mother looked timidly at the steward, then at the large sign daring her to complain, and merely told the little boy to never mind, it would soon stop hurting, and she had some lovely crackers for him back in the other car.

And, of course, the psychologist knows that it is doubly easy to cow people in a dining car. You know yourself that if you haven't been in one for a long time you enter a dining car with a most pleasant little flutter of excitement. It is impossible to believe, at that moment, that you won't be served with choice viands. And you have never seen a dining-car bill of fare that didn't read attractively. You read it over three times, then you loftily order, as might a king on his throne, after which you loftily look out of the polished window and genially pity some poor peasant who may be plodding along the adjacent highway, so immeasurably beneath your royal eminence, so humorously near and yet so remote from all your splendor. In that state of mind you are forced, from sheer consistency, to believe the best of those things that are brought to you. And you did satisfy your hunger, thoroughly if not excitingly, in the old days. I defy you to, now. Hitherto the most nearly foodless dinners known to man were those jolly fifty-cent table-d'hôte affairs people were always discovering in side-street basements in the great bounding city of New York. But there is art in those dinners. Their purveyors must make the diner believe he is getting something to eat. Our Government scorns such subterfuge.

I have but one measure of relief to suggest. True, it will result in food for the traveling public, but as it will also result in larger revenue to the Government I look to see it considered. I don't mean the crude relief of carrying a hamper of food with you and staying out of the dining car altogether, as is now being done by those making their second trip under government auspices. The Government is really displeased when you do that. My measure will please both parties. But I want to lead up to it by lecturing on food in another aspect.

Masterpieces of Imagination

As a people we have labored under a wicked enchantment put upon us by the word-magic—the pure literary merits—of the printed bill of fare. Consider what is known as the "American plan" hotel, the very ignoblest institution to which the tag American has been put. And of these, consider chiefly the resort hotel; and of these resort hotels consider the most expensive, which are the winter-resort hotels. Of course you can go back and consider the others later if you wish to. The law applies equally to them, but the evil is most glaring in those highly exigent resorts on either of our coasts that draw those who never change to the heavy weights the year round.

Their bills of fare are little masterpieces of the imagination, reciting the best that has been thought in food. For dinner you shall have, apparently, your choice of a dozen finely worded meats, deftly phrased, enticingly characterized. And you are thrilled by this regal power of choice. It does not occur to you that you do not wish a dozen meats. And it won't occur to you, until after one week of hopeful choosing, such the hypnotic power of the printed word, that you cannot get even one of the vaunted dozen that at all justifies the winged words of the poet who sang it on the bill of fare. You get quite ordinary, not to say, inferior, roast beef or roast mutton or what not, and you get but a shred, a raveling, of either, because your genial host has long known that pretty soon you are going to get wise and order five or six of his meats in order to get enough. Ultimately you do try that, only to find that five or six samples of different but unsatisfactory meats are not so desirable as would be one real cut, say, of real roast beef, which you cannot get at all. So you become the familiar cynic about dinners at hotels and long for the home-cooked dinner you are accustomed to—a dinner that *tastes* even though unheralded by lyric ecstasy in ornamental type. Of course there remains for you the thrill of sending one of the pretty bills of fare to the folks back home who won't know it isn't true and who will suppose you to be having a perfectly wonderful time among all those luxuries. If those poor souls at home didn't still believe in fairies you would be robbed of the one tangible

(Concluded on Page 82)

Millions from the Gleanings

"Ship by Truck" saves the Bushel of Apples and the Crate of Tomatoes that would not get to market otherwise—Conserving Food from Hundreds of Thousands of Farms.

By Harvey S. Firestone
President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

"Ship by Truck" is gleaning America's fields and orchards and truck gardens. "Ship by Truck" is bearing to market the last few quarts of berries, the small crate of eggs, the job-lots of food that practically every farm has been producing and losing every year.

The loss has been a double one. The farmer lost a legitimate profit. You and I lost food for our tables at a lowered price.

"Ship by Truck" is changing this situation with surprising rapidity. But the more we all realize just what is being done, the sooner all benefit by the gleaning that "Ship by Truck" is carrying out.

Everybody knows what truck transportation is doing in the movement of the big production of wheat and potatoes and corn and hogs.

But most of us have not seen the work of the truck express systems in cleaning up the fields and orchards and garden-patches, making available for consumption and bearing to profitable markets the last 10%, 15%, or even 20% of the farm output.

There are, roughly, 6,300,000 farms in the United States.

If "Ship by Truck" aids, say, one million of these farms to market an extra five dollars' worth of food products in the course of a year, the farmers are richer by five million dollars.

In many instances the farmer's profit lies in the last few bushels of peaches from his orchard, or the last few pecks of radishes from his garden.

The purchasers are richer through the lowering of food costs. Bear in mind that this gleaning process refers to food that would rot on the trees, or in the gardens or fields.

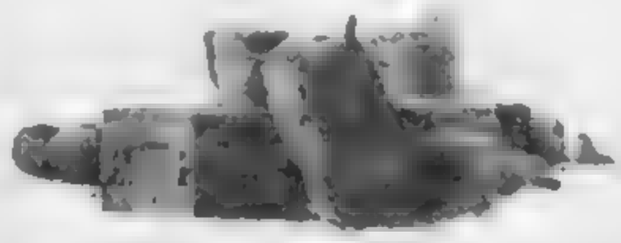
The farmer can afford to haul his big crop to market. "Ship by Truck" is already saving him large amounts. But the farmer cannot afford to make a trip to the nearest town with the gleanings of fruit and vegetables. The truck express companies can and are hauling these small amounts at a profit for the farmer, for the truck express company and for the ultimate consumer.

You merchants and manufacturers of the towns and cities can aid in this great gleaning movement by passing the word to your shipping department—"Ship by Truck."

The return loads from the cities to the towns and hamlets and to the individual farmer support the truck express companies.

"Ship by Truck" is a great movement in which we all benefit and which we all can help.

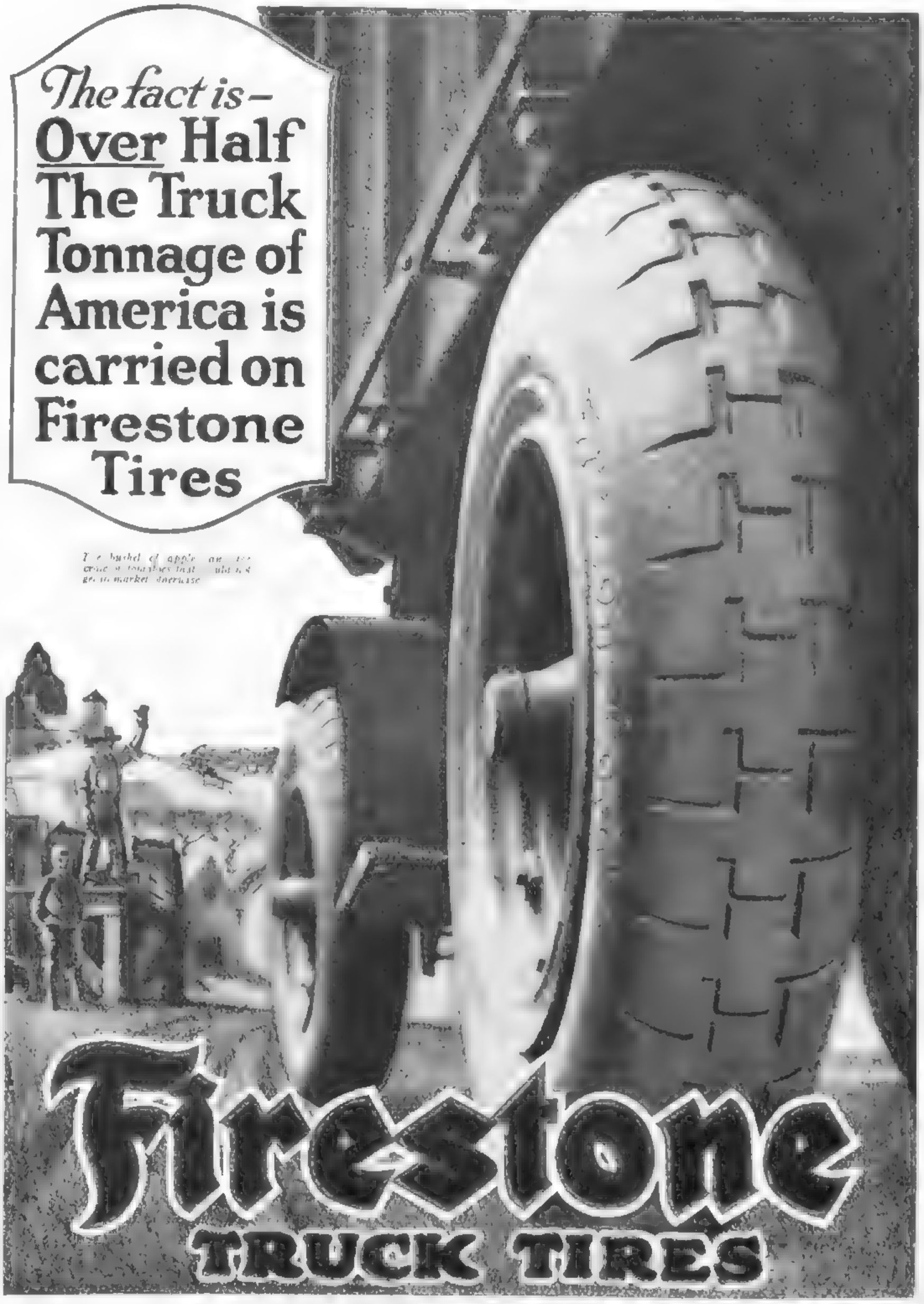
"Ship by Truck."



The fact is—

Over Half The Truck Tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires

The bushel of apples on the cover of this issue will have to go a long way to match the load that a Firestone equipped truck can haul to market overnight



Firestone

TRUCK TIRES

(Concluded from Page 79)

pleasure the bill of fare can give you. I wish I had written that bill of fare and could be collecting royalties on it. It is fiction's best seller.

And perhaps it's all your own fault. Even more than perhaps. Because one day I caught the proprietor of a grand winter-resort hotel in an unprofessional human moment and, in my characteristic way, told him how to run his business.

"You are spending a lot of money," I said, "to provide something that will answer faintly to each of the hundred or so items on your choicely written bill of fare. It answers the way a factory pearl does to one that has for years made an oyster think he would soon have to undergo an expensive operation, and bore his friends by telling just how it made him feel when he got up mornings. You know yourself that no one can choose a really good dinner from that fairy tale, the dinner one has a right to expect when he pays you sixteen dollars a day for a single room and three meals. You know I can go into the average quick-lunch place and climb on the high stool and get a more appetizing meal for seventy-five cents. You do know that—don't you, now?"

The proprietor glanced quickly about to assure himself that we were safe from spies, then bowed his head in shamed acknowledgment.

"Sure!" he said. "That's where I go when I can. I know better than anyone that our meals are camouflaged worse than a zebra."

"Well, then"—this is me talking sternly again—"suppose you were to take the money you spend on those hundred items, no one of which, except the boiled potatoes, is what it should be, and spend it all on ten items, each of which would be the best of its kind. You could turn out a real dinner for that money, couldn't you? You could have actual hors-d'oeuvres, a custom-made soup, an entrée with no nonsense about it, a choice of two superior meats, vegetables with a definite, even an eloquent meaning, a salad quite wonderfully worth while and a dessert actually as good as a family of the lower middle class daily enjoys—all comprising a dinner so well cooked that it would make you a marked man from Florida to California. Why not try it and be known as a genius?"

The Boniface Confesses

Here the proprietor drew himself proudly erect and wished to know how long I had been in the winter-resort hotel business? So I drew myself proudly erect, just the way he did, and said that thus far, such the teachings of my youth, I had led an honest life and, heaven guiding me, I should continue to do so while I could make it pay. But I didn't sting him.

He spoke in part as follows: "Don't you know the people that come here would resent that very good dinner, which I could undoubtedly provide at a profit if I didn't have to scatter so much money on a hundred meaningless items. They would resent it because it would be all the dinner they could have; and they want the hundred other things to read over. They want to feel they could have the whole hundred if they ordered them. That's what they leave their homes for. And ninety per cent of them, at least, don't really know of any better food than I now give them. They never had such a dinner as I could give them for the money I now spend. They don't dream there is such a dinner in the world. And if I cut down our bill of fare to the dozen items of that dinner they would feel cheated and move on. Don't you suppose we've learned how to give the public what it thinks it wants. Give 'em a good long bill of fare and plenty of potted palms in the lobby and you needn't worry about the actual food. Besides, for the ones that get hungry and want a real meal, why, there's the ——"

I knew what he was going to say, so I shut him off for a moment, because I wish to moralize briefly before he lets out his secret. It is all too true, then, that it's our fault. We want the Roman prodigality and license of that bill of fare and we should feel cheated if we didn't get it. And coincidentally we have come to believe there is a law of nature decreeing that all hotel cooking must be inferior. We accept this, and maunder about our "home-cooked" dinner, which, in cold truth, is seldom anything like as well cooked as the hotel man would cook it if we would accept the same food from him.

Which brings me back to the dining car, now happily climbing the last range of mountains between us and safety. Oh, I hope it doesn't have a blow-out or anything! And now I will let that hotel man reveal his secret for those who get hungry for good food in his vast grand hotel. What he was about to say when I stopped him was that these desirous ones could go into his "grill" at any time and get some real food such as couldn't be had in his dining room. You have to give those hotel men credit. When they saw that soon or late a number of their "guests" would learn the bill of fare by heart and comprehend its falseness, learn that prunes à la Marquise means exactly stewed prunes, they hit on the happy device of a grill.

Real Food Extra

To be sure your sixteen or eighteen dollars a day for your room entitles you to three of those ostensible meals in the dining room, and what you eat in the grill you pay for at smart—oh, very smart—restaurant prices; but you do get food. It is, indeed, a shield and a buckler to know that you may go into the hotel's grill and for three or four dollars get the honest dinner which the hotel should give you but can't because you are too fond of reading.

Well, go on in your mad way. Be as mad as you like. Winter-resort hotels mean little in my orderly life. But I am obliged to travel at times, and so I come to that measure of relief from government dining-car meals which I nearly suggested further back. What I say is, et the Government add a grill car to the train. Under this plan the willing tax-payer would enter the dining car, pause long enough to pay his $1.25 to the steward, with, of course, a tip to the waiter who would have served him. Then he would pass gaily on to the grill car and have real food at real grill prices. Here would be a pretty additional profit, for with meals like those our sometimes thrifty Government now provides, none but the destitute would order a second meal in the dining car. This would leave about 230 per cent profit from two cars, instead of only fifty from one, as at present.

And until I hear that the grill car has been added, then the hamper of real food the next time this family feels the wanderbidding. I say earnestly to my brother Elks and to all others, go back to the old-fashioned way until you read that the grill car has joined the trains of your country. Don't treat my words lightly. Don't attribute to me the familiar license of one trying to be funny for hire. Pack your food in shoe boxes or whatever, and sneer openly when the white-jacketed under-official of your Government carols through the car that dinner is now served. Give him the laugh. You will thank me. When those government chickens perished their legs dulled the blade of the Grim Reaper itself.

And now, as the train sped blessedly closer to succor for old and young, I recalled a little old railway that stems from this main line to run north into a welter of sagebrush and sand and alkali and bleak hills where none but sheep and their nurses may survive. It is a narrow-gauge road and has but two trains. They are numbered 1 and 2, just like regular trains. They are the oldest living trains in the world, and the mangiest. They are not limited trains. For them no limits exist. They consist of box cars, stock cars, flat cars, a mail coach, a day coach, a decrepit oil-burning engine of toy stature and a genuine Pullman sleeping car, rather pathetic in its faded plush and scratched marquetry. I can see that car bravely entering life about thirty-five years ago, a splendid young creature bearing opulent tourists over some well-advertised scenic route, and being tenderly cherished and fed at stop-over points by reverent valets. Now it has fallen to this life of degradation. It always seems to me to be afraid someone may find out its real name and write home to its folks about it.

That train is a regular outlaw. It may or may not start on time, but it never gets in on time. It gets in more uncertainly than a man who telephones that he is being kept downtown by his old business-college chum from Chicago. On a two per cent down grade it can make sixteen miles an hour. Sometimes in climbing a hill at four miles an hour the engine loses a vital organ and wheezingly dies. Then we all pile out and run back along the track to find the missing part, and some one finds it and we bring it back and sit round and smoke and gossip while Ed, the engineer, bolts it on again and fixes her up so she'll go good.

Why, once when Horsefly Jackson and I were leaving Likely just as Ed was pulling out of that station on No. 2, Horsefly bet Ed the drinks for us and the crew that we would beat them into Madeline nineteen miles away, and Ed scornfully took the bet, grimly seized the throttle and rattled grandly out ahead of us. I was afraid Horsefly would lose his bet because our road was longer than the railroad, but he first stopped to talk to a party about some two-year-old bulls or something, and then stopped to tinker at the heart of his car—I can't tell you the name of it here because of our rule about gratuitous advertising, but you can guess the car Horsefly would buy. That was it. And even when we started he didn't let her out. But we beat No. 2 to Madeline by so far that Horsefly wouldn't wait for the drink. He said he had a day's work to do. If you knew Horsefly this would show you that we had beaten the train good and plenty. Anyway, that's the kind of little old train this is.

Dinner in Edgar's Car

But come back with me to that battered, weather-beaten, squeaky old Pullman and get a good meal. One corner of that poor old car is by no means pathetic. There Edgar, an Afro-American, has a tiny range and an ice box stocked with real food, and he is a simple but winning cook. He will give you a regular steak with a bone in it, and fried potatoes and baked beans, or cold meat and potato salad and pickles and acceptable pie and cheese that can be seen by the unaided eye clear across the car, and coffee, real coffee; not the synthetic coffee of the Government; and it is all good and helpful to the human frame and you would be glad to have it in any surroundings, and it seldom costs as much as $1.25. You would be glad of it in the eighteen-per-day hotel with potted palms; and if you saw it where you now see the Government's dining-car meal I dare say you would burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing. The Government could give you the same good food if it chose to forgo half its present profit.

But our train glides on. Good thing, too. We have broached the last carton of life-saving Graham crackers.

Winter sped us from New York, and now we tread on the heels of spring—spring with its emerald fields, its pink mist of blossoms the green land over; its roses, its daffodils, its dewy violets, its chops, its steaks, its broilers—but enough! Hope lives again in the sunken eyes of the little ones. I even make a pleasant discovery for myself. Leaving New York I had seen myself under tragic need to order new evening clothes. My old ones were still sound but I had—to word it with all possible delicacy—outgrown them. Now I perceive that four days in a government dining car have made the old ones again sufficing. They will even lap over at the—where I had outgrown them. Ah, well! As I have so often said, it's an ill wind that blows no one good.

And one thought more. On an evening when passengers, returned from the dining car, had gathered to make a noise like a Roman mob about the Government's dinner—saying harsher things than I have said about it—a subtle-looking man said he had solved the mystery. He said the railroad people were placing their spies on dining cars to commit this frightful sabotage on the meals, so that the sovereign people would at length uprise and compel the Government to give back the roads to their owners.

But seriously now and all joking to one side, hurry and let's get to a waiter whom I shall all but embrace as I give him the order. Come on! The weakened little ones must be carried, but hurry!

Let's Form Clamor Clubs

I have a malicious animal magnetism for some roast spring chicken. I suppose reading about it all week and not having any has made me crave it. Is not that ever so droll a happening? Don't wait to answer. Hurry! And once more to all: Don't think I have been less than realistic. Don't suspect that those government chickens were a localized evil; that we merely crossed a belt of them. They lasted from Hoboken to Sacramento. That's too wide for a belt.

One moment, please! What do you expect for $1.25 these days? Don't you know that at present prices you couldn't have all those things on that bill of fare and have them good? Well, I certainly am glad you asked me that! Because, of course, I didn't expect them. No one reasonably could. This howitzer is aimed merely at the Government's chicanery in declaring I will get that dinner and its coarsely tricky makeshifts to make me think I get it. It promises me something we both know I can't have for the price and tries to wheedle me with imitations that couldn't be eaten at any price. Why not pamper me, at least, as it pampers its common soldier, with a ration that costs far less and may be eaten with safety, even with enthusiasm? Yet some of the pride of our Army, in the presence of that chicken and me, broke down utterly and used language you wouldn't expect from boys of good Christian raising. Having been used to the soldier's rough fare, their morale was blasted ruinously. So why can't I have in a dining car as good a dinner as the doughboy draws at his mess tent?

I ask you that and I suppose the answer is that the most of you would rather be foiled by a tawdry and vicious version of a two-dollar dinner than really eat the honest, unpretentious specimen that can be had, even in these grinding times, for one twenty-five. You are too fond of reading and too little enraged by imitations. Otherwise you would murder that steward when he brassily asks if the chicken is all right to-night. Otherwise you would turn the Government from its life of shame. You could do it with enough clamor. Go on, then, and clamor. Form clamor clubs!

THE PROBLEM OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 26)

in fighting condition. It was a pro-Ally government, which proclaimed the continuance of the war in the forefront of its policy, but it was weakened by the inclusion of revolutionaries such as Kerensky. Its power was challenged from the first by the unsatisfied Reds. All over Russia the soldiers' and workmen's delegates were formed into local councils—the Soviets.

They pressed at once fantastically excessive economic demands, which were the prelude to anarchy. More important still, simultaneously with the formation of the provisional government and its announcement to continue the war, the Soldiers and Workmen's Council of Petrograd issued its famous Order Number One, which destroyed at a blow and forever the discipline of the Russian Army.

Even had the provisional government continued in untrammeled power it is doubtful if Russia could have maintained the war effort the Allies expected of her. The country was exhausted. But the middle-class pro-Ally provisional government had never more than a vain show of authority. The Russian Revolution was to run the course of the French Revolution, of other revolutions. The moderate men were displaced by the more violent, the violent by the extremists.

One after another the bourgeois members of the provisional government resigned in despair, were replaced by revolutionaries who looked to Kerensky as their leader. For a short time this prodigy of superhuman energy was the ruler of Russia—so far as Russia had any ruler. Revolutionary though he was, Kerensky was pro-Ally. Much of his policy is still obscure, but there is not the faintest doubt of his determination to continue the war. The great Russian offensive of 1917, which began so gloriously and failed so disastrously, was solely produced by his unsparing personal efforts.

(Concluded on Page 85)

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Making big men out of little men

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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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Write for Miss Yackey's Calorie Cook Book—it's free. Gives 52 recipes for preparing macaroni, spaghetti and noodles in delightful ways. Special calorie charts and guide providing proper diet for children, growing youths, invalids, convalescents and athletes.

Nature and outdoors make big men. The men closest to Nature draw most from her strength.

Golden Age Americanized Macaroni is Nature's richest bounty, its most wholesome food in purest form—the stuff that men are made of—the food for young America.

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Cracker Jack

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"The More You Eat, The More You Want"

Made of selected popcorn and fresh roasted peanuts, coated with delicious molasses candy!

High in food value, Cracker Jack contains 1½ times the nourishment in sirloin steak. Then, too, it supplies the "roughage" necessary to tone up the system.

Cracker Jack makes an ideal between-meal lunch. Try it! Or as an after-dinner delicacy.

Everybody likes Cracker Jack—it puts the **sweet** in Home, Sweet Home. Delight the folks today with a few packages.

ANGELUS MARSHMALLOWS

"One Taste Invites Another"

Their wonderfully rich flavor and absolute purity are well-known. Eat them often. They're so delicious! Try them in your fancy cakes, salads and desserts. Many fine suggestions are given in the book of recipes by Janet McKenzie Hill. Sent free upon request.

You will like our combination of 4 packages of Cracker Jack and 2 of Angelus Marshmallows. For 55c we will forward them by parcel post, prepaid, to any address in the United States. Or ask your neighborhood dealer for them.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Easter lilies, fresh and sweet,
Bring to mind some other treats,
Cracker Jack—a favorite sure;
Angelus Marshmallows, white and pure!

(Concluded from Page 82)

But Germany saw her chance to get Russia out of the war forever. The army, discouraged by its long succession of defeats, was deserting in hundreds of thousands to make sure of its participation in the share-out of lands proclaimed by the Soviets. The officers had lost all control over their men, now equal citizens. And the civilian citizens of the Empire were bewildered and intoxicated by the frothy harangues of crazy orators at every street corner, were ripe for any folly that might be suggested to them.

Germany sent Lenine—a fanatic, honest or not—into Russia with unlimited funds. Whatever else he stood for, Lenine stood for anarchy—for the ruin of the existing order of things not only in Russia but all over the world, as a preliminary to the construction of a new society. He was merely beginning his task with Russia, and he was careless from what source his funds might come, the end justifying the means. The Reds—all those now in blindly violent reaction against the order of things which had so long oppressed them—supported him enthusiastically. Throughout the summer of 1917 seesawed the up-and-down struggle between Lenine and Kerensky, while Russia disintegrated ever more rapidly into a state of anarchy, which automatically favored the former.

At last, in October, the Bolshevists—Lenine's supporters—engineered a successful ultra revolution in Petrograd, which sent Kerensky into exile.

The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was its natural consequence.

Russia went out of the war against the Central Powers in 1917 but she is still at war. She is at war with all the world. We may regard her as sick, striking in delirium at all and sundry, but the fact remains—she is hostile and militant. We say Russia, though we know that the Russia of old exists no more. It is split up into half a dozen warring petty states. But the Bolshevist Government of Petrograd is incomparably the most active. It enforces its decrees by sheer terrorism. Left to itself it will quite possibly reëstablish a central authority over European Russia and perhaps Poland. It is that Bolshevist Government we are thinking of when we talk about Russia to-day; and that Bolshevist Government is the embodiment of principles that are fundamentally subversive of those on which our modern civilization is built. Its triumph—its continued existence even—is a challenge to our ordered societies.

The Traditions of Foreign Offices

What ought we to do about it? Russia cannot invade England, France or America; she would find, even to-day, the invasion of Germany a tough proposition. Shall we merely draw a sanitary cordon round her and leave the Russian people to the form of government they like best? On this point the democracies of the world and their statesmen are at variance. Allied contingents are at present fighting for foothold at half a dozen places in Russian territory. The friends and relatives of the soldiers in those contingents are emphatically certain that they agreed to their enlistment for the purpose of fighting Germany and not for the purpose of fighting the Russian people.

The democracies may be right and their statesmen wrong—or vice versa. Time will register the verdict. But, as in the long run the statesmen will do as their peoples wish, it can only be productive of good if those peoples get some insight into the actual motives of their statesmen. And that is just what at the present time they are not getting. They are being bewildered by a fog of contradictory statements about Russia; they are allowed only the most fragmentary news; they are, whenever possible, inflamed to righteous anger by the usual atrocity propaganda which precedes and accompanies a war. But a clear idea of why they ought to send fighting forces to Russia is denied them.

The result, of course, is suspicion of a sinister Machiavellian policy on the part of their governments. As a matter of fact it is the tradition of foreign offices to play at being Machiavellis, though their policies are more often childish than sinister—and though this absurd secrecy is to be deplored, too much importance need not be attached to their conspiratorial pose.

After all, governments do not send troops to the Arctic, to Siberia, to the Black Sea for the fun of arranging for their excursion tickets. Why are they doing it? What do they hope from it?

They hope, of course, that the millions in Russia who thoroughly detest the Bolshevists and all their ways will rally round these nucleus troops and overthrow the Bolshevist Government. It was with a similar idea that all Europe sent contingents to the Duke of Brunswick's army which invaded France in 1792; the result was, ultimately, Napoleon. Why are they doing it? What have they definitely to gain by the overthrow of the Bolshevists?

In the first place they hope to effect a restoration of the Russian debt, which the Bolshevists have totally repudiated. Before the war France had lent to Russia the enormous sum of two thousand million dollars. The five hundred million francs of interest on this bulked large in the national income of France. It is now totally lost. But this two thousand million dollars is only a small item compared with the colossal sums advanced to Russia by the Allies during the war. Both principal and interest of these are canceled for the time being, at least. Now the Allies—particularly the European belligerents—have an immense war indebtedness of their own—more than they at present can see their way to liquidate safely or even at all. The interest on their advances to Russia would—above all in the case of France, and this explains her truculent attitude—materially ease the situation. So they are willing to risk a few more millions of expenditure—especially as they have more munitions of war than they know what to do with—on the chance of getting back the vastly larger sums which they consider rightfully their own.

Hard on France

It is pathetically hard for France that she should be ruined by a victorious war of which she has borne the chief brunt. Even if they had no interests of their own at stake America and England would feel it their duty to back up their gallant ally in the just claims which mean so much to her. But America and England are themselves large creditors, and would prefer to be paid.

In the second place—and this is really much more important—Russia is one of the world's chief sources of raw materials and foodstuffs. In this difficult reconstruction period, when so much waste has to be made good, all the world needs all it can get of food and material for manufacture. Now, at the present time, commercial relations with Russia are a hopeless proposition. You cannot deal with a merchant whose government systematically confiscates his wealth and flouts his foreign creditors. You cannot arrange to buy copper from a mine in the Urals if the miners demand more wages than the copper is worth; and even if you do you cannot get it out of a country where transportation has collapsed from system into chaos. You cannot send commercial travelers into a land where brigandage and murder are employed as the current means of government. In short you cannot deal at all—except by lethal weapons—with deliberate anarchy.

But it is essential to the other countries of the world that they should deal with Russia. They badly want its corn and ores. So the statesmen who plume themselves on thinking for the good of their countries desire to remove, if possible, a government of fanatic visionaries and replace it by one which will at least make it possible for its subjects to trade with the outside world.

In the third place—and it is a reason of considerable potency—the old-fashioned governments of the world, which depend for their existence on financiers and the propertied class generally, would like to smash Bolshevism in its home before the madness spreads and smashes them. There are few statesmen who do not receive dividends on invested capital—and Bolshevism is the negation of dividends.

We come back to our question. What is to be done about it? We are all concerned. It is not only statesmen who receive dividends on their invested capital and desire the continuance of those dividends. Bolshevism in our countries—the ruin of those ordered societies which we are all pledged to ameliorate but still to maintain—will wreck our civilization as completely as the Goths wrecked that of the Roman Empire. Are we to leave it alone, hoping that it will burn itself out in Russia? If so how long can we afford, for our own sakes, to leave Russia alone? Or should we assume that the vast majority of Russians only want a lead and a little help from us, to rise and wipe out their mad masters? Shall we commit ourselves definitely to that assumption and go in with adequate force, where at present we are merely nibbling?

There remains one other way—President Wilson's attempted alternative—to recognize the Bolshevist Government as an organized authority accepted by the Russian people, and to treat with it as one would with any other government.

Whatever we do, let us not muddle into anything. Let us have our brains clear on what we want to do. Any form of action is dangerous to the stability of our civilization; and inaction is not less dangerous. While we fiddle Rome burns. The fire may spread to our street before we make up our minds.

What are the dangers of action? The most pressing danger is that of being drawn piecemeal into a war which we have not really intended, which might last many years—and which would have disastrous economic and social reactions upon our already overstrained democracies. If we are going to fight Russia at all let us be frank about it. Let us do as we did with Germany—proclaim her an outlaw among the nations, link ourselves into one common crusade and unanimously smash her in the shortest possible time. In that case let us go straight to the heart of the matter, demand a right of way through Germany and march to Petrograd. The execution of this would prove less difficult than it sounds.

Pottering about at Archangel, at Omsk, at Odessa, at Vladivostok is asking for trouble. It is the policy which allowed Gordon to go to his death at Khartum, and it cost England many millions to wipe out that blunder—petty in comparison with those now imminent. All the civilized world, not England merely, is involved in these potential Khartums of to-day.

Procrastination is fatal. A national Russian Army is growing up again before our eyes. That army is officered by the thousands of officers yet surviving from the old régime. They are forced to serve, under the menace of death to their families; and they do not love their Bolshevist masters. Neither did the officers of the French Army which fought at Valmy love their Terrorist masters in Paris—but when their country was seriously threatened they remembered only that they were Frenchmen. Give these Russian officers time to reflect and they also will remember only that they are Russians—resentful of any foreign claim to dictation in their internal affairs. Powerful and speedy action would possibly find them still resentful of their present slavery, eager to coöperate in any promising chance of ridding Russia of those now ruining it. Foch and an army in Petrograd would mean the swift extinction of Bolshevism.

Russia's National Debt

Let us assume this is done. What next? Is it possible to enforce the acknowledgment of Russia's external liabilities? Apart from the question of due apportionment between those quasi-independent states into which the Empire has split, can it be done if Russia becomes a complete entity once more? At the present time money is virtually valueless in Russia. The other day a cabman refused sixty dollars in Russian currency for his fare—but was content with two packets of cigarettes in lieu! The pre-war exchange of one ruble to fifty cents is now one ruble to fifteen cents—practically out of all commercial reckoning. The ruble is worth almost nothing.

The state indebtedness of Russia, even when the revolution broke out, could not have been less than twenty-five billion dollars, most of which was owed to foreign creditors. What it would be now if consolidated is impossible to compute.

Eliminating all revolutionary obligations, what chance is there of reinstating the imperial debt? The obliteration of real capital—factories, railroads, commercial good will and relations, and so on—has been enormous in the past two years. Recovery will be terribly slow, even if the Bolshevist régime gives place to a sane government. Can Russia recover at all if she has in the first place to liquidate—or merely pay interest on, even—this crushing external debt?

But without recovery she can neither pay her interest nor restart that production of raw material of which we are all of us so greatly in need. "All of us" applies to America as well as Europe, for to-day economically we are in fact a League of Nations with interdependent fortunes. A ruined Europe will speedily produce a ruined America as well. The question then rises whether it is worth while provoking domestic trouble by sending an army, however victorious, into Russia with the object of compelling her to recognize her liabilities. Left alone the Bolshevist régime will commit suicide as surely as the Robespierre régime did; but to-day no more than in former cases can the succeeding settled government recognize pre-revolutionary liabilities. The country has gone bankrupt, discharged itself, and started afresh.

These great problems are not for hasty decision. The purpose of this article is not to give an answer but to stimulate thought. Whatever the result of thoughtful, purposeful interference with Russia it will be less disastrous than the muddle-headed entanglement into which we are drifting. Perhaps a large part of the solution will lie in the establishment of an independent Siberia, looking exclusively to the Pacific, under the ægis of the United States and possibly that of Japan.

This would settle a great proportion of the raw-materials question.

The ultimate view of the old Russian debt problem may be that it is folly to send good money after bad and that it would be wisdom, as soon as settled government is established, to start with a clean slate, to pour fresh capital into Russia, and in the long run to be content with the vast trading profits which commerce with her would in that case produce.

Look Before You Leap

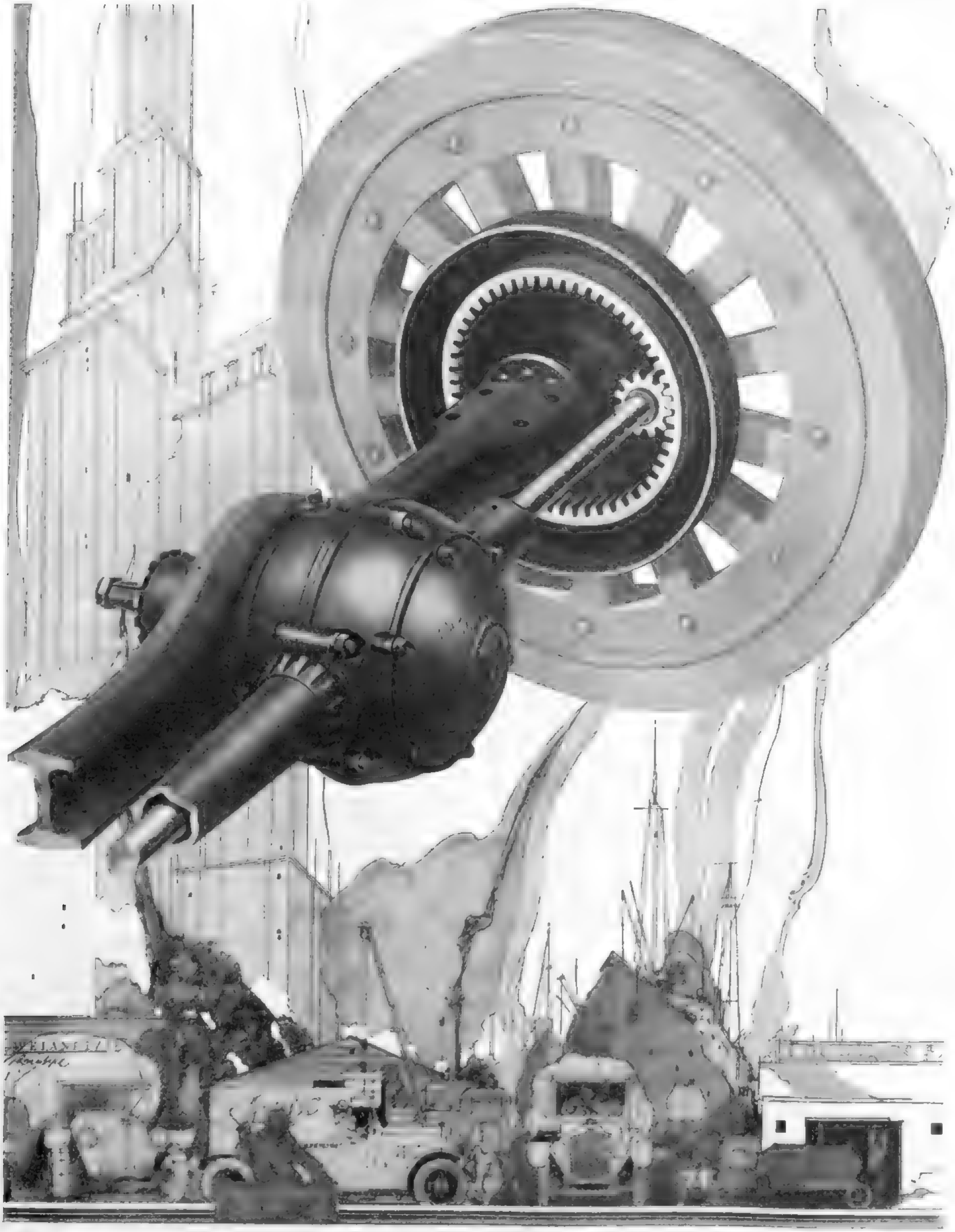
The crux is of course Bolshevism. With Bolshevism in power we only look on, exasperated, at the wanton waste of a large percentage of the world's available wealth. We have also to consider the sympathetic fever in our own civilized communities. Shall we stamp it out—and invest it with the sentimental pathos of a great idealistic movement overwhelmed by a hostile capitalist world? History proves that an idea is immensely stimulated by the process of martyrdom—it springs up again a thousandfold stronger than before.

Shall we leave it to itself—to provide for all time an object lesson in the futility of a government run by visionaries in the entirely fallacious interest of one class of the community? The mass of Russians, like the mass of other people, desire most of all to lead comfortable lives in security. At the present moment this is just what they are not allowed to do by those who proclaim they are acting for their benefit. At the present moment the Russian farmer is plowing up just sufficient land for his own needs, and concealing the scanty produce for his own sustenance. But the Russian farmer wants, like any other farmer, to grow all the corn he can and sell it in the best market. At the present moment the Russian manufacturer is abandoning his works in despair—unless he is obliged to manage them at the muzzle of a rifle. It is scarcely probable that he enjoys this. At the present time the Russian workingman is enlisting in the Red Guard—because only in the Red Guard is he assured of a meal. It cannot be supposed that he, either, enjoys this and prefers to purchase his food at the cost of a possible bullet. He has no interest in Finland, Lithuania, the Murmansk Coast or any other place that outweighs his interest in the town where his hungry family are longing for his return to remunerative employment.

In the long run farmer, manufacturer and workingman will surely combine to put an end to the nightmare. Once they combine, once they have thoroughly decided, as all classes in France decided in 1795, that a Terrorist régime is no longer endurable—then the Bolshevists will disappear with startling suddenness.

The Terror would not have subsisted so long in France had not the European Powers made such enormous efforts to crush it. It survived so long because it was, after all, the only actual government with which to repel invasion; and no patriotic person, whatever his nationality, likes to see his country invaded. It may be that an Allied invasion would coalesce the Russian people into opposition against it—and so prolong the course of this madness we to-day call Bolshevism and which in any case carries with it automatically its own doom.

Whatever we do or do not do, let us think it out.



TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

Why we are the largest builder in the world of rear axles for motor trucks

IN the Truck Industry, a concern becomes great for but one reason—its product must be essentially better than other products of its kind.

Quality in a truck means economy. The best truck is the one which will do the most work for the lowest cost.

In practically every community in the United States there are big trucks and little trucks—great vans of the city streets and work-a-day farmer rigs tugging along muddy roads—teaming trucks at wharf and freight houses—smart delivery cars of merchants—all equipped with Torbensen Drive.

There is but one explanation for this widespread employment of Torbensen—truck manufacturers and engineers, truck owners and drivers, have become convinced that the Internal Gear principle, as expressed in Torbensen Drive, means lowest cost of operation for gas, oil, tires and repairs; and that Torbensen construction means endurance and performance.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.

• Cleveland, Ohio •

Are you half an hour from town—or only 15 minutes?

TARVIA roads move farms and suburban homes half-way to town!

Of course, the distance remains the same, but the running time (or driving time, in the case of horse-drawn vehicles) is cut just about in half when communities build Tarvia roads.

The pictures tell the story. The automobile shown above on the left is plowing over (or, more correctly speaking, *through)* a "30-minute road" to town, wearing out tires, wasting gasoline, racking the car and its engine, carrying only half a load—and making the trip take twice as long as it ought to take.

The right-hand picture shows a "15-minute road." It is just as long as the other, but Tarvia has made it a firm, smooth, easy-traction road, the same Winter and Summer, Spring and Fall.

Light cars can roll heavy loads over it with ease and safety. In fact, experience has proved that on a road like this, *one* automobile (or *one* horse) can do the work of *two* on a road like the one shown on the left.

Tarvia Roads Cost Less

Tarvia roads are mudless, rutless, dustless, waterproof, frost-proof and *automobile-proof!*

For this reason many people imagine that they must be expensive. But Tarvia roads are *not* expensive; in fact, they are *very low in cost.*

The initial cost of a Tarvia road is a little more than that of ordinary waterbound macadam, but the great saving in maintenance far more than offsets the difference in first cost.

Many townships—whole counties, in fact—have proved this so thoroughly that they now use Tarvia on *all* their main roads, *to save money.*

In the face of these facts can you and your neighbors afford to keep on using a "30-minute" road another season?

Tarvia

Preserves Roads-Prevents Dust

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you. Booklet free on request.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
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Lebanon
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THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

THE GOLDEN VOICE

(Continued from Page 11)

live for, momma! Momma, let's light the charcoal brazier an' finish ourselves up together."

"Clelia! Clelia, you hear?"

The mother's hollow eyes lost their rage and swam in sudden tears. Her worn face became humble, beseeching; age no longer commanding, as is its right, but imploring youth not to deprive it of its last dream.

"Clelia, if you an' Paolo'd on'y wait two years! You know, maybe I won't be here much longer'n that. Lemme see a child o' mine a prima donna like I was once, before I go."

"Tony Santini or the chorus! Oh, momma, lemme die with you and be done!"

Clelia stood cold as ice. She loved Paolo dearly. Moreover, she was not pretty, and in all her twenty-eight years this was the only love that had been offered her. She felt for him not only passionate attachment but the gratitude of the plain woman to whom are finally offered the priceless gifts of love and marriage.

Paolo Bertolini going alone into the wilderness to face an exile accepted for her sake, and which she left him to face alone—her tormented soul quivered at the picture. Would he understand her point of view and forgive? She knew the contrary. Would he calmly accept the two years of solitary waiting thus imposed on him, and open his arms to receive her when she finally should choose to join him?

Clelia, remembering the jealous tenderness of his fierce black eyes, deluded herself with no such hope. If she deserted him then, she well knew that it was to lose him forever.

The two tragic faces confronting Clelia branded her as a soulless egotist—a heartless betrayer of her own blood; a virtual murderess if she dared to follow the path of individual bliss that beckoned her. All the forces of her soul, all her longing for Paolo's love, were not sufficient to face and accept the image of herself that those two faces presented to her.

Mrs. de Luca's reference to the incurable ill that gnawed at her vitals was final to a girl born, like Clelia, of a race to whom love of the mother amounts to a religion. Such an appeal Clelia dared not refuse. The acceptance of her own heartbreak seemed easy in comparison. Her pale face went a shade whiter and her thin shoulders rose in one convulsive hunch as she answered:

"All—all right! Don't worry, momma. I'll tell Paolo we—we won't say anything more about it."

III

OVER the snow-piled portico of the local opera house of Sambourne, Illinois, a gaudy electric sign blazoned out the words: De Luca Concert Troupe. Beneath the sign passed a steady stream of ticket buyers, for the entertainment was known as a prosperous and successful one. Within certain moldy caverns behind the stage the reader was anxiously beading her pale lashes; the pianist was imbibing something strong out of a flask; the barytone was studying the effect of his black hair combed *en brosse*; and the soprano, superbly defying the icy temperature from the depths of a huge squirrel mantle, fidgeted in the proud and soul-racking consciousness that she was the attraction of the evening.

"You're sure that that accompanist has got the right pieces laid out, Cle'—La Montagnara, and Voice of My Heart, and the aria from Cavalleria and all?"

"I laid 'em out on the piano myself."

"An' say, you seen the chaps on the local papers?"

"That's all fixed up."

"An' say, you ain't forgot the bottle with the hot coffee?"

"It's ready here for before you go on."

"An' say, you been down to the box office to see how things are goin'?"

"Fine! Almost sold out a'ready. Weinberg is talkin' o' stoppin' over day after to-morrow an' doin' a second stand."

"Golly, don't I wish he would! I'm so sick o' one-night stands, seems as though just the sight of a train gave me the willies. An' say"—the handsome, full-blown face turned sidewise, and for the first time a note of consciousness crept into the cautious whisper:

"Say, Cle'—my friend from Chicago that said he was comin' out on the road to hear me—you know, Max—Max Ingelfeld—he ain't out in front, is he?"

"I hadn't noticed."

This time it was Clelia's voice that drooped in confusion and her sallow delicate features flushed to a dark crimson. In spite of her handsome, fur-trimmed black velvet dress and the diamonds in her ears it was an undeniable fact that in three years she had decidedly "gone off."

Rosetta, on the other hand, as she pushed back her furs to disclose a sparkling toilet of embroidered pink Georgette disclosed charms that had bloomed like a massive Jacqueminot.

She laughed incredulously at her sister's response.

"Hadn't noticed! And she's been to the peephole of the curtain six times if she's been once, looking out front, and never noticed if Max Ingelfeld was out there or not! Maybe you don't know he's a millionaire!"

She smacked her red lips over the word. Clelia tossed her head.

"You know, poor momma told you to steer clear of millionaires if you don't want to be made a fool of. Here, keep that fur round your shoulders. If you'll take my advice you'll go on with your fur. Been a coal-cart drivers' strike here this week; theater's as cold as outdoors."

"All right! Who cares for this jay town?"

A knock came at the door. Clelia opening it uttered a little soft-breathed scream.

"Oh, Rosetta, look!"

She turned back, with her arms heaped with an enormous floral piece—roses, orchids, carnations, mingled with a gilt basket, much greenery, and large bows of satin ribbon to form an impressively expensive whole. The two girls gasped; for in this road tour tributes that stood like this for reckless spending were necessarily rare. Rosetta's face—somewhat widened and thickened, but still with its Madonna purity of outline—flushed to the tint of the roses she bent over.

"There's the card—fastened to that bow of ribbon. Look!"

"Mr. Max Ingelfeld. Oh, Clelia! Then he's out in front! I knew! Something told me. An' me in this old Georgette! Oh, if only I'd worn the white satin with the pearls! I wanted to, an' you wouldn't let me"

Another knock at the door.

"De Luca; ready!"

From the abyss above came crashing the notes of a furiously pounded piano, followed by the boom of a vigorous barytone.

"Mine's next. Comin'!"

"Oh, Rosetta! You're not going to take off your fur, are you?"

"Go on all wrapped an' wadded up like an old woman, an' Max Ingelfeld out in front? Well, I just guess not!"

She vigorously powdered her magnificent shoulders.

Excitement sparkled in her dark eyes and parted her rouged lips.

"Give us the lip stick, Cle'!"

"Are you goin' to be an idiot, Rosetta? You caught cold already on that train—you know, you sneezed twice!"

"Well, if I take cold it'll be your fault, not mine; it was you would stick this burg on the itinerary. Lord knows why! Where's that coffee?"

Rosetta slipped out of her fur, a massive imposing figure tightly swathed in glittering pink draperies. The cold air showed in a pale-blue cloud about her mouth at each breath.

"Then, Paolo, You Mean—Her Voice is Gone?"

Clelia surveyed her anxiously. Once on the stage, however, her fears for Rosetta gave way to intenser and more poignant feelings on her own account. For the first time since the day when, three years ago, she had agonizingly said good by to her own life and immersed herself in that of her sister, Clelia was conscious of her own youth and her own blood. As she stood, a demure black-clad figure, turning the leaves for the hard-working accompanist, no one could have noted that her eyes from beneath their black lashes unceasingly searched the crowded auditorium.

"Is he here? Oh, that's him! No—ain't his eyes. There—no! Oh, is he here?"

For it was true, as Rosetta had said, that Clelia had used her influence with Weinberg, the manager of the tour, to have the town of Sambourne put on the itinerary, for the simple reason that, after much correspondence and unceasing vigilance, she knew that in the growing factory town of Sambourne, Illinois, Dr. Paolo Bertolini was established as a rising young specialist for throat and ear. In spite of the violence of their parting, in spite of Paolo's furious rejection of her family devotion as sufficient excuse for refusing to become his wife, in spite even of three years' unbroken silence—Clelia had nourished the hope that she would only have to show herself before her former lover for him to come forward again with all his old ardor. In her own unchanged feelings she found a guaranty that his would be the same.

As she left the stage in her sister's wake after the soprano's voluminous burst of song and answering crash of applause Clelia would not have been surprised to find Paolo waiting for them in the dressing room.

He was not there; nor was any word of him. Shortly, however, Mr. Max Ingelfeld, superb in bediamonded shirt bosom and fur-lined coat, came rolling in to congratulate the singer on her success.

"Some hit, sister!"

"Oh, Max, I knew you had a musical soul!"

"I know what suits me, you can bet!" His sharp twinkling eyes were fixed on Rosetta's billowing, much-powdered shoulders. He repeated unctuously: "Some hit, girlie! Some doll—believe me!"

Two local newspaper men were announced. The manager, anxious for proper *réclame*, pushed forward. Clelia, hiding the pain in her own heart, went out to make arrangements for having the millionaire's floral piece properly handed over the footlights in full view of the public at the conclusion of the soprano's next number.

Was it possible that Paolo had not noticed the announcements of the concert? They were big enough. Or was he out of town, or ill? Or had he plain forgotten?

Some respite to her anguished suspense was given at the end of the triumphant evening by the manager's decision to give a second performance in Sambourne on the next evening but one. Rosetta's glowing pride in her success was equaled only by her delight in Mr. Ingelfeld's invitation to go sleigh riding with him the next day.

"He's going to send twenty miles for a thoroughbred trotter," she confided to Clelia as the latter folded up the spangled Georgette in its tissue paper. "Dinner at the swellest roadhouse between here and Chicago. Say, that's the kind of chap for me! Some spender—what?"

Clelia did not answer. Once in the seclusion of her own room she rang for the telephone book and spent a long time staring at the number of Bertolini, Dr. Paolo. Two crimson spots burned on her pale cheeks as she finally crawled into the icy shelter of her bed.

IV

HAD she cared to use the number an opportunity came next day; for Rosetta woke with a sore throat and slight fever, and violently demanded a doctor. Clelia taking down the receiver to call him was suddenly strangled by an agonizing shyness. After ten minutes' inward struggle she finally finished by calling Sambourne's old family practitioner recommended by the hotel.

His remedies were effective. A good hot plaster took the menacing soreness from the singer's throat; and Clelia when going down to dinner had the satisfaction of leaving her patient sound asleep.

Clelia dallied over her dinner. That Doctor Bertolini was in town she knew; the other doctor, in response to an artfully careless question, had given her so much information. Was it not possible, after all, that in view of Rosetta's present success, Paolo might feel shy about calling without an invitation?

This thought sent her starting to the telephone. A remembrance of the savage scorn, the bitter resentment in his black eyes on the occasion of their last interview—brought her up short, hot and cold before the painful picture evoked. Into her monotonous life of a plain woman few emotional crises had come, and before this one she stood trembling and inexpert. After all, they weren't leaving town till to-morrow midnight. Before then, who could tell ——

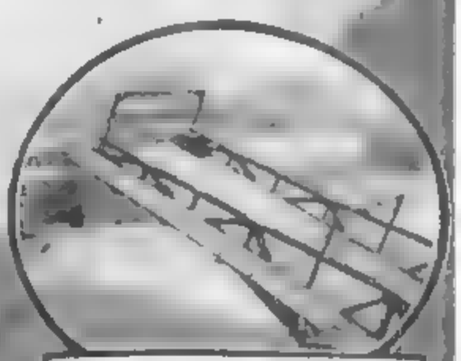
The sight that met her eyes when she opened her sister's door sent these thoughts

(Continued on Page 92)

Stewart

"It gives our car the constancy of power of a Niagara." That's how an automobile manufacturer recently described the Stewart Vacuum System. "I consider it one of the most important improvements in a motor car."

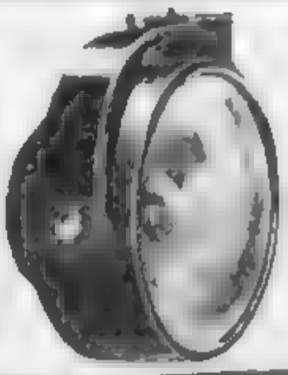
The Stewart Vacuum System assures an unvarying flow of gas to the carburetor under any and all motoring conditions. Is standard equipment on 95% of all cars.



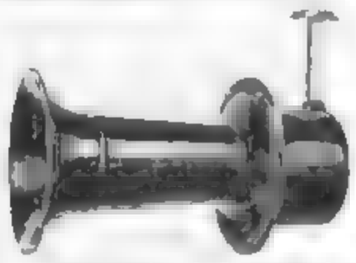
Car equipped with Stewart Vacuum System climbing up Dearborn Street Bridge Chicago, while open

Stewart Speedometer $25

Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Ford Cars $13



Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $6



Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $4.50

The Stewart Big Ten are the Aristocrats of Motor Equipment

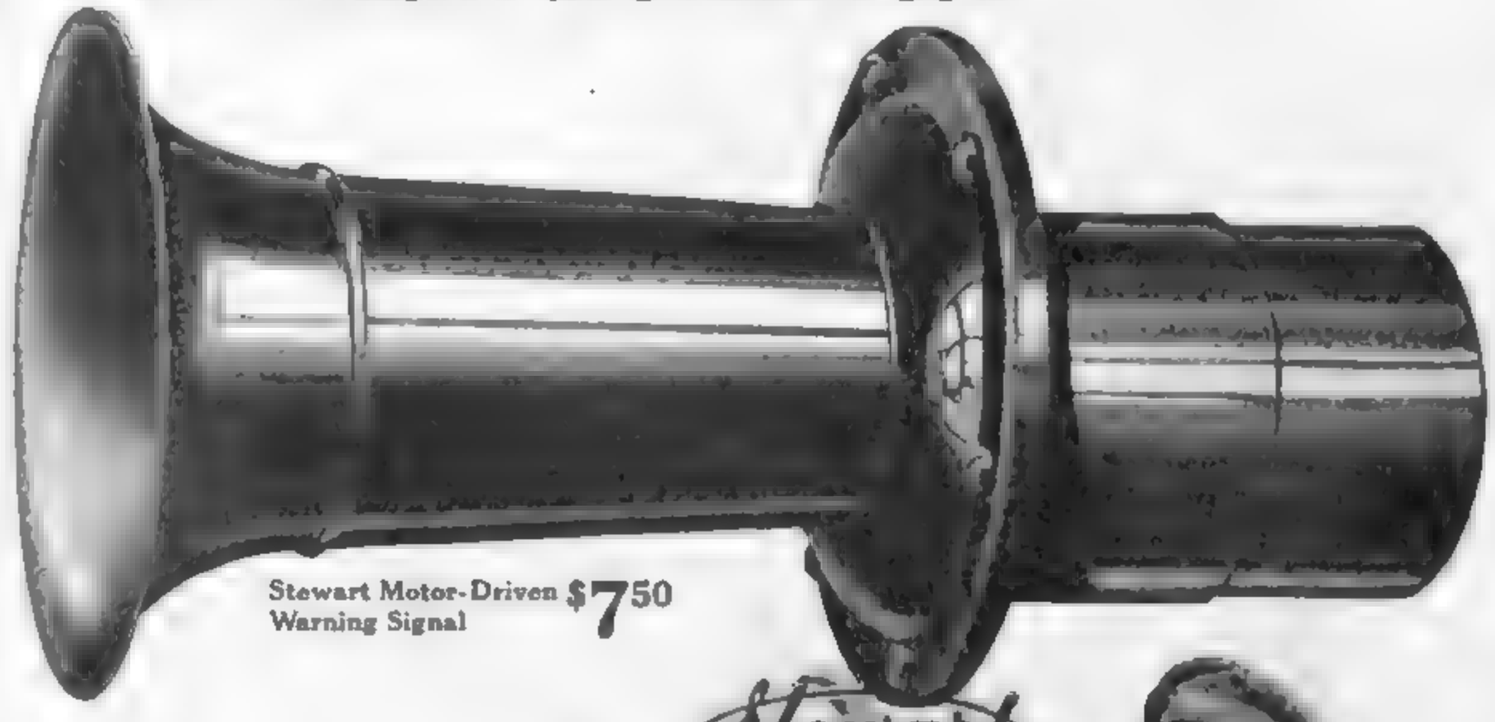
CUSTOM BILT NECESSITIES

"They're More Than Accessories"

Universal Preference is the Surest Sign of Stewart Superiority

HAVE you ever stopped to realize the full extent to which Stewart Custombilt Necessities have revolutionized the automobile industry?

The motoring public in general is familiar with the story of how the Stewart Speedometer, through its remarkable accuracy and durability, established the magnetic as the accepted speedometer principle. But, that is only the beginning.



Stewart Motor-Driven Warning Signal $7.50

Stewart Vacuum System Standard Equipment on 95% of all Cars Four Years After its Inception

No other accessory was ever given a more rapid universal adoption by automobile engineers. The Stewart Vacuum System made practical the present-day, underslung, streamline construction of motor cars. It made possible the discarding of bothersome, uncertain, unsatisfactory feed systems.

It's the one thing on a car you can forget you have. Feed troubles are unknown. Gas is fed to your carburetor just as surely, as regularly, and as evenly as water goes over a falls. It gives your car the "constancy of power of a Niagara."

Your car should be equipped with the Stewart Vacuum System. If not, have it installed at once by any progressive garage man. Enjoy new motoring satisfaction.

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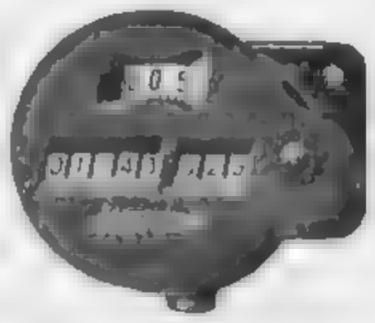

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(Continued from Page 89)

scattering. The linseed plaster lay in the middle of the floor. And beside a noisily clattering, chilly radiator the patient was rapidly hurrying herself into beribboned underclothes.

"Rosetta de Luca! Are you crazy?"

"No! Lemme hurry."

"But has Weinberg called a rehearsal? Lemme go an' tell him ——"

"'Tain't Weinberg."

"Rosetta! Get right back to bed again."

"Leggo that petticoat! Well, if you want to hold on to it I'll just get out another."

"But, Rosetta! To get up in this freezin' cold hole, right after you've had a plaster on your chest! Do you want to lose your voice?"

"No danger! I feel fine."

"You won't feel fine long this way! Please, honey, get back into bed."

"Can't. Got a date."

"Ah!" Clelia's eyes and mouth registered amazed understanding as she recalled her sister's portly admirer of last night and his invitation. She gasped: "What! You're gettin' up to go sleigh ridin'?"

"With a millionaire!"

Rosetta, lacing her high suède boots, flung her crudely significant statement, with triumph, into Clelia's face.

"Much good his millions'll do you if you lose your voice!"

"Ain't going to lose my voice." Tucking away the knot of the last boot Rosetta straightened her bulky form and began energetic operations with powder puff and lip stick. "Listen, Cle'. I tell you my throat's all right. I feel great. I'll wrap up—you'll see! Fur coat, fur overshoes, fur hood, veil ——"

"But it's below zero. Why don't you wait till to-morrow?"

"Max is goin' on to Chicago to-night."

"He'll be back."

"He'll be back if I go with him this afternoon an' butter him up right, an' get him a—a bit stuck on me; an' we make a date for where he's to meet me again on the itinerary. Not else."

"Then let him go."

"That's what he will do if I break the date for this afternoon when he's stayed down in this bum burg all day just on purpose. An' now if I throw him down an' he goes off feelin' sore ——"

"If that's all he cares for you when you're sick ——"

"I tell you I ain't sick! An' I tell you flat, Clelia de Luca, I ain't had so many chances at millionaires in my life that I'm goin' to miss this chance to nab one, now he's here."

"Nab him! Then if you're plannin' for him to marry you, Rosetta, lemme tell you these millionaires are wise birds. They'll flirt all you want; but when it comes to marryin' ——"

Rosetta's face, pale after the fever, flushed crimson.

"Who's talked about marriage? Ain't I got my career? He'll help me. His uncle's got a box at the Chicago Opera."

"Much he can help you if you spoil your voice at the start! Remember what momma always said: You have her voice an' her throat. Take care the same thing doesn't happen to you that happened to her."

Then as Rosetta, taking up a gauzy blouse, paused to unwind the flannel from her throat, Clelia wrung her hands.

"*Dio mio*, the girl's crazy! Hold on right there! I'm goin' to find Weinberg." And she turned determinedly toward the door.

Rosetta, having choked back a cough, burst into triumphant laughter.

"Weinberg's gone on to Springfield to book the theater for week after next. And if he was here I can tell you that I wouldn't stand his buttin' in where it's not his business—any more than I'll stand it from you, Clelia. An' that's flat!"

"Not my business?" Clelia's pale face turned a shade whiter, and she leaned down toward Rosetta and the row of near-pearls that the latter was clasping about her opulent throat.

"Not your business, pet. An' now, do you mind lettin' me finish dressin'? Max'll be here any minute an' I don't care to keep him waitin'."

"Not keep him waitin'! Oh, my God! She don't want to keep him waitin' five minutes, 'cause he's hers. But—when it was mine—he was to be kept waitin' two years!"

At the hoarse passion in her sister's voice Rosetta raised her heavy eyes.

"Why, Clelia, what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean!" After her long day of anguished suspense Clelia's self-command had snapped. Her voice went high. "Now you don't need me any more you sit there an' tell me your voice is none o' my business. But that day, three years ago now, when Paolo wanted to marry me an' take me off with him—ah, wasn't your voice my business then? The only business I had; the only business you an' momma'd allow me."

"If you're goin' to begin talking against momma, that's an angel in heaven ——"

"I don't say a word against momma, or against you either, Rosetta. I on'y ask you to remember what I gave up for that voice o' yours—my chance in life! The on'y one that I ever cared for or that ever cared for me. Every cent I earned over twelve dollars a week, for three years ——"

"There she goes on again about the money! Good Lord, why'd I ever take a cent from her?"

"It ain't the money, honey. I didn't mean that."

"Ain't the total all counted up an' written down in momma's handwritin' in my breviary? Ain't you goin' to begin an' get paid back jes' as soon as I'm through payin' for these concert dresses?"

"Pay me back! Oh, my God! Then you think that all Max Ingelfeld's money, if you had it, could pay me back for what I gave up for you?"

"There she goes again! Always throwin' up to me what she done."

"I never spoke to you about it before; and you know it, Rosetta. I've never mentioned Paolo's name from that day to this; an' now I do it on'y for your own sake. Listen! I gave up the one I cared for just for that voice o' yours. Can't you do the same—for the voice?"

"Now I'll tell you somethin' straight, Clelia: If anybody's goin' to make me strain my throat an' spoil my voice it's you, keepin' me here jabberin' an' arguin'."

"Listen to her! She won't give up so much's a sleigh ride. Oh, should it be only me that's had to do all the givin' up? The voice is hers, ain't it?"

"Yes; the voice is mine." Rosetta, tying an embroidered mesh veil tightly over her flushed and frowning face, rose heavily to her feet.

"Three o'clock. I promised to meet Max in the foyer at three. I tell you I'm perfectly well, an' the air'll do me good. An' in any case, as you say yourself, the voice is mine!"

"It's mine! I tell you it's mine too!" Clelia's voice rose to a shrill scream. "Ain't I paid for it like a mother pays for her child? Ain't I paid for it in tears, an' heartbreak, an' lonely nights sobbin' till dawn comes? An' you don't even know! Ain't I given up my marriage, an' my place in N' York, an' any life o' my own, just to travel round an' look after you? Ain't I taken that voice o' yours for my life? An' now, if you spoil it, what'll be left for me? What'll be left for you? Rosetta ——"

She stopped short, silenced by the fact that she addressed the empty air. Rosetta, summoned by the sound of tinkling sleigh bells below the window, swept from the room in a regal swirl of furs, perfume and floating veil. Clelia, with her cold forehead against the colder windowpane, watched the merry pair drive away.

▼

TO BE able to say "I told you so" is usually regarded as a certain privilege. Not, however, when one has foretold a disaster that one is bound to share. And moreover, as Rosetta in a faint hoarse whisper pointed out to her sister, it was not really the sleigh ride that had given her cold.

"That bunch o' high rollers from Chicago blowin' into the cabaret of the roadhouse—some cabaret, believe me! An' one o' them by accident chucked his glass o' fizz at the window—let in the whole North Pole on my shoulders; an' me all in a heat after doin' the latest jazz glide with Max. Talk about takin' cold! Well, it wasn't my fault, was it? Say, Max is a bird for dancin', for all he's so large. Light on his feet? Well, maybe'"

The invalid's spirits ebbed, however, when she heard that Mr. Ingelfeld, instead of waiting over as she had hoped, had taken the early train for Chicago. Also, that Weinberg, instead of postponing the concert till to-morrow night, had simply telephoned to Chicago for another soprano, and had made all his arrangements for moving on to the next stand by the midnight train.

"That poor stiff, with a chest as flat as her high notes, take my place!" Rosetta whispered scornfully. "De Luca Concert Troupe, ain't it? Weinberg'll find he'll have his public walkin' out on him if he starts sellin' tickets an' his star not there."

"Don't talk!" snapped Clelia anxiously.

But later, when the concert had passed off with fair success and Weinberg with many recommendations to Clelia had carried his troupe and the understudy soprano off to the next town, Rosetta's angry lamentations could not be stilled.

"My name on the boards—an' that pill takin' my place! It's a swindle on the public. When I get out o' this I'll sue Weinberg for damages—let him mark my words!" Then, glancing up at the grim-visaged sister who bent over her with a cup of hot milk and whisky: "Say, Clelia, did you call up Max at Chicago?"

"Twice."

"Did he answer?"

"No. Out."

"Leave word that I was ill an' stuck here in Sambourne?"

"The office boy that took the message wrote it down; I told him to."

"An' Max ain't called up yet?"

"Not a word."

"Say, ain't that queer!"

And Rosetta with glooming eyes studied the massive ring with its sunken diamonds which since the other evening she had worn on her left hand. Clelia, however, did not agree with her. It seemed to her not queer but the most natural thing in the world that a man like Ingelfeld, who enjoyed being seen in public with a successful singer, should avoid contact with a troublesome and undecorative invalid.

Three days passed and in spite of Rosetta's hourly questioning, Ingelfeld did not call up. Nor did another person, anxiously awaited by Clelia's heart, give any sign of life. In these days the two girls tasted fully the desolation of illness, loneliness and grinding anxiety in a badly heated small-town hotel.

For the inflamed tonsils, instead of reducing their size, seemed each day to grow larger and more angrily red. It was plain that Rosetta in her outing had caught not only cold but infection. The doctor shaking his head suggested a consultation.

"Ordinarily the case would not be a serious one. But Miss de Luca being a singer I do not feel like assuming full responsibility. Would you like to telephone to Chicago for a specialist? Or if you'd care to see him we have a very good man here—your own nationality too—Doctor Bertolini. Would you care to see him?"

"Bertolini!" groaned Rosetta. "Wouldn't it be funny, Clelia, if it turned out to be Paolo? He was a doctor—don't you remember? Yes; send for him."

Two hours later the consultation took place. To Clelia it seemed that she moved in a hideous dream. Her life so far had been productive of little pleasure; but here was positive, grueling pain. At the close of that interview it seemed to her that her life had no longer any excuse for continuing to be.

Paolo! Yes, it was Paolo—grown sure of himself, Americanized, with the elegance and the poise of a man who had achieved success in every sense of the word. His manner toward her as he entered acknowledged no memories, either of past tenderness or of past resentment. In spite of Rosetta's whispered attempt at a jolly greeting he remained simply the visiting specialist and a stranger. By main force of will Clelia held herself erect at the foot of her sister's bed. So intense was her pain that the doctor's verdict, when it came, hardly cut deeper into the wound.

The tonsils were in a bad condition—enlarged perhaps permanently. In a few days he could tell whether an operation would be necessary. Meantime, if they cared to call in other advice ——

"But, doctor—my voice?" murmured the sick girl feebly.

The elder doctor looked hesitatingly at the visiting specialist, who lifted grim eyes from the prescription he was writing. He answered concisely:

"If you're careful—no singing, mind! Very little conversation, and that in a whisper. A quiet country life—no excitement. Then at the end of a year or two you may find your voice coming back to be what it was."

With a hoarse cry Rosetta turned her face to the pillow. Her large body shook the bed with her loud sobs. Clelia with parted lips and glazed eyes remained staring at her sister's prostrate form. Then when the two doctors, leaving prescriptions and directions, rose to take leave, Clelia followed them mechanically. The older man turned to struggle into his arctics; Paolo and Clelia stood face to face with each other. Rosetta was forgotten.

"Paolo, it's a long time since —— How's everything?"

"Very well, thanks! I can't complain. And you?"

"Things were goin' fine until —— Oh, poor Rosetta!"

Paolo buttoned a fur-lined glove. His lip curled dryly.

"Yes; I remember you were much attached to your sister. Hard on you, having things turn out like this."

"Then, Paolo, you mean—her voice is gone?"

"How can I tell? The throat is a delicate instrument. We can only hope for the best."

"Paolo!" As he turned away to pick up his bag Clelia with a powerful effort forced herself to smile.

"Paolo, it's a real pleasure to see an old friend. . . . It'd be a real pleasure—for Rosetta an' me—if you'd come in an' call some evenin'—not a doctor's visit—just a friendly call—to talk over old times."

Her effort reached its height. Paolo's black eyes met hers. She stopped short as she read in them the same bitter hurt and anger, the same deathless resentment that had faced her at their last meeting, three years ago.

"That's real kind of you—to think of me at last," he answered deliberately. "Let me see—you and Rosetta have been here in town a week, haven't you?"

"Six days," answered Clelia with a quickening heart.

"And at the end o' six days you remember my existence. That's real cute of you. I shall enjoy coming. Shall I bring my wife?"

"Then you're—married?" faltered Clelia.

"The year I left N' York. Didn't my family tell you? Oh, they weren't speaking to you an' your sister, I remember. So silly of them! But, you see, my mother felt for me like your mother did for Rosetta."

He checked himself and held out his hand with a cold drawl: "Very well, then. One of these evenings. Such a pleasure to see old friends again. Good-by."

He was gone. Clelia stood motionless, with her hand pressed to her flat chest. In this last half hour her pale face had changed from youth to middle age.

A sharp booming as of a headboard pounded with an impatient fist roused her. Slowly she traced her way back into the bedroom.

Rosetta whispered painfully:

"Clelia, he was tryin' to scare me. Tell me—he was tellin' you—'tain't so bad, after all?"

Clelia stared at her dully. Paolo married! This was a contingency her imagination had never faced. Blonde or brunette? Italian or American? Pretty or ugly? What was she like—Paolo's wife? And had he the same hot, fierce way of kissing her, holding her close?

"My voice! Oh, Clelia, how you look at me! Then it's true, after all? I've lost my voice forever, same's momma! Oh, why can't I die?"

The sight of her sister's grief roused Clelia from her own. Here at least was a suffering to be shared; for Rosetta's voice, as Clelia had truly said the other day, was as much her personal possession as the singer's own.

"Cheer up, Rosettina!" Her attempted smile twisted on one side and her voice quavered high. "Listen: I'll write to-day an' try to get back my old place with Bellini. Even if they don't want me maybe they'll know someone who does. An' you can stay in the country for a year or so an' drink milk; an' maybe get your voice back."

"No, no! I'll never sing again. I know!"

"Quiet! The doctor said you're not to talk."

"The doctor! Just Paolo Bertolini! What airs he puts on!"

"Will you be quiet or shall I leave the room?"

"Quiet! I'll be quiet long enough. Oh, God! If I could fling myself from the steamer like momma—on'y I wouldn't miss! Oh, why can't I die? Oh, my voice! Oh! Oh!"

Again sobs racked her. Tearless and swift-handed Clelia prepared hot cloths.

(Concluded on Page 95)

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(Concluded from Page 92)

Suddenly the sick girl, showing one swollen eye above a segment of pillow, murmured painfully: "And—Max?"

Clelia shook her head. This time the sobs ceased and Rosetta lay very still. Grimly Clelia watched her while the tepid radiator crashed and the winter rain beat outside.

VI

AFTER dinner Clelia in rubbers and waterproof went out to procure the medicines ordered by the specialist. With the ironic privilege of the poor she had no leisure to brood on her grief. Already above her tortured heart her brain was dully busying itself with plans for her own and Rosetta's future. Even if by a miracle Rosetta should get her voice back she knew that after the long rest in the country there would have to be new lessons with Calderini, new expenses for launching a forgotten singer afresh. In the very immensity of the struggle that faced her her dim-burning soul found a faint spark of fresh life.

As she approached the hotel she was aware of an enormous limousine standing hub-deep in the wet slush at the curb. Her own shoes were soaked through in spite of her rubbers, and her wet gloves were half frozen to her hands. Entering the hotel it seemed to her that she beheld a stout, familiar figure in a large fur coat at the far end of the foyer. Her brain was not, however, in a condition to register external impressions with vividness.

Since how long had Paolo been married? No, no! Such thoughts were weakness. What was the least she could live on? And would it be possible for Rosetta to do some light work in the country, so that the bulk of Clelia's pay might be saved for launching the singer afresh—if she ever should be a singer again?

Her mind weighed pennies. Pushing open the door of the room she shared with Rosetta she walked into an atmosphere that breathed millions.

Beside her bed stood Rosetta, fully dressed, in the act of being wrapped in her long fur coat by a starched, important-looking nurse. On the floor beside Rosetta's Saratoga knelt a velvet-clad woman whose bediamonded hands busied themselves with the lock.

"Oh, Clelia!"

Clelia's wet-gloved hand flew to her forehead. Now at last she knew that this day's happenings were all a dream!

"Oh, Mrs. Baum, here's my sister!"

"Say Ida, you dear little thing!"

"All right—Ida, here's Clelia. Clelia, this is Max's sister. They—they've come for me."

Happiness had burst the strictures of Rosetta's closed throat. Her voice, though hoarse, sang high with triumph. Her eyes glittered; her gestures were wild and free. Clelia's face, turned toward her, was dazed like that of a sleepwalker.

"You—sick as you are—gettin' up again!"

"They've brought the nurse on purpose. It can't hurt me if I was dyin'—travelin' in a closed limousine. An' if I do lose my old voice, what does it matter? Max won't let me sing again in public anyway. Ida, tell her."

As Rosetta with a girlish gesture buried her face in the huge silver-fox scarf the nurse wrapped about her, Mrs. Baum came smilingly forward.

"Why, you see, Miss Clelia, this is the way it is: Maxie's one o' those that's accustomed to have their own way—d'y' see? An' this mornin', when he got back from his flyin' trip to N' York an' looked over his telephone calls, he came to me like he was distracted. 'Sick, in that jay town,' he says—'the one girl in the world for me if I live to be a hundred!'"

"You hear that, Clelia? Isn't he the dearest boy?" beamed Rosetta. "So then, your poppa told you to come right off an' fetch me didn't he, Ida?"

"You see, Miss Clelia, poppa believes in marriage for young men; it's years that he's been at Maxie to marry an' settle down. The dearest boy, Maxie; but a bit wild. So, seein' now set he was on this dear girl, an' hearin' she was a prima donna an' all, poppa an' I gave in to him; an' here we are! An' your sister an' Max'll be married to-night, right in our front parlor—I mean, our blue drawing-room."

There was a pounding on the door.

"Mr. Ingelfeld says hurry up!"

"Rosetta, you little darling, ain't you ready yet?"

"My veil case—my slippers—that pink negligee I hung behind the door. Clelia, see if everything's in."

"You little darling, Maxie'll buy you everything new in Chicago."

From the bantering conversation that followed Clelia found herself excluded. By the mysterious alchemy of marriage Rosetta had already ceased being a De Luca and had become an Ingelfeld. Ida was the sister of her heart—not Clelia; though as she buttoned up her fur coat she remembered the latter with:

"I declare, Clelia, it seems just a shame to go off an' leave you like this! You'd better come along with us. There's room in the limousine—ain't there, Ida?"

"If we sit close—of course! Won't you come along, Miss Clelia?"

Clelia bent her head.

"I guess not, thanks. I—I'll come an' see you sometime after you're married an' settled, Rosetta."

"Just the same it's a shame to go off an' leave you like this, Clelia." Rosetta's eyes were wandering about the room. "Oh, good Lord! There's my gold puff box on the mantelpiece. I came just's close to forgettin' it! Well, Clelia, you've got the money. There's enough to pay the hotel bill and take you back to New York, an' some over. Tell Weinberg he can give you what's owin' o' my back salary."

"Rosetta! Maxie's waitin'!"

"Kiss me, Clelia. Ow! How my throat hurts! But I'm so happy I don't care. Don't forget you always have a home waitin' for you in Chicago with Max an' me."

"Come, girlie!"

To the effusive greetings of her prospective brother-in-law and to the perfunctory good-bys of the delighted, self-absorbed trio Clelia responded numbly. Her one comfort was that nobody noticed whether her demeanor showed a proper delight or not.

"What a shame to leave you behind like this, Miss Clelia! But don't worry; your little sister is in safe hands. An' don't forget you've always got a home waitin' for you in Chicago."

The limousine door was slammed, shutting Rosetta off into a new world, where Clelia, as she knew, had no part. Aghast at the loneliness that faced her she stood staring after the limousine as it slid grandly off in the rain. An hour ago her heart had been sore at the thought of the new sacrifices to be imposed upon her. Now she tasted woman's supreme humiliation—the realization that her petty sacrifices were no longer needed by the recipient.

To be rid of the burden Rosetta had always presented to her meant little to Clelia, because its alternative was utter nothingness. Rosetta's voice, as Clelia had truly said, was to her like a child. So long had she slaved and schemed and sacrificed for it that its total disappearance, whether as a present actuality or as a future hope, left her life a blank, like the death of a troublesome child—but her own child.

Rosetta, Paolo, her mother—nobody needed her or her ready self-sacrifice any more. Least of all she needed herself.

The rain was still wet on her hair as she turned back to indite a letter to Bellini & Co., New York, informing them that she would call at their office on Saturday morning at eleven o'clock sharp; and to inquire about the trains back to New York.

VII

"DOCTOR BERTOLINI in?"

"No."

"When'll he be in?"

"Dunno."

"I've got a bill to pay."

"Call again to-morrow."

"I'm goin' away."

"Leave it on the mantelpiece there."

"M-m!" Clelia's eyes wandered in uncertainty.

"I'm shuttin' up the flat an' goin' home. I on'y come to clean up, afternoons."

"Then can't I leave it with"—Clelia caught her breath sharply—"Mrs. Bertolini?"

"Mrs. who?" The slatternly woman stared.

"The—the doctor's wife."

"The Wop doctor? I ain't never seen his wife. She ain't never here. But I on'y b'en here a week. Maybe she's off visitin' in Chicago."

Clelia's head whirled. She leaned against the jamb of the open door.

"Say, ain't you pale! Why don't you come in an' set down? The doc—he'll be back soon, I guess."

Blindly Clelia followed the woman into a dusty surgery smelling of carbolic acid.

"Set right down. The doc—he gits back from the hospital 'long about evenin'. You want a glass o' water? Say, I'm jes' paid three hours a day to clean up. My married daughter, she's waitin' for me. The cutest little grandson ——"

Still talking the charwoman filtered from the room and from the house. Clelia sat alone. Paolo's wife—where was she? What kind of worthless hussy had he married to leave him alone in the dusty desolation she saw about her?

For five minutes she sat motionless. Then remembering the woman's words, that the doctor would not be home till evening, she rose and tiptoed about the little flat. Everywhere the cold and comfortless disorder that might be expected from a slatternly charwoman who went off and left the flat to a stray caller; and nowhere the gracious signs of a mistress' presence in the house.

In customary self-forgetfulness Clelia's heart burned in hot resentment against the unknown wife. At the same moment the instinct of service rose in her heart. Here for a moment, at least, and for the last time, she might make herself useful to someone she loved. Trembling with excitement she slipped out of her waterproof and jacket, rolled up the sleeves of her blouse, pinned on a towel for an apron, and looked for the broom.

Two hours later, as evening came on, the little flat sparkled with cleanliness. On the hearth of the living room a bright fire crackled. And in the kitchen beside a roaring range Clelia prepared a sauce for spaghetti the recipe for which her mother had brought from Naples. On the kitchen table, ready for cooking, was a sirloin steak. Beside it stood a salad, a dish of figs stewed with lemons, and a flask of red wine.

At last everything was ready. The joy of service was finished. Clelia, looking about the humble flat beautified by her hands, forgot the splendors into which Rosetta had entered. This little kitchen, had she only possessed the right to stay there, was to Clelia lovelier than the palatial abodes of Ingelfeld and Baum.

Tears blinded her eyes as she left the kitchen and found her way back to the surgery, where she had left her things. Her waterproof was barely buttoned when she heard the latchkey turn in the lock.

"Who's there?"

Clelia came forward timidly.

"Paolo, it's me—Clelia. Rosetta's gone off to be married. I'm leavin' for N' York to-night. I came to pay our bill. Five dollars—is that all right?"

He took no notice of her outstretched hand. His eyes were fixed on her face—the same eager, burning eyes. Clelia felt her knees grow weak.

"Clelia, you were in town a whole week; I watched you comin' an' goin'. Didn't you know I lived here?"

"Yes."

"An' you never let me know! You didn't think I was worth even the price of a telephone call!"

"I was waitin' for you to call me up."

"It wasn't me turned you down three years ago. It was you chucked me off like a dog. It was your place to call me up, Clelia, if you wanted to see me. But naturally you didn't—the gay life you make, traveling round with a prima donna and all. Why should you bother with a poor country doctor?"

Clelia's tortured soul tore at the seat of its own pain.

"Oh, Paolo, your—your wife!"

His face darkened.

"Divorced! I told you they wanted a married man at West Platte Branch, didn't I? Well, you threw me down; but I went there a married man, just the same. A year afterward she lit out with —— We'll not talk about that. Decree was made absolute the next year."

"Then why did you ——"

"Because you'd been in town a week and never so much as called me up. Wasn't it enough?" He stopped short. His nostrils, then his eyes, expanded. "That smell! It's like Naples! Who on earth in this place ——"

Clelia faltered:

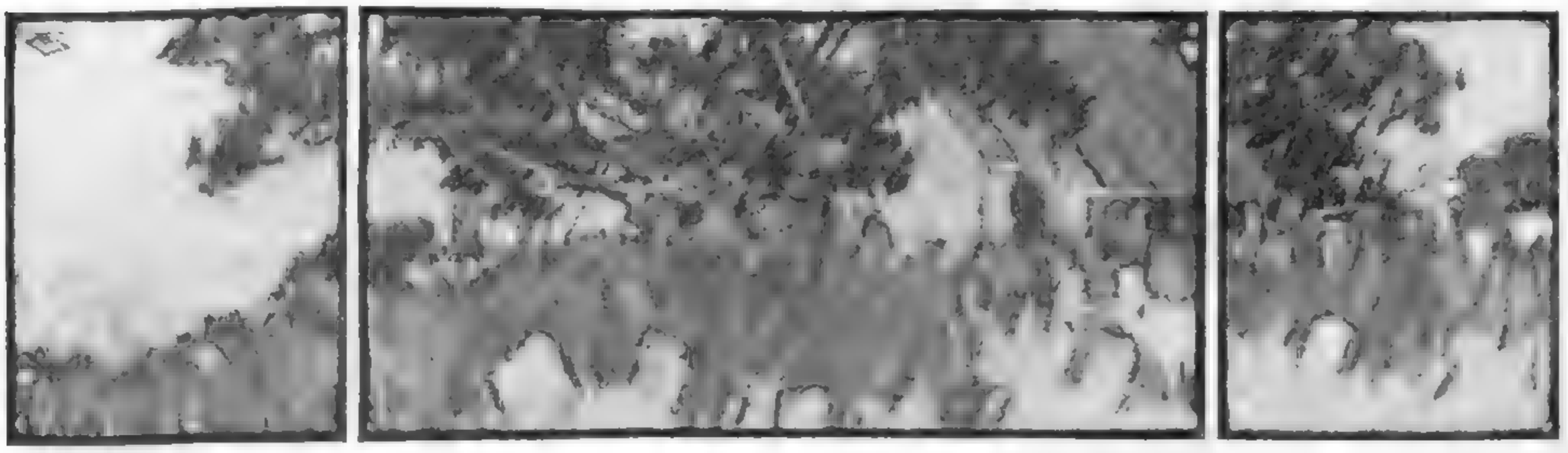
"I had to wait; so I just took the liberty of goin' into the kitchen an' knockin' up a dish o' spaghetti."

"You—in the kitchen!" Paolo's mouth fell open; his face flushed. "You, Clelia, who earn more money than I do! You, the sister of a prima donna! You in a kitchen—in my kitchen!"

"I'm a great cook, Paolo."

"It ain't that I'm thinkin' of. Only, else, I'd never 'a' dared to hope. Clelia, I ain't much to offer you. I haven't got on so quick as I hoped. Competition's hard. I'm not a rich man yet; perhaps I never shall be. But oh, Clelia, *amore* ——"

"Paolo! Paolo! here I am!"



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S. S. WHITE TOOTH PASTE is *safe* for little teeth—and grown-up teeth, too. It is free from all scratchy substances and dangerous drugs. It is *dependable*—first made in Civil War days at the request of members of the dental profession, who asked The House of White to make a dentifrice that they could safely use and recommend to their patients.

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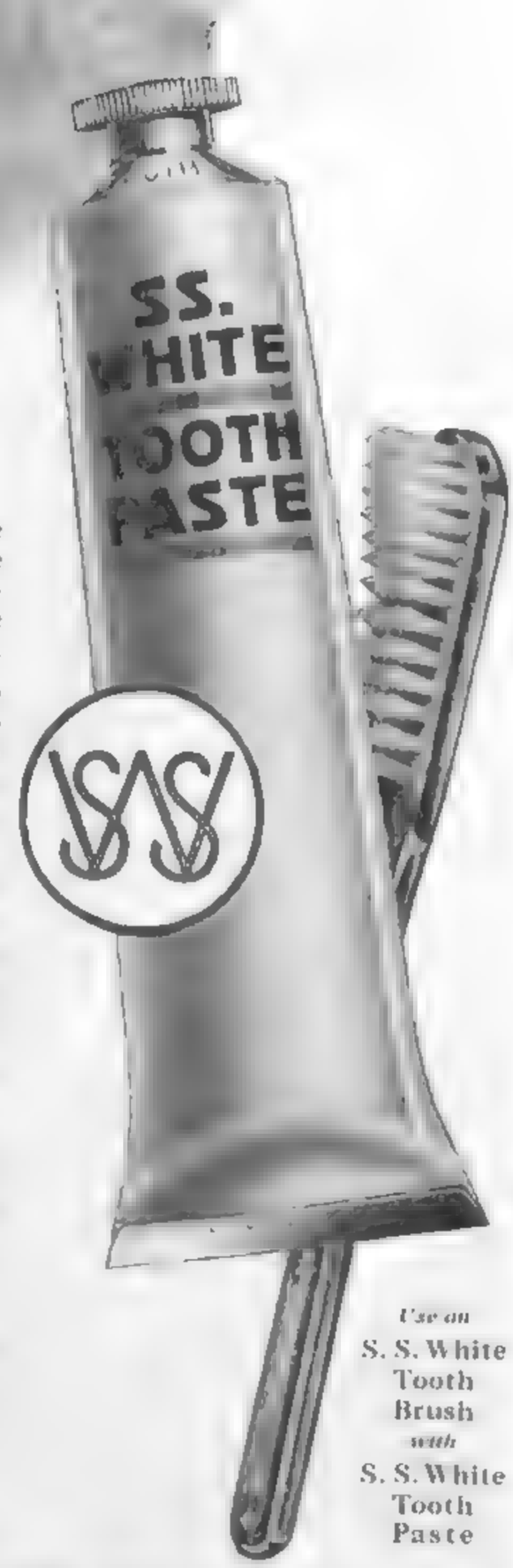

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HOKUM!

(Continued from Page 9)

"We will play this string through as far as it goes," he confided to her in a whisper. "No subway circuit or life in the sticks! When it runs out I'll have the next ready. It will be clear sailing after this. Where's the stone god Ram?" he asked suddenly, turning to Tom.

"He goes into the silences at midnight," said the stage manager, setting down his glass. "In his alley, behind the Varieties. Alone, with his cigar. On the stone steps. Never, never, my young friend, attempt to dispute the right of way with that cigar!"

The morning papers came in, and those jaded ones who had fallen asleep came to life as if by magic. Walter Lawrence read aloud. And in this dead hour of night these strange people who had dragged wearily through days to this climax hung on his words like children. With what awe and trembling those blasé critics must have set down their decisions could they have seen how their victims seized on every word, to squeeze it dry of each drop of fancied significance! This was the pinnacle—a typical Heinemann production! With all the beauty of texture Heinemann audiences had come to expect from that great master of stagecraft! By an unknown author. There were little pinpricks to send some of these to their beds with heartaches—this one or that had mouthed her lines or failed to make the most of a situation. But Heinemann—it was a triumph!

"One would think," said Sibley suddenly, "that he buys and sells us!"

"He does just that," said the stage manager as he pulled himself together with a yawn and prepared to depart.

In fact, Heinemann was doing just that at that very moment.

Gelshennen passed down Forty-second Street and peered into the alley where Heinemann smoked his cigar in the early hours, fair or foul weather. He caught the glow of the lone cigar; and making bold he walked in. He sat down. Heinemann said nothing.

"Well," said Gelshennen, "it's a flivver. I'll take it off your hands. It's all right for your clientele, Heinemann—but you'll run out of clientele in three sittings. What did it stand you?"

Heinemann smoked for a time in silence. Then "Eighteen t'ousan' dollar," he said thickly.

"All right. I'll send you a check in the morning."

Gelshennen went back to his office and sat down at a typewriter.

"Just so there may be tears in Israel," he explained to himself grimly; and he wrote this formal notice:

The Falling Star will close at the National December thirteenth. Members of the Company will please take this as the customary two weeks' notice. GELSHENNEN.

"But I won't be sold out! I stand on my rights! I protest—I—I—object ——"

"By all means," said Gelshennen amiably; he pointed his cigar at Sibley as if it were an emphasizing finger. "Protest! Stand on your rights! Enter objections! Vote your five per cent stock! I am voting ninety-five per cent. But you are entitled to a minority report." He restored the cigar to his face. "Five per cent's worth!" he added dryly.

"But the papers—read the papers! Do you set yourself above the critics?" demanded Sibley hotly. "There never have been such notices. Everybody says so."

Gelshennen, who had been a prize-fighter promoter before he went in for melodrama, moved gently with invisible laughter.

"Why do you send it to the storehouse?" demanded the irate author.

"Because that's where it belongs," said Gelshennen. "Sibley, I am an old dog at this game. You're a pup—you're all legs and feet yet. Wait!"

"What did you buy it for? To let it rot? It's fine, I tell you! It's too ——"

He caught himself just as he was about to say that his play was too fine for an ex-pug; but happily Gelshennen, whose good humor nothing could ruffle, broke in on him:

"Now you have hit it! It's too fine! It's up in the clouds." And Gelshennen began pointing with his cigar again. "Heinemann is a glass blower! Wonderful, I admit. But sometimes he overdoes it—gets them too fragile. If you touch them they burst! I admire pretty things—things of delicate texture. But unfortunately it takes trained intelligence. And, Sibley, our box office isn't built for trained intelligence. I'll prophesy—a very bad thing to do in this business—we will be floating on paper the third night out. Now," he said, aiming that cigar pointblank, "if he had cast Jane Welcome for a streetwalker, and Walter Lawrence for a tango worm—and stopped blowing before he came to the soft spots ——"

A Shot! A Crash of Glass—Utter Darkness. Sibley Sat Up. This Was His! The Key Situation—the Falling Star. They Were Stealing It

"What!" shrieked the bruised playwright. "Do you mean to say that your sensibilities are so callous to the beauties of art ——"

"Art!" roared the melodrama expert, now tickled to uproarious mirth. "Art! Art—Rat hole!" he snapped. "That's what art is—with a capital R. If you don't believe me, look at Heinemann! Look at his Varieties, that vaudeville dump up street. He takes a hundred and fifty thousand a year out of it! Ropewalkers, toe dancers, disrobing acts, art poses—there's art for you, without any clothes on—dog acts, coon monologuists. A hundred and fifty thousand a year! I don't know what you call that, but it's pretty close to art. And what does Heinemann do with it?" he demanded. "He subsidizes art—at the National! He pours it down rat holes. Jane Welcome, with her patrician chin; and Walter Lawrence, who doesn't know how the other half lives—doesn't know there is an other half! Heinemann enjoys his consequence as a promoter of æsthetic drama, and he's willing to pay for it—with dog acts! Well, we all have our foibles. Now if he had had sense enough to cast Jane Welcome for a streetwalker ——"

"I'll ask you to leave her name out of this if you don't mind," broke in the playwright hotly.

Gelshennen suddenly sat up with the impulse of discovery; he began to smile an expanding smile, and Sibley felt himself growing red. Gelshennen laughed.

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "So that's the way the wind blows! Hell's bells! I'd clean forgot about Jane!" And he fell to chuckling in a most irritating manner.

"I am afraid I don't follow you," said Sibley savagely. He looked over Gelshennen, wondering what the outcome would be if this set-to came to a rib-roasting match, as it seemed to promise.

"You will, my boy," said Gelshennen, toning down. "A long way too. I'll tell you about Jane. She doesn't mean anything by it. Finest girl in the world—if she has got a chin. But about the end of the second act on the first night God save the poor playwright if he isn't protected by the marriage law! She falls for them all. Love at first sight. Why, even Amos Holt got mussed up with her flour and grease paint when she came out in the Golden Goose."

Sibley stared stonily.

"Amos had to adore her in public for forty weeks. She insisted on it! Finally when the Golden Goose went on the road, and Jane quit, it was all off. And believe me, Amos looked like an escaping slave that had just swum the Arkansas to freedom." The coarse laughter of Gelshennen rang out; his eyes watered as he looked at poor Sibley in a most understanding way. He paused sharply. His tone altered. "Do you need any money, son?" he asked.

"How about my play?"

"We'll forget that. You need some change, I take it."

"Not from you; no!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Gelshennen. "This thing will begin to wheeze and wabble about Wednesday night. I'll push it. I'll spend money advertising. Rat hole, my boy! But never mind. If it runs two thousand dollars next week we'll give it an injection of coke and try to keep it on its feet. God knows I don't fancy exercising a dead horse! But I'll stretch a point. What say?"

"That sounds fair."

"Don't bank on it. I know. Meantime I've got a job for you."

"Doing what?" demanded Sibley, glaring at the ruffian.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing," repeated Gelshennen. "Move round town. Follow the crowd. When you see a play drawing ten thousand dollars a week haunt it! See it a dozen times—a hundred! Study it. Hold a stop watch on the pauses. Count the lead's footsteps coming down stage. This is a trade—not a gift! Recollect that. Most of all, note the hokum."

"Hokum? I don't know what you mean."

"Green lights—revolver shots—hist!—the thrills," said Gelshennen. "I'll pay you a hundred a week. That's option on your next play. Now run along to your Jane."

"I have a feeling," said Sibley, rising and puffing up, "that you and I will sooner or later come to the carpet. You rub me the wrong way, Mr. Gelshennen."

"Good boy! I've held the sponge on many a good man in my time, son. Now run along before you get peevish."

In the street Sibley paused at the first lamp-post and thought it over. He had gone there for blood; he had come away shivering like a shorn lamb. His bubble had burst. At least so they told him. To him it seemed as round and scintillating as ever, matchless in its iridescence. That new closed car, that old place on Town Hill, rooms in town, a man, and a suite instead of a berth when he sailed for Europe—as he certainly would have done at the end of the hypothetical forty weeks—these visions of material things, the wages to be collected by youth, for youth, had dissolved in the morning mist, while he strained his eyes.

That milk bottle cooling its head on the ledge outside his hall-room window became very real, very "significant," as the book reviewers say.

Between the pair of them he was not sure whether it was Heinemann, who had sold him out, or Gelshennen, who had sent him to the bone yard, that he hated the more. If Heinemann had only cast Jane Welcome as a ——

"I should have thrashed him on the spot and had done with it!" he muttered as he started off for Jane Welcome's.

Jane was not at home.

A trifle dazed he retreated down the steps. He had counted on seeing her, if only for a moment, now, when together they were going down, down, just when, hand in hand, they had started up.

Round three he sat down to a light little solo lunch—also the afternoon newspapers. Another covey of panegyrics—for Heinemann. These afternoon steam rollers had leisurely sat out his final curtain, caught his Shavian finish—that last line. Before they went to bed they had set down their impressions and sent them to the printer. None of them had an inkling that Gelshennen, ex-pug, had bought in the Falling Star before the ink was dry, and with a wave of the hand had tossed up the sponge, given it the count. They wrote columns of sounding brass.

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 99)

Then suddenly he was hit squarely between the eyes, tasted blood. His gaze had strayed to a handful of paragraphs in fine type—stage notes read only by the profession. Jane Welcome had suddenly been taken ill, and was out of the cast for a few days! Hetty Lamson, a mild little nobody who had understudied her, would fill the rôle during her absence.

First of all, utter unbelief! Then his pride, his egotism began to prick him. She might have told him, sent him word, instead of letting it come on him unawares, this way. Then: Rats! they were leaving the sinking ship! He laughed sharply, a gambler's trick he had picked up during these past few empty years, when things unbelievably turned from bad to worse.

Toward dark he pulled himself into his open-faced clothes, and went round to the National to watch the house fill. Immemorial custom made this second night the night of magazine critics, leisurely ruminants who three or four months hence would go to press, duly chewed and seasoned. It struck him with sardonic humor. Hetty Lamson intoxicated with delight went on after a snap rehearsal. With the factitious cheeriness of a loved one's family stoutly ignoring the inevitable, Walter Lawrence and the rest maintained their best front toward her.

Gelshennen was as good as his word. He did spend money. He had special matinées and unusual benefits. He even called in Cut-rate Isaacs for consultation. But the pall of death grew thicker. Toward the middle of the second week Adrian Sibley ceased to haunt the backstage alleys, forgot to thrust his head in at the box office at night to ask the count. Somehow—just how he could not say—it seemed to have become a personal matter between the rest of them and him. He was easier when they were not looking at him. Saturday night, Bain, the czar of the storage regions, backed up his trucks.

"Tell your pile drivers to go easy on that third-act set," cautioned Gelshennen. "I may use that again."

"Now, Mr. Gelshennen, don't!" said Mr. Bain. "As sure as you do some smart-Aleck critic will recognize your second-hand props and say that Mr. Gelshennen is getting economical. Believe me, when I back up my wagon for a corpse, it's dead."

"Nevertheless," persisted Gelshennen, "use no hooks."

Youth has its rebound—otherwise youth as such would cease to exist. The time came when Adrian Sibley could sit in a company of congenial spirits and begin a story something like this:

"'One evening as I was about to salt the tail of the bird of paradise ——"

The joke was distinctly on the critics; and he ardently hoped the magazine reviewers had reached the foundry-proof stage before his Falling Star evaporated on the face of the theatrical heavens in its speedy flight. His somewhat sardonic version of the career of the Falling Star stopped short of one episode—Jane. That would be asking a little bit too much. As a matter of fact, of the myriad ecstatic impressions of that first night that he still cherished in secret the episode of Jane was the only one that grew misty with the passage of time. At the end of a month he had relegated it to that shadowy vale of memory that lies between events and dreams. There were times indeed when he could easily persuade himself that he had never kissed the lady and inspired her to talk about phosphorescence on the water at night. On the two or three occasions he encountered her she rather heightened this impression. If it had happened she was like that wise old emperor who, when his crusty chancellor opened a conference with a furious tirade, would say calmly: "We will open the discussion with the assumption that whatever you have been moved to say has not been said." There was no fighting that form of rebuttal, especially when the lady habitually wore a glacial serenity.

Meantime there was the period of persuading himself that his was a trade, not a gift—and that hundred-a-week advance royalties on futures.

When he was finally oriented to the new state of affairs Sibley gave himself over assiduously to following the crowd. In course of time he picked up some queer friends. Gatekeepers' nods he collected as some people collect head-waiters' smiles. On occasions he would resume his Illinois accent and consult the sophomore-haired youths who sell theater seats at the hotels, taking their advice as to what he ought to see. He discovered an unknown army of people who see what they ought to see, read what they ought to read, think what they ought to think, eat what they ought to eat—through some sort of *noblesse oblige* of mediocrity.

Again, ignoring the fact that his face was good at the door, he would regard with languishing glances some Standing Room Only sign in front of the latest miracle, until at length he would be accosted illicitly, in whisper, by a newsboy, an apple woman or a corner loafer, advised to try the cigar store. In the cigar store he would find a man in a Seventh Avenue fur coat fingering a flap of bills folded once lengthwise, in one hand, and, in the other, thumbing a packet of aisle seats, middle of the house.

Or again, the playwright would wander down to the unknown regions of lower Sixth Avenue, where in a hole in the wall, usually a half store, or even a quarter one, he would find a stout person, arrayed smoothly like a retired saloon keeper, squeezed behind a mahogany counter. Back of him and over his head would be a rack, like a bookmaker's tally sheet. Sometimes it contained only two or three names of current attractions; sometimes twenty. These were the wheezes and the wabblers trying to beat the distance flag by bargain-counter rates.

Early in his travels he learned the true inwardness of hokum. It was engendered by an impulse emanating from the stage, but the effect always centered in the audience. A sigh, a gasp, a shudder, a quickly stifled laugh, a flutter of kerchiefs, nose blowings, coughs. Like the ubiquitous Unknown Man of the police blotter, it was all over town every night. In one play it transpired at eight-forty; in another at nine-fifteen; still again, at nine-fifty, or ten-thirty. He set down the hour of each manifestation, and visited them all night after night at their appointed time, sometimes draping himself over the rail, listening with all his ears among the standees; again in the orchestra; or in the topmost gallery to see how the fifty-cent trade took it.

He became a confirmed first-nighter, a distinct breed that kills its brides next morning.

Once or twice those two prime artists, Jane and Walter Lawrence, walked across his vision, in new transcriptions of their favorite rôles—lost souls trying out various reincarnations. When it was Jane he invariably found himself turning over the pages of the program to note the name of the transcriber.

Gelshennen made him free of his rehearsals—this was a distinct privilege—with the condition that he keep himself submerged. From his dark corner Sibley would watch the process through which the refractory ores were driven—the milling, sifting, floating, the melting and casting; finally the drop-forging and hammering, until the very peen marks dissolved one into another. Once he saw Gelshennen in action, staging a mob scene—with sleeves rolled up, collar wilted, voice gone, hair awry, behaving like a referee in a prize fight. When a supe came out of one of Gelshennen's mob scenes there never was any doubt in his mind where he had been.

At times a troupe would detach itself, with oceans of baggage, and embark to try a new offering on the dog, a mythical animal inhabiting the provinces. Sometimes such a band of mummers would be doomed to wander among the sticks, as all regions on either side of the tropic of Broadway are called. Once in a way the entire aggregation would disappear as if the earth had swallowed them, and the players would straggle back to town by twos and threes, having abandoned the brain child of some hopeful dramatist in the bulrushes. A few of these companies came back to town on the high wave of determination, for the verdict of the Broadway death watch. A percentage of them would stick; others after a brief, miserable existence terminated sadly in the cut-rate rack; still others would expire on the spot, with the amiable Mr. Bain presiding. It was a great trade, this amusing the public.

Then came the night when Sibley got out his trusty typewriter, dusted it off, cleaned its teeth, and gave it a new two-color ribbon. The virus of creative impulse was beginning to stir. He had an idea. He couldn't say just where it came from, any more than a wayfarer in the cañon of Nassau Street can say the point of the wind. He had already named it, reversing the title of the Squire of Dames. This would be the Dame of Squires. She was a gorgeous creature, born to adulation, behind a cast-iron virtue. With a flip of her fan or the flash of an eye she would elect some fortunate suitor to the brevet rank of lover—a knight who must never quit her side in public, never approach her in private—an exaction of trying probation to the gentleman who really was in love.

He told it to Gelshennen. Gelshennen wrote a check to bind the option, as if it were a cotton future.

"Now, go into the silence," commanded Gelshennen. "Don't fall in love. Don't read newspapers. Drink coffee—strong coffee."

Gelshennen gave him the key to his own shooting box, saw him off, banished him from Broadway for one month. In company of Gelshennen's lodge keeper and his dog, two army blankets, a coffee pot and his vest-pocket typewriter Sibley wooed his muse. He got back to town nervous and a little bit giddy. He hunted up Gelshennen, flopped the manuscript down before him, and sat down fascinated to watch the antics of the magnate's cigar as he read. Gelshennen was smiling when he laid it down. He seemed about to say something characteristic, then changed his mind, pillowed his head in the hammock of his hands and gazed pleasantly at the ceiling.

"Well?" said Sibley impatiently.

"Have you cast it yet?" asked Gelshennen with an inquiring eyebrow.

"No; I hadn't thought."

Gelshennen softly whistled through a little jig, then did it over again; when he finished he was looking curiously at Sibley.

"Jane," said Gelshennen gravely.

"Good God!" ejaculated Sibley. He recoiled as if dodging a wicked blow. He stared foolishly at the magnate. "Jane?" he repeated. "Jane Welcome?"

"Certainly," said Gelshennen soothingly. "Fits without a wrinkle."

Sibley got up and paced the room. He came to a stop in front of the producer, a queer smile on his face.

"It is Jane!" he said. "Judas priest! Gelshennen," he cried, "I've been living with that woman for the last month—and I never knew it!"

"Certainly," agreed Gelshennen. His merry eyes roved about, finally came back to Sibley. "We'll think it over. She's die-cast for it. Sib, you'd better have a sick grandmother or something the opening night! You know Jane!"

Sibley's sense of humor came to his rescue—he had actually dramatized his Jane! He shouted.

"Oh, I'm vaccinated!" he protested.

After dinner they strolled round to the Mayfair, where Gelshennen was having an opening. Sibley noted the electric sign said Selvage.

"What is selvage?"

"It's the edge they weave in cloth to keep it from raveling," explained Gelshennen. And he added: "It's the edge instinct weaves in a man or woman, to keep him—or her—from raveling when things begin to rip."

Sibley took a chair in the manager's box, drawing back into the shadows, dimly conscious of the house filling, the orchestra tuning up, and of the rise of the fire curtain. He lacked the zest for a first night. These last four weeks had told upon him more than he knew. His great idea had drawn like a poultice. His digestion was upside down. As the curtain went up the house hushed itself for the opening lines.

Some poor devil's first night—some poor deluded devil swaying between joy and terror, shaking with ague back in the wings or freezing out on the fire escape. But Sibley saw nothing, heard nothing; only stared sullenly at the toes of his boots, while his mind, rambling on with the momentum of four weeks' concentration, read over pet scenes of that Dame of Squires. The act ended, the curtain went up again. Gelshennen looked in from behind with a smirk at the motionless Sibley, and tiptoed off once more with an impersonal wink at an usher.

Suddenly a sentence intruded itself on Sibley's consciousness. Off there on the stage a voice said: "It can't be done, I tell you!"

Then a woman's half-choked tones: "It can be done. I am going to do it!"

Silence. Sibley found himself listening with a curious tensity.

Now it was the man again in level accents: "There is—one thing—Betty—that you have overlooked. . . ."

"I have taken everything into account." Sibley could hear her labored breathing. "Except me."

A pause that seemed intolerable. A sudden shifting of the audience caused Sibley to start; he stared into the darkness of the house.

A shot! A crash of glass—utter darkness. The sound of running feet, of pounding on a door, the splintering of the panel. A torch winked—then someone found the switch and turned on the lights. Three men stood staring at each other in utter unbelief. Nothing but an empty room—with that pool of broken glass.

Sibley sat up. This was his! The key situation—the Falling Star! They were stealing it.

Why, yes—this was the old second-act set—that had gone to the bone yard. Gelshennen was getting economical! All the props too. The table, right center—drawer open—it was in that drawer—they'd find it in another. . . .

Sibley wiped his forehead.

"I'm getting dippy!" he said with a sour smile. Reaching over he picked up his neglected program; he turned to the title page and read:

"Selvage; a drama in three acts; by Adrian Sibley."

He ran his fingers through his hair. "Sibley! Selvage!" he muttered stupidly.

The Falling Star! The dead horse on its feet again! Rechristened.

Pistol shots! He snarled. What the devil—who the ——! Gelshennen! Of course! He saw it all suddenly. The lying ruffian! The common pug! The low bruiser! Gelshennen had been playing him all along—for a sucker! Played on his hopes, on his vanities! That's why Gelshennen had sent him out of town—ordered him not to read the newspapers—set a gamekeeper to watch over him!

So he, Gelshennen, like the thief he was, could drag out the beautiful fabric of his Falling Star, riddle it with his cheap hokum! Pistol shots!

The lines came to him—his lines. Not the smooth oily flow of that ignis fatuus of his first first night. Not the almost metrical cadence of Heinemann. But lines with a burr—now and then a senseless brawl of words—phrases abruptly chopped and cheapened, overemphasized and underread. And the house—it sat rigid under the spell, as if a god of the mountain with a pointing finger had turned it into stone.

Drunk with the disgust of it Sibley got to his feet. Now he was as cool as a cucumber, loose as a leopard. He pumped his arms, kicked out his legs. He started. The stage door yielded to his hand. Inside he closed it softly and stood watching. The actors, coming on and off, saw him, but did not heed. They did not know him! Jane Wel ——

No, it was not Jane Welcome. It was a cheap little ready-to-wear imitation, a kitchen Carmen—with a mouth too loose at the corners, a turned-up nose and enormous eyes. Under the ruthless glare of the back-stage lamps her rouge and whitewash lent her the mask of a caricature.

A sudden volley of orders, a sudden rush to center—a rabble conjured from nowhere burst out to the stage, bit, clawed, tore at each other, shrieked to high heaven—and a tall man in shirt sleeves, collar wilted, cuffs up, hair rumpled, sweat pouring down his face, was wigwagging like a semaphore from his place of concealment in the wings; now hopping like a gorilla, now giving commands in hoarse whispers and dumb show, inspiring that mob of lunatics to the very edge of blood lust.

Gelshennen! So? His pistol shots and nightwalkers weren't enough. He must squirt a mob scene into the limpid glorious Falling Star, that he had rebranded as Selvage. Gelshennen was after violence, was he? Well, he was about to have it! Even to the brim of his capacious cup! That was the only language he knew—violence—Gelshennen who had held sponges for pugs!

Sibley moved forward on tiptoe. He was on the man, hypnotized at that instant by the very hypnotism he was exercising upon his crew, now striking an ensemble attitude on the stage.

Sibley had one great paw fastened on Gelshennen's collar; the other hand caught a waving wrist, twisted the upraised arm under Gelshennen's shoulder blade. Gelshennen was held as if in a vise. He never turned his head. He never shifted his eyes for an instant from his puppets on the stage.

(Concluded on Page 104)

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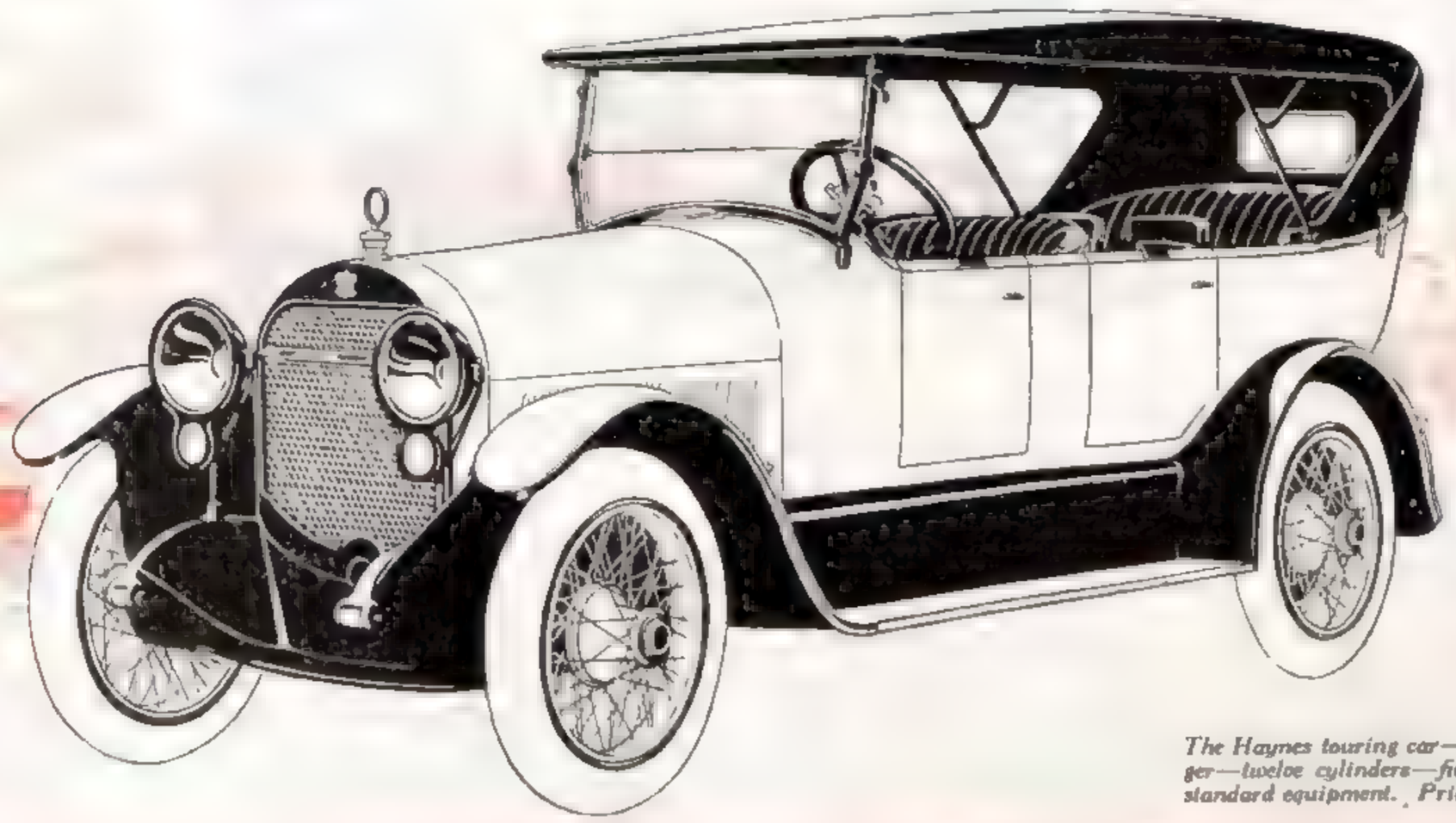

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1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

(Concluded from Page 102)

He hissed between his teeth: "Hold it, you dogs! Hold it—hold it, I say!"

Then something happened—timed to the split second. It was the curtain. The curtain said softly "Thump!"

A roar from the house rent the air.

"Hold it, you dogs! Hold it—hold it—hold it!"

The applause doubled in volume as the curtain rose for the call, smothered as the curtain fell. Three times this happened; Gelshennen all the while rigid, in the grasp of the irate author, breathing nasally his eternal threatening "Hold it, you dogs!"

The third time the curtain stayed down. Sibley was listening with all his ears. He had never heard anything like it before. Dazed he loosed his hold, listening open-mouthed. Now they were crying for "Author! Author!"

Sibley lost his calm, though his fury still held.

"So you thought you could get away with a stunt like that, did you?" he cried. "You thought to shoot me to pieces with your cheap hokum -make a fool of me before this house. Well, I've got something to say—and I'm going to say it—to this house! When I come off I'll have something to say to you—you ex-pug!"

He started forward. He had reached the curtain, was waving it aside, before Gelshennen realized what he was about to do.

"Nail that young cub! You, Jack! You, Ben! Nail him—bean him—kill him—stop him with a club!"

Three husky stage hands fell on Adrian Sibley with eager grunts, sat on him. They picked him up like a baby and carried him back. It wasn't on the cards for him to orate to that house—a house that was on its feet, yelling itself hoarse. They locked him in a room.

Minutes passed, ages. His heroine in her great moment rose to the sacrifice that was to redeem her—minus his presence. And the audience, hard-shelled first-nighters, filed out tremulous and wet-eyed. Sibley heard a key turn in the lock; the door opened. There stood Gelshennen, the company grouped behind his shoulders.

"Feeling better?" asked Gelshennen amiably.

"I will shortly, when you and I have gone to the carpet!" said Sibley shortly.

Gelshennen was afraid of no man. He had managed pugs with the unaided power of his eye. Now he waved off the others with one hand and advanced on the set author. He fixed him with a merry glance, he ran an arm about his waist, hugged him. He looped the arm through Sibley's, drew him along beside him.

"Let's go up to the office—and talk," he said. "We'll shake hands before we hit the carpet. The best people do, my boy."

In the office above, Sibley fell into a chair, buried his face in his hands.

"You've knifed it—behind my back!" he moaned.

"So?" said Gelshennen; and he thrust a sheaf of papers into Sibley's hand. "Look at that, son! Skin your eye over that! That's Chicago. It's been running four weeks out there. Eight thousand; ninety-two hundred; eleven thousand five hundred; thirteen, six-fifty! And they are sold out for six weeks ahead. When you begin to vote your five per cent on that you'll have some cash in the bank! Look at it—look at it, I say!"

Sibley looked, more at command than desire to see

"This is a second company, on to-night. If they don't run five hundred nights on Broadway I'll eat my hat. Did you ever see a first-night house rise like this? No! Certainly not! We've got them hypnotized! Wake up, my boy—you're a great man!"

"But my Falling Star!" moaned the disconsolate author. "It was fine, Gelshennen, fine!"

"Fine!" sneered Gelshennen. "What do you mean by fine? Your idea of fineness is the parlor variety—the Jane Welcome brand! Is it fine for a woman who never had any but decent instincts to do the decent thing at the one big moment in her life? No, I say! It is not! She couldn't do any different if she tried. It isn't fine for a champion swimmer to jump into the water to save a child. But if he didn't know how to swim—if he were crippled—or hunchbacked—then if he jumped into a millrace to save a child—that would be fine! And Sibley," he cried, his voice deepening, "if this woman of yours never had had a chance—if she'd been brought up to the ugly—the tawdry—the ignoble—the selfish—if she'd never been told what decency was—then, I say, if her instinct made her do the decent thing, at the one great moment of her life, that would be fine. Adrian, that's Selvage! Good God, man, can't you see it? Didn't you feel that house rise to it?"

Selvage indeed is proving a life's competence. The Chicago company played to fifteen thousand dollars a week for seven weeks—a record; and the Broadway company is pushing it hard. Two road companies are out in the provinces, and two others are being swaged into shape, to follow. It is to be put on at the Alhambra in London this fall, Gelshennen personally staging the riot.

As for the Dame of Squires—the glorious Dame came tripping out one night to the tinkle of a minuet; and she still tinkles—at the Falstaff Playhouse, which holds a comfortable parlorful.

The audience is always fine—the play appeals to the finest people; it is running through the summer because a great many fine people from the West come to town on their vacation. Jane dropped out with the coming of hot weather.

And Adrian Sibley—he has rooms, a man and clothes. Also that place on Town Hill. Gelshennen ran up there a few weeks ago. A company of sheep was shaving the lawn, which had been meadow for a hundred years; Sib was training a mountain torrent to execute a waterfall off the eaves of his conservatory, then to be gathered up in a stone-bound brook and conveyed to a marble swimming pool. Sibley knocked off to show Gelshennen the possibilities of the place. They encountered, afar, a ravishing beauty in a flowing smock—with smocking. She was coming down the gravel path under the new pergola where the little vines were already taking their first timid clinging steps. Seeing them she paused. The arch framed her like a shadow box, a shaft of sunlight shone in her hair. Her eyes looked a timid question. She turned on her heel and strolled away.

"Hell's bells!" ejaculated Gelshennen; and he stared, stupefied.

But it wasn't Jane, though the effect was the same; only the daughter of the house next door, come over to borrow a trowel.

BEST OF THE BEST!

(Continued from Page 5)

answering his own question. "Still, it should come only as a last resort. I like to think of the strong man as patient, using his strength for finer things—as the Allies have done. It seems the best way," he continued reflectively, and his brown eyes lighted as though some achievement of the Italian hosts were mirrored there.

"When I was a student I think I must have learned the great lesson of tolerance, for it is always here."

He struck himself over his heart with his right hand. He made no move toward the cigarette, which, jarred from its holder, had fallen to the floor. Zirato picked it up, and the tenor took another from his case and worked it slowly into place.

"Looking for the good, that is what makes men and women of us; looking, and being able to recognize it when it comes."

"Getting at the heart of the thing: inside, so to speak, to interpret the—may one call it soul? Is that what you mean?"

He put down his cigarette and the holder with its narrow band of platinum near the end, and surveyed me with widening pupils.

"Just that," he said slowly, and looked over my head. "It is having such a quality which makes the artist; singer, painter, what you will. Getting inside—yes. Otherwise you have only the shell, something superficial. And the people are quick to see and discover the difference. You cannot mislead them. Their judgment, which is inevitably final, is the tally."

Success Through Emotion

He was speaking English with a trace of foreign accent, to be sure, yet with none of that exaggeration which sometimes is inexactly put into his mouth. One should remember that Caruso has been living as well as singing in this country for fifteen years.

"To be great, to make others feel—the singer, too, must feel. A cold heart will not do. Beauty of voice and a suave style have their effect. But it is warmth which the public yearns for and never becomes satisfied without. That is," he amended, "in any unusual degree. The clear pure tones are delightful; I like them. A brilliant voice may send a shiver along the spine, yet I question if such a shiver does more than stir the listener—ever leaves one deeply moved.

"It need not be some passionate outburst to exert a thrill," he went on, then stopped as if searching for words to complete his thought accurately. I confess to being fairly caught. Such a statement from the tenor whose "Vesti la giubba"—the lament from I Pagliacci—has sent thousands into ecstasies was a surprise. "No, not that, though it has its place," the singer confessed. "The song which is either noble or tender strikes deepest, because it conveys simple truth.

"And it is the singer's mission to interpret it, as far as he can. Because and I become more convinced the older I grow the simplest things are biggest. For my part I cannot give my best or enlist an audience's response unless I actually feel the emotion I seek to express. I cannot communicate—that is what I term it. Perhaps that is why a performance of opera fatigues me, saps my whole strength. I never hold anything back; all that I have, in voice and art and mind, belongs to the public. So I bestow it, and am glad if they are glad."

He drifted off then on another of his occasional mental excursions. Presently I ventured a question:

"Which is hardest—getting to the top or staying there?"

I caught a glimpse of firm-textured cheek behind a cloud of smoke, and dancing flecks of light in the tenor's eyes.

"Staying," he replied, and chuckled. "Before the arrival it's 'getting there' that rubs. But once the top is reached you wonder: 'When shall I fall?'"

Pablo Casals Has the Clear Calm Mind of the Man of Culture

"What!"

"I mean it. Never do I prepare for a performance that I do not think—Will it be to-night?"

He fascinated; the uncovering of a secret hung—but his eyes were inscrutable.

"The best must eventually slip. Until the audience is before you—and you before the audience—one never can be sure. The people constitue the fourth dimension of the theater. Without their presence no test is that. And they are very quick either to approve or condemn. Then, the time comes to all of us when the voice begins to fail. It may be while we are apparently at our zenith. But we are capable of going only so far; we arrive there, remain for—nobody knows how long. Finally the descent begins; we may not be at once aware; or the public. Little by little we drop, imperceptibly at first. Then some night or at an important matinée, someone notices; then someone else. A whisper runs round: 'He's slipping; is he or isn't he?' The scales which you have held in perfect balance are starting to swing in the wrong direction. Almost in a flash it is over."

He drew a deep breath and put his cigarette holder to his lips. In that meditative mood it appeared pertinent to ask Caruso a question that had been skipping about in my mind: "How much longer do you plan to sing in public?"

He raised his eyes, then narrowed them as he held my own gaze level.

"Three years ago when Gatti"—he referred to Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan—"made my contract—it has a year and a half more to run—he said: 'You will sing a long time. We want you here always.'

"And I replied: 'No, I think at the end of the contract I have enough.'

"But Gatti said: 'You can go on singing until you are sixty.'"

No Favorites

"I was not so sure. But the last three years all that I usually put aside, my savings, it goes to the Government. So—I think I shall go on singing."

It was a neat slipping of the question.

"All my life," resumed Caruso, becoming buoyant again, "I have worked hard. Now I save the voice. I use the mind. Never is it necessary for me to sing, except at the rehearsal or the performance; the voice is always ready. I command, it obeys."

He smiled, though not self-satisfiedly. And then he confided to me the four elemental principles upon which his method of singing is based: The specific manner in which he takes and controls his breath; the maintaining, unvaryingly, of a free and unrestricted throat; the fashion in which the tone is allowed to find its way to the "mask," or face; and the correct employing of vowels and of consonants. Yet with his next breath he declared he had no method.

"My voice," resumed Caruso, "is not the same voice for every opera. I have no favorite rôles; I like them all; each is the best while I am singing it. I have a servant—he is on his vacation now—who always comes to the theater during a performance. He brings a bag with some things in it I need. One night he met someone he knew.

"'Where are you going?' asked the friend.

"'I go to the theater,' replied my servant. 'We sing to-night.'

"'You?'

"'Well, my boss,' he explained.

"'Always with the same bag?' came the inquiry.

(Continued on Page 107)

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High Speed Grinding—and the G.T.M.

Harry L. Bracken in Salt Lake City used to have what he called a champion belt eater. It was a high-speed cylinder grinder with an old style drive. It cost a hundred dollars a year to keep that one little machine belted. The highest priced belts lasted only six or seven weeks—some only two weeks. As soon as their joints went bad, the belts were practically done; for the mile-a-minute speed of that drive, and the reverse over an idler, made durable repairs almost impossible. Occasionally the joints did hold and those were the times when six or seven weeks' service was obtained.

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If you have a belt-devouring drive that is eating too many dollars, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a grocer sells sugar. The G. T. M.'s services are free simply because the savings they effect for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants served is certain to come to us within a few years.

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(Continued from Page 104)

"'No; sometimes it is a little heavier. I have the voice in it, you see; so Caruso, he cannot sing until I get there. To-night it is light, the bag; next time it will weigh more.'

"My servant told the truth. I keep my voice—my voices—as though in drawers like that cabinet over there." The tenor pointed to a huge piece of furniture against the wall. "It is as though there were many drawers. In one I keep my voice for Samson et Dalila; in another my L'Elisire d'Amore voice; other drawers contain the voices I use for Bohème, Pagliacci, Forza del Destino, Martha, Aïda.

"That reminds me of a story: I was beginning an engagement—guest appearances—in Berlin—oh! it was many years ago. I made my first appearance in Aïda." He paused abruptly and smiled reminiscently. He flipped with his fingers at a bit of lint on his coat sleeve, then looked up. "A friend sat in the stalls that night, near two elderly ladies whose conversation he couldn't help hearing. You know that Radames is a soldier; so when I sing that character I use a strong voice, strong diction.

"Before I had finished the Celeste Aïda aria my friend caught the comment of one of the ladies: 'He isn't a tenor,' she said; 'his voice is a barytone.'

"The next appearance I made was in L'Elisire d'Amore. As you know, it is lyric and requires a different coloring of the tone, a lighter voice. Again my friend got scraps of comment not intended for his ears. 'To-night he's a tenor,' said the talkative of the two ladies. 'I can't believe he is the same man.'

"At my third endeavor these visitors—who evidently were very musical—occupied their accustomed places; my friend also had his subscription seat. The opera was Ballo in Maschera, and the tenor character is a gentleman of distinction. Again in the estimation of my critics I was a barytone.

"The fourth appearance brought another observation from the lady; and my supporter could no longer contain himself: 'You say, madame, that Caruso is a tenor again to-night—in Lucia. Well, he sings every high note as it is written; he is the tenor always. Not, pardon me, with four qualities of voice, but with one voice, which he uses and adapts to fit the character of the music he must sing.'"

Open to Suggestions

"One must not think I believe I am invariably right. If one who has the knowledge to criticize gives me a suggestion worth seriously considering I welcome it. If such consideration convinces me, I will change."

He checked his speech then and began fussing with objects and papers on his secretary's desk; arranging them in orderly fashion, for Caruso is methodical to the nth degree and believes in a place for everything and keeping things in their places. I saw him pick up one of the notebooks in which he copies in his own hand the words and notes of the rôles he sings. And as he glanced at the pages he allowed to run through his spatulate fingers I remembered what his secretary and maestro had told me—a tireless worker; patient, considerate of others, the heart of him throbbing sympathetically even when he scowls hardest.

The tenor glanced up at that moment, and his eyes were smiling as he observed in a relaxed tone: "Whether or not I'm the best—I try conscientiously to give them my best."

Meeting the Train at Aiken, S. C., Hofmann's Winter Home

I found Josef Hofmann in anything but concert attire the morning we came face to face in his New York abode—which is temporary, in a way, and one the pianist likes best when he is away from family and home. He wore a dressing gown such as a rough-and-ready man inclines to; and it bared enough of the Hofmann neck to hint the strength there.

He came forward in that likable side-to-side swing of the body characteristically Hofmannesque and which everyone well knows who has seen him walk out on a stage. He carried one hand in a pocket of his gown, the other stretched frankly forward. His hair was rumpled, and from his eyes and the buoyancy of him one gathered he had not long finished a sleep of the just; for he overflowed with the vitality which makes his piano playing so dynamic a thing.

Then like a shot—pop! from a gun—he explained:

"Four swift traveling days, which left me fagged. Chicago, Utica—where I gave the first public performance of my all-American program—Syracuse, and back again to New York. It isn't easy. Someone once told Mrs. Paderewski how much he envied her husband; such a placid existence. He was soon enlightened—work never ending, with its nervous strain. But—that's apart from the issue, like my garb. Just a preface by way of explaining I am not long from overtaking some sleep lost railway journeying."

He hunched in a chair then, and sat fitting a cigarette into a plain holder as I explained the nature of what affected pertinently his own views and accomplishments and life ways generally. And he waited, before applying match flame to tobacco, until he got the drift. In the silence that followed the pianist puffed meditatively and looked far off, in internal scrutiny of it all.

"No one who is a doer of things who does them well enough to be considered the exception—thinks primarily of himself. Not in the arts. To rise high enough above others to be seen he must forget self. That is an unescapable fact."

There was no hesitancy; no searching of mind for some safe starting basis to rest on. Hofmann—as those who know are aware—is more than musician; an individual diametrically different from the few whose gifts approximate genius. That is the thing about him to marvel over. He understands life and events, which he follows with a vision indicating the quality and versatile trend of his mind.

"You forget Art," said Hofmann in that crisply incisive way he has in speaking, "and it forgets you. For Art is a mistress as stern as she is kind. She demands complete recognition, and sincere recognition, of her preëminence before she unfolds within the nature of the one absorbing her. She will not—because it is a violation of her laws—accept a position secondary to the individual seeking to interpret her. This may astonish some; yet it is a fact rigid as any the ambitious musician has to face."

The pianist paused to tap into a tray the ash from his burning cigarette.

"This subordination of self to Art," he went on, "will not at first show in what one accomplishes. The individual develops slowly. But in the end rewards will come—to those who obey the precept.

"There is a reason," he explained, "which makes the significance clear. In the word 'sincerity' you have it—the alpha and omega of motivating force which lifts all accomplishment to the highest plane. Sincerity in putting art above self—if capacity be there—ultimately gives the person mastery of the art. Nothing complex or mysterious about it," said Hofmann in his intensely serious way. "A formula, if one chooses so to designate it, which runs this way: 'Perfect sincerity plus perfect simplicity equals perfect achievement'—if the capacity of the individual allows."

He rose after having confided the nub of what makes the greatest of the great, and swung across to the window, his compact figure vibrating the energy of him. But he was back again directly, to his chair and theme.

"Of course," he said in that engagingly modest way of his, "one requires talent for a thing. The bigger the talent the more fortunate the start—other requisites there. Aptitude in conspicuous degree is a prerequisite to distinguished accomplishment, but may be neither the exclusive nor controlling factor. Only one pianist I ever knew was what Americans would say—'in a class by himself.' I mean Anton Rubinstein, who was my master. For me, as for all others, he was unapproachably great. He had everything, as we sometimes say: Technic, imagination, soul, musicianship—the big grasp of things—to a larger extent than any pianist of his time."

"But," I tentatively suggested, "have you not in mind some such goal as Rubinstein attained?"

Hofmann's rejoinder was all-silencing:

"You see, I haven't—in comparable measure—anything Rubinstein had. No such hands as his were, nor his marvelous facility for color tone, nor any other artistic attribute.

"Rubinstein always played a composition within a frame of size it should occupy. If it was an orchestral work he made it sound like an orchestra; if it was a miniature the pianist kept the whole of it inside borders necessary to preserve its character.

"My good fortune lay in having had the privilege of Rubinstein's counsel and guidance. He would often tell me to interpret Art as she appealed to me. He held to individual interpretation; sincere interpretation. 'Never mind the public's opinion if it doesn't agree with your own; so long as you continue to be sincere the public ultimately will receive your message.'"

His Own Severest Critic

"From the time, as a boy, I began playing piano before people I got into the constructive channel. Quite early, I think, I learned that nothing ever is good enough to offer the public. Often the best a pianist can give is insufficient; and he should not, if he be sincere, allow himself to be content because the applause is loud and liberal. I remember more than one recital which gained my auditors' indorsement, yet did not satisfy me at all. Now and again I have played almost well enough to—please myself. But my hearers sometimes did not seem to agree.

"No," said Hofmann with a positive inclination of his head, "one must set his own standards and measure accomplishment accordingly. The ideal performance is a thing in the back of the mind; something ever in the distance. For no perfect set of conditions seems attainable. If the fingers are responsive, then humidity has paid a visit to the piano. Or the pianist's mood is out of keeping with that task. Possibly the acoustics of the hall are bad; and quite possibly the audience will not warm up. Again, there is the program itself, which may have in it some weak spot."

The speaker's eyes twinkled after that deluge. It was like saying: "Well, are we as great as some experts think?"

He went on:

"There are so many factors to coördinate in playing as well as one's admirers wish that I must emphasize the importance of still one other; that's luck. You never

Concluded on Page 111)

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Enrico Caruso

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Jascha Heifetz

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(Concluded from Page 107)

know when or how it is coming along to help; or streak away to leave you wabbling on the reef of your fate. Let me tell a pertinent story:

"It was in Atlanta, the ninth day of last December. I hadn't played there in fifteen years. This made me apprehensive, because I realized an entirely strange audience would be present. Reaching the stage of the auditorium, which has a colossal seating capacity, I was apprehensive of the size of the place. I walked dispiritedly to the piano. But when I struck a few chords to test the acoustics I found them so fine and the instrument in such excellent condition that my mood swung round. That recital was one of the most successful, in all respects, I ever had.

"Success of course affects character. It develops some, dwarfs others. Where success is a stimulant there is constant artistic growth. For myself I can say that I have tried consistently to do my best. But I never work by either schedule or rote. No regular practice—nowadays.

"The concert is the place where I study my resources for defects and excellences. It is this playing under high pressure that shows us up. Playing a program is like tuning up a high-powered racing car; it is a trial, to determine just where you stand. The time between concerts is only an interlude to enable me to try to make the wrong things right—to get straightened for the next public test.

"I try to avoid holding any false notions about myself, for the reason that such a viewpoint brings an erroneous perspective, injurious ultimately to ability. So you see there is no other sensible thing to do. I have my day's work to perform—so much practice, for the smoothing of what requires smoothing; or a concert; or perhaps a train ride to reach some city where I must play.

"I'm unusually busy from October until June. The remainder of the year I slow down and try to get better acquainted with my family. I used formerly to do more than a hundred concerts and recitals a season; now I find fifty a less exacting number. Even that gives me plenty. I have to keep moving." For a moment he paused, before concluding: "And I try seriously to be myself."

Human, After All

From Hofmann to Heifetz, in the matter of years, you drop a few pegs—from forty-two to eighteen, to be mathematically exact. Which may impel some to exclaim: "My! if he's the best violinist now what will he be twenty-four years hence, at Hofmann's age?"

Imperceptibly changed, in all probability, so far as the public can perceive. For there are tales, true enough, of this Russian boy's playing at six and nine and twelve, which compare favorably with his playing of to-day. The reason is plain enough and incontrovertibly a fact: Jascha Heifetz has genius.

We were interested in the Heifetz of everyday routine because that side of him—though knowing him intimately through the medium of his art—was a blank. And perhaps one other cause of curiosity lay in reports of the boy's unresponsiveness to mental plumbings.

But he must have felt a freer mood the afternoon we touched hands for the first time, for he lost completely for an hour that solemn cast of countenance which during public playing is invariably his.

Other topics than music interested him that day; and he plunged quickly at them as though seeking to defer the ultimate subject.

"It's good to be here"—inclining his head to include the corner room of his Central Park West apartment—"after traveling over the country." Hofmann's attitude, all over again. "My friends are in New York, so it seems almost like home. I'm becoming accustomed to the city; but when I came here a year and a half ago I was dazed. No other place quite like it. Nothing such as the lights of Broadway. I'll never forget the effects they had upon me when I walked that street the evening I arrived. The glare and people rushing made me dizzy."

He smiled at the thought, and slipped farther down into a corner of the couch. Still reserved, but thawing into his real self—less conscious of formality, which his clothes may have impelled him to feel. He had just come from a Philharmonic concert, and the spell of a public appearance still clung.

"It's a relief to know you can smile," I remarked after explaining the nature of my presence. He grinned at that.

"Of course I can," he declared, "when I may. But I must be serious in my work." He fingered his watch chain. "Someone out West referred to me as 'iron-faced.' I'm sorry to give that impression; but wouldn't the reverse be more unwelcome? Fancy a violinist bobbing and swaying before his audience with an india-rubber face! Scarcely becoming. I think the people who object to my kind of repose might criticize what could be misinterpreted into some attempt at familiarity.

"I want the public's esteem; it's a thing an artist prizes. But I wish the people might understand my point of view when I play to them; perhaps after a while they will. Because I am not so coldly calculating as some think; really I'm not. I feel the music—here." He dropped a hand over his left side, and came erect again. His manner warmed too.

"It shouldn't be what they see or think they see that should form their opinions. The hearing conveys the essence of the story; and no bodily contortions or rhapsodical twistings of countenance should be mistaken for emotion—which tone and interpretation only can give."

Heifetz leaned forward. I had felt he would do that. He seemed eager to impress that beneath his calm exterior he nurses passions which he prefers giving his auditors through his violin; and that no threats or cajolery could induce him to change. He was fairly into his subject; no longer the shy sensitive boy of ten minutes before—dreading having to talk about himself.

"I respect my audiences," he resumed, "and learn from them often. Still, my opinions have to come first. I'm independent; otherwise where would individuality be? Or the faith an artist must have in himself to be one?"

"Or your effort to become the greatest in your field?" I interjected. "You undoubtedly have striven to be that?"

"Yes," he admitted; then caught himself awkwardly as though surprised into a confession out of place.

There fell then a silence, in which I watched for some sign of the workings of a youthful mind so musically mature. But he was armored, from the dark crown of his freshly trimmed hair to light-topped patent-leather shoes; and his slender body, too, which suggested nothing so much as a smoothly coiled spring.

"If people only knew me better," he said regretfully, "I'd seem more like them than they think. Only the other day I got a letter, and the writer rejoiced in some mistake I had made playing a concerto. 'Now that I heard you actually skip a note I feel better about you; you must be human, after all.' It made me happy," he elated, "that someone had discovered I am no machine; that I'm vulnerable. For I am like other folks. The violin isn't my whole life. I'd die if I had nothing else to do but practice and play. Really, there's a lot that interests me outside music. Motion pictures and photography and my automobile—I'm a fiend of a driver."

Four Great Essentials

He proceeded to relate the incidents of a certain journey he had taken last fall, a country-road drive at a racing clip. And he seemed in his story of his manipulation of the controls to take in it as keen a pride as in his fiddling gift.

I remembered at that moment certain remarks of Heifetz in his childhood days, when he was charged with having been rather vigorous at play. He laughed—a spontaneous unrestrained burst of mirth—at the question: "Is it true you chased all the other youngsters off your block, and that 'rough-house' might have served as your middle name?"

"It is yet," interposed his manager, who was sitting in. "Never on time in his life, and ready to fight when you make him hurry."

Things were becoming more illuminative, with the real Heifetz emerging to the surface. Nor was it simple to lead him back into the theme; he wanted to talk about dogs and swimming and other matters less relevant to the issue. We led him at length, circuitously, back into the main channel.

"What are the essentials to becoming the greatest violinist?"

He stared at that, straight across the room and out of a window, where his eyes must have observed a strip of gold in the sky.

"The capacity, I suppose," he replied, with no self-consideration in his tone. "We hear much talk about 'method,' which I do not comprehend. What is method? One violinist plays in one way; an equally good violinist plays the same composition in another and possibly an equally satisfying style. Each has two hands and uses them—a little differently perhaps, to suit his individual endeavors. Method is no more, no less either, than part of individuality. When I play Bach I play in the manner suitable to Bach," he explained; "the same way with Saint-Saëns, with every composer whose works are of my repertoire.

"But always," he averred, and his face set in its most serious moment of that hour-long talk, "there are four essentials to the perfect or nearly perfect violin achievement: First, talent, which must be inborn; then, technic, without which one is powerless to execute freely if one has to give to technic too much attention; then, clearness in perceiving the composer's intent—getting into the heart of his message; and lastly, phrasing, which I hold can be done in a variety of ways."

He got up after that and shook the legs of his trousers into place before finishing what it was evident were to be his concluding remarks:

"It's hard work, learning to do some one thing unusually well. I ought to know. Since I was three I have toiled and studied all the time, first with my father and then with Auer. Don't imagine everything came to me out of a clear sky. But there are rewards for the sacrifices and the labors we have to make to get somewhere; such as having the critics pronounce you a better artist than you may personally think."

Casals' Celestial Cello

I missed touching hands with Pablo Casals. When I went to find him he had gone—down into Mexico, concertizing, thence to California. But I remembered him—that last New York recital of his in Aeolian Hall, when he played as though he had a score of fingers, instead of the ten allotted to humans. His cello that afternoon was like some celestial instrument. The program finished I had seen him—reserved, his serious face unrelaxed, his eyes still philosophically thoughtful.

In the street one would pass him for a college professor; he has the professorial air. A great violinist—one of the truly distinguished artists who has a kind word ever on his lips for other musicians—once remarked: "Casals has the finest bow that ever touched strings." He included fiddlers in that completely sweeping utterance—which calls to mind that it was with the violin that Casals earned his first franc.

He was twelve then; a shy dreamy-eyed youngster with more hair crowning his head than he wears now at forty-two. He had traveled the few miles from his birthplace—Vendrell, Spain—to Barcelona. The first conductor of the opera heard him play; but a place among the first violins was only an incident. At that age Casals was strangely mature, taking music with the deep seriousness of the classical nature. He had been studying since he was five with his father—organ, the piano, composition.

Shortly before his departure for Mexico Casals was talking with his close friend and musical representative, Jorge Keen. A grate fire leaped before them, and into the flames the cellist was staring—"seeing many things denied me," explained Mr. Keen.

"I had to turn to the cello," Casals was saying; "it is the instrument having the widest capacity for expression; one may philosophize upon it."

That epitomizes the man. The two B's—Bach and Beethoven—form his musical foundation. At seventeen, after all—embracing musical studies at the Madrid Royal Conservatory, he was sent to the famous Servais school for cellists, in Brussels. He was a pensioner by order of Queen Maria Christina; but an odd incident deprived him of that monetary aid

It was the custom to select pupils by examination in open competition, which the public was privileged to attend. Casals, a queer, almost pinched-looking lad in his Spanish clothes, sat waiting until the last. All the others had played; the judges and auditors may have been fatigued.

There was, it seems, a brief discussion about the work Casals should play. He preferred Bach, but the inclination of the examiners was for a fantasie by Servais. This composition did not impress the young cellist as any adequate test—no opportunity in it to disclose the classical trend. He rebelled a bit, but played the fantasie—after an astounding interpretation of some Bach. They welcomed him eagerly after that; but Casals seemed distrait. And the next day he went home. Somehow the Servais school didn't appeal.

Count Morphy, the Spanish queen's secretary and early musical guide to the present King Alfonso, was displeased. Shortly after the boy's arrival at his home he found his pension stopped and the horizon of his future rather vague.

He loved Spain, yet she seemed incapable of offering what he needed. So at eighteen Paris found him, and Edouard Lamoureux too; which did not surprise the patrons of the Lamoureux orchestra concerts when they first heard the slender lad play. Even then he had the spark. Nothing like his cello tones had reached their hearing before; no such dazzling, supremely nonchalant technic had come to their notice.

And then began his conquest of other European cities, and his name was passed on until Emma Nevada, the soprano, heard. Listening one day to his cello performance she said: "Will you go to America with me?"

The older generation of concert patrons may recall the Pablo Casals of those days, of twenty years ago. Musicians remember him, and the standard the youthful Casals set then seemed always out of reach of cellists who came after.

"Oh, yes," they would say of some illustrious newcomer; "a fine artist, but speaking of cellists—did you ever hear Pablo Casals?"

That was the way of it.

Then the autumn of 1915, and Pablo Casals once more—the Casals who had grown; who had been sent for by Grieg to play for him as he lay dying; who had had conferred on him innumerable rare orders, including the Beethoven gold medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society of London.

Called to Barcelona

But it is no easy thing to induce him to talk. He prefers to listen, an inconspicuous-looking man of average size and build, wearing a mild expression that contradicts his classically active mind. And if one were to ask him he would say in that shy way of his: "Knowledge? The more I know the less I know."

In the morning—Jorge Keen has seen it done often—Casals goes from his bed to his cello. The Bach preludes, it appears, form his favorite musical appetizer. Later on one may hear him playing for hours; then see him busy at his desk on some piece of manuscript. For Casals is a composer—though most people do not know—of a symphony or two, and other compositions in the classical style.

"He has the clear calm mind of the man of culture," explained Jorge Keen. "To popularize Bach and Beethoven seems to have been an all-consuming aim. Yet there has prevailed his love to compose, which grows; and a desire to conduct a symphony orchestra. He is a good son, as well. Every summer he spends with his mother in Spain—with Mrs. Casals, who was Susan Metcalfe, the American soprano.

"Perhaps some day he may lay aside his favorite instrument; one can never tell. The directors of the newly organized Barcelona orchestra want him. To be the best is Casals' way. He is a young man still. Who knows but that he may be the best in other directions?"

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EARTH'S BIG BY-PRODUCT

By ENOS A. MILLS

A SAND BAR in the Mississippi may be called the fat of the land. It contains an aggregation of adventurous soil, contributions from Iowa farms, pieces of Ohio hills, rock flour from the Rocky Mountains, golden sand from the Yellowstone, brown dust from Wyoming and volcanic ashes, wind-blown from craters. These are combined with mineral salts, the sweepings and the scum of many rivers, and all form a rich soil that is eager to produce corn or grass, trees or flowers.

Though soil is composed chiefly of rock it is a combination of rock dust, chemicals and organic matter. It may be made from marble, coal or volcanic lava. A little of almost everything may be in a yard of soil, and numerous are the forces which had a part in its compounding. Dust, quantities of it, falls upon the earth from other worlds; dust from shooting stars becomes soil!

With ten boys and girls I examined the ore and mineralized quartz piled by the top of three old prospect holes. The children pocketed a number of pieces of the shining peacock-colored quartz. Then we climbed down into one of these shallow holes, which was about four feet deep, that had been blasted into rock. All were astonished that the thin coat of soil surface, like a coat of dark-gray paint on the solid rock, was less than one inch thick. They felt of it and pried their fingers between it and the bedrock upon which it lay. They were excited over this glimpse of geology and wondered if everywhere solid rock was just beneath the surface; so we climbed two miles to where miners had blasted a tunnel into the mountain side. Here again was solid rock with just a thin green-gray blanket of soil covering.

"If we were to extend this shaft through the earth," I told them, "we should not strike any more soil until we came out on the other side; in China, perhaps."

Studies in Soil Depth

As we stood by the entrance of this tunnel I said: "I wonder if you boys and girls realize that once upon a time, many million years ago, this round earth was solid stone; not a bit of dust or mud or soil upon it; no green grass, no pines, none of the colored flowers, no bears, fish or butterflies. Stone has the quality which enables it to go through more changes than any other thing that we can think of. Through the action and interaction of chemical and other forces of Nature the solid rock surface of the earth has slowly decayed and formed a thin covering of soil. Over wide areas of many hilly and mountainous sections the naked rock is exposed. Soil has not yet decayed in sufficient quantities to cover these places; or the soil is blown or washed off the steep slopes almost as soon as it forms. A bare inch of soil covers other regions. But there are numerous valleys where the soil may be a few hundred feet deep. This has been carried into the lowlands by the waters, and may have come from off hundreds or even thousands of square miles of higher regions."

These children were from several states, and all eagerly agreed that when they returned home they would dig into the earth where something was growing and let me know how deep the soil was. All but two found rock less than a foot below the surface. The Illinois girl struck a bowlder at fifteen inches, and the boy in New Orleans soon found water beneath the sand.

Later one of the boys visited a recently drilled oil well and wrote: "The drill first went through several inches of soil, then struck rock, and went through layer after layer of different kinds of rock. Though down more than half a mile into the globe it was still in rock."

Soil is a magical resource. Without it the earth would be lifeless; with its life and growth giving power we and all kinds of life live comfortable in a mysterious and beautiful world. The vast forests—the great and splendid trees that stand like fixed pillars while generations of men pass by, the grassy plains and prairies, innumerable fields of tasseled grain all golden in the sun, the orchards, the myriads of flowers with color bloom shining—all these grow from life-producing soil.

The ocean bottom has its productive soil. The strange and luxuriant plant life that waves and nods beneath the surface of the sea, the entangling vines and the weird forests that flourish where sharks and great sea fishes swim, growths of green moss and moss of rosy tint beneath which little fishes and small folk hide, kelp and other plants queer enough to belong to the desert flora, the wondrous growths in coral caves—all these are sustained by soil, both solid and in solution, that originated from the rock surface of the earth.

It is said that Nature requires ten thousand years to produce an inch of soil. Rock—the original raw material—is cut and dissolved by water, worn by wind, ground to flour by glaciers, wedged apart by ice, shattered by oft-changing heat and cold and crushed to powder in falling. Wherever rock is exposed, peaks, cliffs, bowlders and pebbles, its surface is alternately heated and cooled again and again. A thin surface layer, through expansion and contraction, scales or flakes off, and the expansion and contraction of a new surface takes place. Water, air and chemicals act on these scales—this rock waste—and change them into soil. In many localities a number of soil-making factors are working together, but in places they work singly.

Whenever air and water meet on the surface of rock they combine with the mineral acid of the rock, and this sets up a chemical action that eats into and dissolves the rock surface. This reduction of solid rock is extremely slow. A cracking of the rock allows air and water to penetrate deeply and this increases the exposed surface. Crushed and powdered rock is by the presence of air, water and acid speedily made ready for soil. As time goes on the general shattering, cracking and roughening of rocks by the erosive forces render them more exposed and more readily susceptible to the chemical change that prepares them to be producing soil.

I saw a high cliff fall more than one hundred feet and land upon solid rock. How many years had water undermined and ice wedged to throw it over? It was shattered to fragments and several truckloads of rock dust were at once spread out to begin life as soil. Young spruce trees were soon growing here. The fall of rocks in mountains is ever going on, reducing ounces, pounds and even tons of rock to powder near soil

One spring day I saw a landslide in the San Juan Mountains. An enormous mass of earth and rock slipped out of the side of the mountain and slid down the steep slope, spreading itself over an area several hundred feet long and half as wide. It appeared as though a million cartloads of crushed rock, coarse rock and earthy matter had been dumped here. The mass was acted upon by loosening percolating waters, by frost and by sun heat. Two years later this dumping place was overgrown with grass, gentians, columbines and other wild bloom.

Frost is a kind of slow silent dynamite which shatters rock large and small. Ice forming in the cracks and cavities of rocks each winter wedges and forces them apart. Cliffs are wedged off, rock layers split apart and the earth's stony surface undermined. Deep freezing expands and upheaves rocks far below the surface, allowing the entrance of air and water, which change them into soil. Soil thus is forming beneath soil as well as upon the surface.

Possibly one-half of all the soil of the earth has been prepared, transported and spread by glaciers—the most conspicuous soil-producing factor. The glacier grinds rock to powder, which the chemistry of Nature changes into plant food or soil. The greater part of the forests, the wild-flower gardens, the grassy meadows of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, and vast quantities of grass and hay for animals and grain for ourselves in the Mississippi Valley are grown in rich glacial drifts or deposits.

Roots are a hidden but an important factor in soil production. Each tree has hundreds of rootlets; shrubs, flowers and grasses each have many roots and rootlets. In an acre there are countless thousands of these penetrating the earth. A rootlet frequently forces itself into a tiny, almost invisible crack in the rock. It acts as a wedge through growth expansion. Dissolving water finds its way in. Vegetable tissues, roots, leaves, grass and logs, when deposited in water result in the formation of marsh gas, carbon dioxide and other gases. Deeply penetrating tree roots allow the water and gases to follow down and penetrate as deeply as they. Their roots also carry dissolving acids. These hasten rock decay. Thus, beneath the surface of every acre there may be thousands of wedges of roots and the action of water, ice and chemicals shattering rock, which is finally dissolved and reduced to soil.

Trees are sometimes planted in coral rock by drilling a hole much as if digging in ordinary soil. The lime of the coral is so readily soluble by the water and acids from the roots of the tree that soil forms rapidly and trees thus planted have been known to flourish and bear fruit within three years; yellow oranges from white coral!

Lichens, which look like rock stain or tinted wall paper, are also an extensive soil producer. Lichens cover millions of square miles of rocks and dissolve with their acids.

Earthworms move and churn up the soil, many million tons each year being accredited to them.

The Work of Rain and Wind

Heavy rains in tropical countries supply moisture so freely that they help produce rock disintegration without the frost which works in the drier regions of the North.

Erosion seizes much surface soil and carries it away. This loss of soil is constant, and in places soil is occasionally removed faster than the new soil is manufactured, thus exposing barren rocks. This erosion is most rapid on steep slopes, in wind-swept areas and in places temporarily barren through the destruction of roots which anchored the soil or of the covering which protected it. Wind and water move and remove soil, sometimes transporting it long distances, though often the move is a short one.

Near my mountain cabin a ragged-edged meadow has been born where once a lake rippled and sparkled in the sun and lived its liquid day. An intermittent stream coming down to the lake bed from a barren rock slope gradually filled it with sediment, it was slowly covered by a growth of vegetation, was buried and forgotten. Each storm the silt laden water drops its load on the edge of the meadow, building a delta and covering naked rock. Grains of sand, sediment, fallen leaves, withered plants and insect remains are brought together by storms and combined by water into soil. Seeds are brought to new soil beds by birds, wind and water.

Extensive agricultural areas in China are near deserts. Each year the winds carry quantities of desert dust and deposit it thinly over these agricultural areas. Though used for generations almost without fertilizer the land maintains high fertility by means of this dust.

A volcano often covers thousands of square miles with an inch or so of ashen rock dust. This is almost instantly changed into soil. In places fresh lava from the Hawaiian volcanoes is covered with vegetation at the end of three years. Presto, and chemical change! and lava becomes bananas. Extensive farmlands in Nebraska and Kansas are of volcanic dust. Heat, rain and sunshine make this dusty flour.

A geologist has estimated that a single wind storm across the Sahara once carried nearly two million tons of dust from Africa and deposited it over Italy, Austria, France and Germany. At times wind lays tribute on farm lands and has been known to remove two inches of surface in a season.

Soil production is ever going on at increasing speed, and the wash and wear of wind and water never cease but in places are working with increased rapidity. The result of all this is that a great quantity of soil is washed and blown into the sea and lost. But much removed soil is overspread upon existing soil, so that the depth over most areas is deepening and the quantity of soil is increasing

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1919.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF — POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Lorraine Apartments, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Grubbs, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
By GEORGE H. LORIMER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of March, 1919.

(SEAL) W. C. TURNER.

My commission expires at the end of the next session of the Senate, 1919.)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

She is a study in white—a perfect picture of Springtime. Even the dog is so aware that she [illegible]. She has used
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Shu Wite is the ideal cleaner for canvas that is used. Dirt fades to a dull tan but Shu Wite does quickly to a pure, positive whiteness.
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It picks your pocket while you look on!

The last pre-war figures show America's fire loss at the astounding figure of $2.10 per person per year. This is what you and everyone else in America paid to fire in 1913—four times as much as the Frenchman paid, seven times more than the Englishman, and far more than in any other country investigated.

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We have built our towns in a hurry and in the haste have overlooked the fact that "fireproofed" to have proper emphasis should be read "firep-**roofed**." For the easy path for fire through a community is across that community's roofs. Not always are roofs the kindling point but invariably they mark its course—unless they are built to repel fire.

In Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing lies the answer to both community and personal fire safety. For in this fire-safe roofing, adaptable alike to factory or home, warehouse or public building, is nature's rock-like fibre, Asbestos—that repels fire, limits its destruction and protects your property.

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Over in Detroit, a well-known automobile company issues an average of 100 sets of shop orders every day.

From 14 to 30 copies of each order must be made.

Under the carbon-manifolding process, 24 typists were kept busy at this work.

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Then the Office Manager installed Ditto Service

All waste motion stopped.

The first year Ditto saved the salaries of 20 *typists or* $14,400
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THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

"THEY MADE US STRIKE"

The Story of the Attempted Revolution in Seattle

By EDGAR LLOYD HAMPTON

BOLSHEVISM has put forth its supremest effort in America and has failed; revolution has reared its ugly head for a brief space behind the footlights of an American stage and has received an American-raised turnip squarely between the eyes. In other words that thing which would have gone down in history as a local industrial strike in Seattle, barring the facts, has come and gone. But it will not go down thus in history; and you cannot bar the facts—at least not all of them.

Seattle to-day proceeds about her business, an angelic look on her face and a halo upon her brow; for the world at large knows that she has been accorded a special distinction, a distinction never before accorded any American city—she has had a universal strike, a Bolshevik revolution; she has passed through a period—rather a hiatus—wherein every wheel in her great industrial mechanism stopped with a jerk, and 400,000 people held their breath simultaneously, while—so it is reported—platoons of Bolsheviks and other would-be destroyers of private property stalked unafraid up and down her streets. Yet the world at large does not know what really did occur in Seattle during those five memorable days, nor why it occurred.

Here, then, are the chief facts as they were viewed, endured and survived by one who chanced to hold a season ticket for the series. The events fall naturally into three periods: The eighteen months preceding February 6, 1919; the five tense history-making days and the aftermath.

PHOTO, BY WEBSTER & STEVENS

A Part of the Equipment Available if Required. The Tall Individual in Citizen's Clothes Is Chief of Police Joel Warren

The Airplane Output Menaced

ADEQUATELY to understand why the events herein to be described ever became possible in any American city one must look for a moment at the collateral facts. For if it were proved feasible for any group of men so minded to call universal strikes and incipient revolutions at random and without previous preparation in any and all of our American cities it would be a cause of great concern, not to say consternation, in the minds of us all.

The answer—in which as a matter of fact we find room for felicitation—is that Seattle was "colonized" over a period of a year and a half by the different revolutionary elements of this country, for the very purpose which, on February sixth, came so near to becoming a grim reality. The proof of this is indisputable, and the reasons for it are perfectly clear. The Pacific Coast region of recent years has had, whether justly so or not, a reputation for the introduction of ultramodern ideas into the humdrum life of its people; in other words it is "progressive"—hence a good place to start things. This fact, I regret to say, has never been overlooked by the radical elements of society. In addition to this it is a new country; much of its hinterland is overgrown with dense forests. In these forests are operated some 2000 lumber mills and logging camps. A logging camp, for the breeding of anarchy or any other contagious disease, has many advantages over a Hoboken factory. Men in a logging camp so disposed may practice almost any outrage upon society, and escape into the tall timber. Moreover, logging is a rough adventurous business, and many adventurous men are attracted to it. In normal times 110,000 men work in the logging camps of the Puget Sound country adjacent to Seattle, in which city they spend their spare time and their spare cash when they have either. For this reason and others the city is highly cosmopolitan; almost any type of man—from a Hindu prince to an Alaskan sourdough, from the president of a New England manufacturing concern to an Austrian Bolshevik—may be found upon its thronged streets. It is a seaport of large commercial importance, and it is the nearest American point of exit en route to Vladivostok and "Free Russia"—a fact that has a direct bearing upon this story.

But the one inevitable as well as logical reason why Seattle instead of some other American city was selected for the staging of a Bolshevik and I. W. W. drama was the United States Government spruce camps.

As everyone knows, the Government was exerting every effort to help win the world war. The process called for the manufacturing of airplanes—more airplanes than any other country had ever manufactured. These airplanes must be turned out at top speed; they must be made of spruce. And the only adequate forest of spruce available for the purpose was in the Puget Sound country adjacent to Seattle; hence the great government spruce camps, so spectacular in their scope and achievement in the past eighteen months that an American drama should be written about them.

Now the logic of attack on the part of an enemy is to concentrate and strike at a vital spot with every available force. It is of course admitted that any enemy of the Government who could successfully hinder or prevent the operations of these spruce camps would by that act gain a point not otherwise easily attainable. Any man or group of men opposed to organized society as constituted in the United States, and desiring to overthrow it, would find here a golden opportunity. Both the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. are of the class mentioned.

The opportunity awaited them. So they quickly availed themselves of it—they came by the thousands. The story of the Government's trials and tribulations with the I. W. W.'s in the Puget Sound spruce camps is known to some, but it has never been printed.

Meanwhile Seattle under the urge of war activities was passing through what in the West is called a boom. Here was a seaport city; it held a strategic position on the map. During the war German spies were especially active in Seattle; warehouses containing war materials were wrecked, wharves laden with goods for Vladivostok were burned to the water's edge. In the summer of 1918 a barge lying a mile off shore in the harbor, containing two hundred tons of high explosives en route to Russia, was blown up, breaking half the plate-glass windows in the downtown district. On the day that the Bolsheviki overthrew the Kerensky Government $23,000,000 worth of American rolling stock was in Seattle, awaiting shipment to the Russian Government. It is still awaiting shipment. These facts simply represent the nature, variety and scope of the activities.

Work of course was plentiful. The job went forth in search of the man. Different departments of the Government exerted unusual efforts to find workers to carry on the government projects. The Chamber of Commerce, the Employers' Association and other organizations outdid themselves in an effort to secure laborers for the jobs awaiting them.

A Seething Mass of Trouble-Makers

PEOPLE came in response to these appeals of course—they were coming anyhow—all kinds of people, from everywhere. They poured into the city and overflowed its borders. An emergency arose, out of which a citizens' committee hied forth and pledged private individuals and mercantile corporations to the immediate construction of 5000 extra homes to house the houseless. Fifty thousand new workers were added to the aggregate pay roll within a period of twelve months. Everyone was prosperous; the city was a hive of activity; it was traveling at a high rate of speed and under heavy pressure.

Into this madly moving mass was injected all the different adventurous elements that a boom town naturally attracts. Among these were the Bolsheviki and I. W. W. Thousands of them, of the least desirable sort, were already on hand when the armistice was signed. It is common knowledge that two hundred, evicted from the state of Montana by the authorities, came to Seattle in a body. The city was already the Pacific Coast I. W. W. headquarters for propaganda work; this fact is not denied; the headquarters were raided and their paraphernalia confiscated by government and city authorities, times innumerable. The I. W. W. themselves openly boast that the Russian revolution was planned in the office of a Seattle lawyer, counsel for the organization, during those three

(Continued on Page 123)

Mark the Horse-Shoe Tread —

Nearly a million motorists know this efficient, distinctive tread as the mark of a great tire.

But more than the efficiency of a quiet running, sure-footed tread underlies the thirty-fold increase in Horse Shoe demand during the past five years:—

> It is unquestionably due to the *quality* uniformly built into this tire since the beginning, and to our steadfast will to build America's best tire.

Every man and every machine in our great new plant is trained toward that end—and every Horse-Shoe Tire proves it.

"Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread".

RACINE
HORSE-SHOE TIRES

A QUIET CONVERSATION

MANY are the delights of riding in a modern closed-car. And not the least of these is—Quietness. The all-season car has the necessary stillness for quiet conversation.

Free from noisy gears, devoid of echoing sounds from axle and transmission, the Hyatt-equipped closed-car has all the tranquillity of a drawing-room.

In this elimination of distracting noises—in softly cushioning the multitude of sound-producing shocks—Hyatt Bearings are serving both motorist and motor car builder by enhancing in the closed-car the element of quietness.

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO TRAVELING MEN WHO SELL SHOES

This message is chiefly to shoe salesmen who have just started out on the road this season or who, for any other reason, have not had much experience selling Neōlin-soled shoes. It aims to point out the advantage, to them, of selling Neōlin-soled shoes to their customers.

There are many reasons for this advantage, but the chief of these is that it is *good business policy* to sell Neōlin-soled shoes to the retailer because these shoes serve so well that they enhance his reputation with his customers and *your* reputation with him.

His trade—the men and women who finally decide the fate of any merchandise—have *approved* Neōlin Soles.

This approval is so strong that 12,000,000 pairs already have been sold.

The only possible reason for this immense sale is that Neōlin Soles have made good in use.

They have made good by delivering an extraordinary kind of wear—months of extra wear per pair.

In addition, they are waterproof and very comfortable—and people like these qualities.

Particularly do people like to have *service* shoes with Neōlin Soles—men's business shoes, women's walking shoes, boys' shoes, sensible shoes for growing girls and the smaller children.

You may be sure that every case of such shoes you sell your customers will be *live merchandise* in their hands.

And selling merchandise that moves is what makes future business good—for your house and you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Note: Your factory can get Neōlin Soles promptly, making your deliveries certain. The quality of Neōlin Soles is, of course, invariable.

Neōlin Soles
Trade Mark Reg U S. Pat Off

Continued from Page 119

overheated days wherein Lenine and Trotzky tarried in the city's midst, en route to Russia; and that an American revolution was planned or at least discussed at the same time.

As these different elements arrived in the city they joined the labor unions. Here, in truth, was a force which if it didn't look out might be used for a purpose. So they insinuated themselves into the unions; practically every trade and craft in the city gave elbowroom and auricular attention to a new and increasingly loud-mouthed contingent, which seemed hugely vigorous and terribly intent upon the subject of the world's betterment. Thereafter the everyday, all-the-year-round Seattle union man, who paid regularly his lodge dues and his milk bill, and owned a little house and lot in a suburb, began to listen with rapt attention, though with some misgivings, to a siren song that he had scarcely ever heard before. Thus, on February 6, 1919, there were in Seattle 65,000 union workers, where there had been but 15,000 before; 65,000, plus a number whose "work" was not at that time visible. And it is greatly to be doubted if upon this particular day there was in any other town or city in the United States so many of what may be called undesirable citizens per capita.

Chief among the great Seattle enterprises which burst forth, mushroomlike, under the urge of war was the shipbuilding industry. This industry had grown in a short space of eighteen months from practically nothing to a leading place in the nation's program of shipbuilding. The Government had come to rely upon this particular locality for ships. Upon the day the armistice was signed there were $90,000,000 of government contracts yet to be executed by the Seattle shipyards; 25,500 men were here employed; their pay roll aggregated a million dollars a week—a good deal of money!

The Macy Wage Scale

AND they had broken world records. Under the wizardry of grizzly Dave Rogers the yard of Skinner & Eddy had built and launched 8800-ton steel ships in a fewer number of days than the thing had ever been done before.

Now it has been argued that at the time of the controversy these shipyard workers were drawing the highest average wage of any general industry in the country. In any event they were receiving, by a large percentage, the highest wage paid to any union help in Seattle. Following is the published wage scale of the Skinner & Eddy corporation:

NUMBER OF MEN	DAILY WAGE	NUMBER OF MEN	DAILY WAGE
6	$4.16	6064	$5.00 to $6.00
81	4.48	2911	6.00 to 7.00
3713	4.64	568	7.00 to 8.00
571	4.64 to $5.00	815	8.00 and up

Average wage of 11,788 men $5 51; average wage of all men in yard $5.72 per eight-hour day.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the above contention may be, the fact remains that the shipyard workers decided that they were being underpaid. They were not receiving a living wage, therefore the schedule must be increased or they would be compelled to go out on strike.

Now the wage scale above quoted was in no sense a private affair: it was the Macy wage scale, in effect in all shipyards in the United States at this time; it represented a contract between the shipworkers of the United States and the United States Government; a perfectly coherent contract, signed and approved by all parties, and binding upon all parties up to March 15, 1919.

The bone of contention was the $4.16 wage; the men claimed that it was insufficient; and practically every citizen of Seattle agrees with them that it is insufficient. According to the yard owners there were but sixteen men in the Seattle yards who drew this minimum wage; the workers, however, claim a number in excess of this. In any event the number was infinitesimal.

The workers demanded an immediate readjustment of the Macy scale. The Government answered through Mr. Piez that the scale constituted a contract which must be observed by all parties until its expiration, March fifteenth. Whereupon the workers claimed that the international officers had no right to sign the contract without consulting the workers.

The world at large, through the columns of the daily press, is fairly well informed regarding the merits and demerits of this controversy; union men, I believe, largely adhere to the Metal Trades Council's argument; the rest of the country seems inclined to believe the Government. In any event in the light of later developments the contention is important chiefly as a fact which led swiftly and inevitably to events so much more dramatic that the public at large, at least the Seattle public, entirely forgot the existence of shipyards.

The men finally voted to strike. To be brief about it, they did strike. Bitterly denouncing Mr. Piez and the Government's attitude they walked out—25,500 of them; every shipyard in Seattle closed its gates with a bang, and a million-dollars-a-week pay roll ceased so abruptly as to make some people dizzy.

The odd thing about the whole affair is that the men did not want to strike. Paradoxical as it may seem, they struck though that was not their wish. "They made us strike"; such was the burden of the song forever reiterated.

I have a friend in the bond business. A department of his company buys Liberty Bonds when they are offered. This friend interviewed many strikers, driven to the necessity of selling their Liberty Bonds. I myself listened to more than a score of interviews.

"I did not want to sell my Liberty Bonds but they made us strike," said one shipyard worker.

"I had expected to keep my Liberty Bonds but they made us strike," said another. "My wife has just got out of the hospital and I have doctor bills."

"I was making money—more than I ever did before—eight dollars a day, but they made us strike. Now it'll cost me a month to get another job—in some other town. I want to sell my Liberty Bond and get out."

And so it went. Of more than fifty interviews but two were different from these—and they were vastly different. One gave the United States Government less than a week to live; both virtually frothed at the mouth as they talked.

So the rank and file of the shipworkers did not want to strike—yet they struck.

For the radicals were in control of the Seattle labor unions, as you shall presently see. These radicals told the men that the loss of a million-dollars-a-week pay roll would speedily bring "big biz" to its knees; that rather than suffer this pecuniary loss the citizens of Seattle would raise such a hue and cry that it would be heard back in Washington, and this man Piez would be brought to time; for it was Piez they were after—Piez, back in Washington.

Public opinion, however, did nothing of the sort. It did not even try. The war was over; and public opinion's desire was that prices move downward rather than upward. In addition to this there was a widely prevalent belief that Mr. Piez was right in his contentions and the shipworkers wrong; that the strike was a violation of an existing contract; and we had just finished fighting Germany over the violation of a contract. So public opinion being somewhat provoked sat perfectly tight on the proposition.

More exasperating to the strikers than the public attitude, however, was that of the shipyard owners; for not only had they closed their gates but they gave forth no sign of reopening them. They had made money—too much money. This money they now proceeded to deposit in the banks, and bought tickets for Southern California in search of a much-needed rest. If this had been a street car or telephone strike it might have been different; but you do not have to build ships for several years at a time if you do not care to. Besides, the Government had now canceled practically all the Seattle shipyard contracts.

So the shipyards lay as dead as a last year's bird's nest. It was not a question of 25,000 vacant jobs crying aloud for somebody to come and fill them; it was a question of 25,000 jobs less than there were before. In other words, there was no shipbuilding business in Seattle.

It was a peculiarly helpless and exasperating state of affairs; it called for all the ingenuity that the Seattle Metal Trades Council had—more than it had, as afterward developed. Here was a strike of international importance, involving basic principles, which had to be won, but which could not be won because the other party to the controversy was not at home.

Just to Show Mr. Piez

THEREFORE some other expedient must be thought of at once. And so they thought of it. That is to say, someone thought of it; and the Bolsheviks and I. W. W.'s immediately began to howl themselves hoarse over it; which leads us to assume, with abundant corroborative evidence, that at least they had thought of it long ago, and had it up their sleeve, together with the three extra aces.

The thing they thought of was a universal strike—a "sympathy strike." Under its operation an hour would be set; and at that hour every union in Seattle would abandon its work and walk out, leaving the city dead.

Thus labor would be vindicated.

Of course anything might happen during the interval; for this was a new move, a tremendous move, beyond all precedent in the entire history of the United States. Therefore no one knew what really would happen. But in any event labor would have shown to the world its solidarity, and that man Piez would learn a thing or two.

So they set to work.

Now there are a hundred and twenty-seven labor unions or locals in Seattle. Their activities cover practically every known craft and trade; their wage has been estimated at $2,500,000 a week. For them to strike, abandon their work in a body, and walk out for any length of time, however short, would bring a total paralysis to the community; it would amount to industrial suicide—maybe worse.

So these unions did not want to strike! Besides, they were interested in their work, and excessively busy. Their wages were satisfactory—at least there was no strike pending or even being discussed in any one of these local unions at this time—no disagreement with their employers.

Moreover, they were being asked to strike in sympathy with a union whose average wage was already the highest in the country; at least forty per cent higher than the average wage of the proposed sympathy strikers. This was the situation confronting them. They knew the power that lay within their hands, and knowing it hesitated to use it; this act might lead to anything. They had not expected to be called upon to enter so hazardous an undertaking, and they were in no wise enthusiastic; the responsibility was too great.

Yet this was the thing that was being urged upon them with, as it seemed, irresistible pressure. And they were considering it.

Of course a movement of such amazing and far-reaching significance as this could not and did not reach even its formative stage without powerful and well-directed force back of it. There was powerful and well-directed force which never did become visible to the public, until the mask was torn from its face, after the performance.

But there was also well-directed visible force in plenty

PHOTO BY WEBSTER & STEVENS

One of the "Food Kitchens" Provided by the Strike Committee for Strikers

(Continued on Page 127)

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BLINDS—31, 37
BOATS—10, 15, 25, 26, 29, 31
BOOKCASES—1, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 38, 39, 43
CANOES—10, 15, 31
CARRIAGES—3, 4, 5, 31
CEILINGS—25, 30, 37
CHAIRS—1, 16, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 38, 39, 41, 44
CONCRETE FLOORS—11
CONCRETE WALLS—12
DOORS (Inside)—1, 16, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 37, 38, 39, 41, 43
DOORS (Outside)—1, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 37, 41
FARM IMPLEMENTS—3, 9, 31
FENCES—6, 24, 37
FLOORS (Interior)—1, 13, 18, 19, 20, 23, 38, 42
FLOORS (Porch)—13, 15
FLOWER BOXES—16, 30, 31, 32, 37, 38, 39
FLOWER POTS—3, 16, 30, 32, 37
FURNACES AND FURNACE PIPES—36
FURNITURE—1, 16, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43
GAS FIXTURES—2, 17, 22
LEATHER CURTAINS AND CUSHIONS—4, 5, 21
LINOLEUM—18, 19, 23, 42
PICTURE FRAMES—1, 2, 16, 21, 22, 31, 38, 39
PORCH FURNITURE—23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 41
RADIATORS—2, 22, 25, 30, 41
REFRIGERATORS—7, 31, 38, 39, 41
ROOFS—6, 24, 33, 37
SCREENS—34
SILOS—35
SINKS—7, 41
STOVE PIPES—36
TRUNKS—16, 18, 31
WAGONS—9, 31
WALLS (Interior)—16, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 37, 41
WALLS (Exterior)—12, 33, 37

Save This Page—It Will Answer Your Paint Questions For All Time

THIS definite chart is the expert advice of our Service Department. Seventy years of study and test have given *Lucas* products such a combination of materials as will produce the most satisfactory results for each purpose intended.

The chart indicates for any article a finish purposely made for it, and the use to which it is put. This is only another example of the painstaking *Lucas* thoroughness, and the value that comprehensive and studied assortment gives.

The materials used in *Lucas Paints* are always of the highest quality and proven merit. Each raw material is subjected to five different tests in our enormous laboratories and must measure up to our fixed standards. Every *Lucas* product is the result of painstaking study both in the laboratory and on the job—the protective as well as beautifying qualities of every kind of paint applied to every kind of surface and subjected to all conditions.

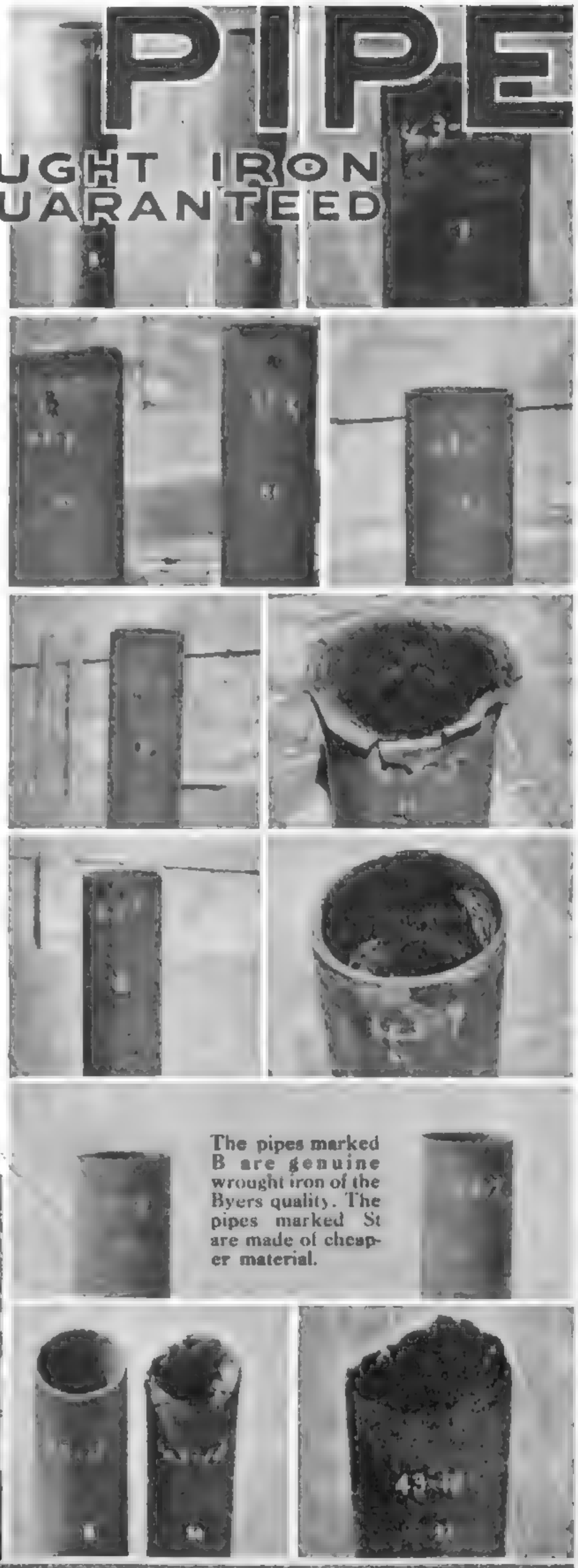
It is for that reason that the name *Lucas* on a package of Paint, Stain, Enamel or Varnish is the modern guarantee of quality and successful results to both the dealer and consumer.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
PITTSBURGH OAKLAND, CAL.

Lucas Paints
Varnishes-Stains-Enamels

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED



A $3,000.00 Saving Turned into a $100,000.00 Loss

A homely illustration of the difference in rust-resistance between Byers and other pipe, is furnished by the photographs on this page. As Byers pipe *looks* exactly like any other pipe, it has frequently happened that different kinds of galvanized or black pipe have been mixed up and installed in the same building, as shown. (Name on request.)

The *same* service, the *same* age, *identical* conditions of corrosive attack—yet how differently these pipes turned out after being put to the test of time and service! The building is still young—but the inferior pipe soon will have to be replaced at a terrific cost.

In a certain large metropolitan building, the initial saving effected by using pipe cheaper than Byers was $3,000.00. The total cost of the pipe *installed* was $45,000.00. Replacement started after five years, and has been continued ever since. The total ultimate replacement cost will exceed $100,000.00. The case is typical.

In residences and smaller buildings, ten or twenty dollars initially saved by using pipe cheaper than Byers, may later cause failures costing several hundred dollars.

In hundreds of buildings investigated, genuine wrought iron pipe of the Byers quality after 20 to 40 years' service has been found depreciated less than 10 or 15 per cent, while other pipe in the same and nearby buildings has occasioned costly pipe replacements after only five or ten years' service, the failures increasing from year to year as the buildings grow older. Illustrated literature on request.

The pipes marked B are genuine wrought iron of the Byers quality. The pipes marked St are made of cheaper material.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 - PITTSBURGH-PA.
New York - Boston - Chicago - Dallas
Distributors in all large jobbing centers

Byers Pipe has the Name and Year rolled in every length

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

The only Refill Shaving Stick

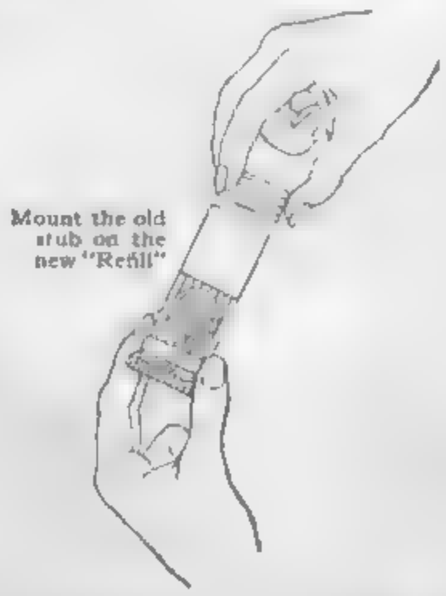
"like putting a new ribbon in a typewriter"

THE "Refill" feature of Colgate's "Handy Grip" is there to give you both convenience and thrift—and its operation is even simpler than changing the ribbon on a typewriter.

For the metal Grip (or socket) is threaded, and the threaded stick of soap screws in. When your soap is nearly gone, screw out the stub and screw in a "Refill" Stick (just the soap alone), which saves you the cost of a new metal box.

As a still further economy you can wet the stub you took out and press it to the top of the "Refill"—it sticks there. You thus add (instead of throwing away) soap enough for 50 more of those cool, comfortable Colgate shaves.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* New York



Mount the old stub on the new "Refill"

Some men still prefer to shave with a Cream though it is the least economical way. To these men, this friendly word: Clip this paragraph and mail it to us before June 12th, 1919. We will send you, free, a trial tube of Colgate's Perfected Shaving Cream. You cannot be sure you know the best till you have used Colgate's. But we give you the impartial advice to use the "Handy Grip" as the most convenient and economical way to shave. We *can* do this impartially as we make all three forms of shaving soap—Stick, Powder, and Cream.

Address Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., New York.

Silver Edge

the distinguishing mark of good brake lining-

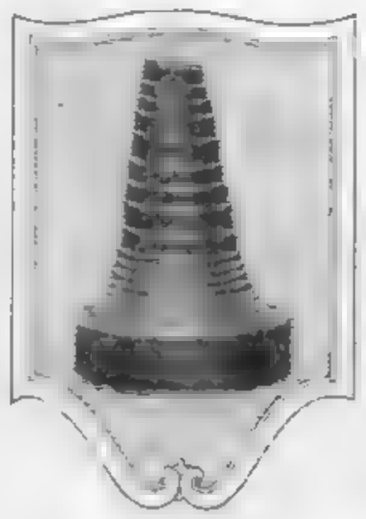
This is not the time to waste money in motor equipment. Buy reputable tires, good oil and *quality* brake lining like—

Raybestos

Raybestos is *guaranteed* to wear one year. You get real value for every dollar expended. Avoid makeshifts, "cheap" lining and imitations.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport Conn.

the brake lining with the *silver edge*



(Continued from Page 123)

from the very first. With the coming of the great shipbuilding industry to Seattle the Union Record, for years the newspaper of the labor unions, blossomed glibly forth from a more or less radical weekly into a much more radical daily.

It is a well-patronized paper; it undertakes to be and is the mouthpiece of practically every local union in Seattle. And it is well edited; no city daily employs shrewder writers—men who are able to draw from any subject all that there is in it. In laying their plans for the project now so rapidly progressing the radicals did not overlook the Union Record; they seemed to own it—or at least to direct its daily utterances.

Throughout its entire existence the Record had talked class consciousness; but latterly it must have purchased new fonts of boldface type in which to print its pet words and phrases.

The revolutionist, the advocate of the Bolshevik idea, knocking at the editorial door of the Union Record nowadays found ready admission. Its news columns teemed with incendiary doctrines and screeds of a revolutionary character.

It was at this point that the Union Record did some of its finest work. The assistance that was so ably tendered it by the other forces who thronged the city in organized formation—and who were far more responsible for the trouble made than was any workingman or any labor union—will come forth in the dénouement of this story. Suffice it to say here that the Record was the mouthpiece—the only publicly admitted mouthpiece—of organized labor.

And now came the heaven-rending blasts from the Union Record: Labor was being attacked by the ruthless rich; the captains of industry had selected this hour for the destruction of the downtrodden; the masters were in the saddle; the final struggle for the overthrow and subjugation of the workingman and the enthronement of the plutocrat was about to begin; the hour was at hand: "We must defend ourselves or perish," shouted the chorus.

There were quantities of this sort of talk, running on endlessly, day after day, as the harassed unions hung in the balance.

And there were the collaterals—the comedy company of I. W. W.'s, the jazz band of Bolsheviks, innumerable little independent side shows which accompanied the main circus—none of them official, yet all intensely active and all playing the same tune. The labor-union men and women listened to this music, and the results would indicate that they believed it—believed that capital had deliberately planned the overthrow of labor; that the hour had been set, the die cast, and that the event if not somehow prevented would speedily take place.

Veiled Threats

The General Strike Committee had appointed innumerable subcommittees. As the unions met from hour to hour and from day to day these committees were present, patting them on the back, giving forth "information." This information must have been similar to the other information; and they must have believed it. For one by one these unions voted on the momentous question, and they voted to strike! One hundred and ten Seattle unions voted a sympathetic strike!

At this final and fortunate fruition of events the joy of the propagandists passed beyond bounds. The General Strike Committee hastily convened and fixed the hour; it was to be ten o'clock A. M., February sixth.

"There will be many cheering, and there will be some who fear. Both these emotions are useful, but not too much of either. We are undertaking the most tremendous move ever made by LABOR in this country, a move which will lead—NO ONE KNOWS WHERE!"

So sang the Union Record, in boldface type, and in capitals, which are its own. For had not the cause been vindicated—the thing accomplished as foretold? No one would ever again deny the solidarity of labor under any condition.

Well, we shall see.

In any event all interested forces now became excessively busy; and thenceforth their utterances assumed an extra note of authority.

A committee was appointed on publicity. Through this mouthpiece all authentic announcements were to be made. This committee began to function:

"Plans are perfected by the workers to feed the strikers at places which will be announced later by this committee.

"A committee has been appointed to be known as the Committee on Tactics, to work out plans to extend the strike to other localities, and to be in readiness to be dispatched to any place that the General Committee may deem expedient, to carry on the work.

"An executive committee has been appointed to formulate ways and means. This committee will meet every day at one o'clock.

"Labor will feed the people. Twelve great kitchens have been provided, and from them food will be distributed by the provisions trades, at low cost to all.

"Labor will preserve order. We have organized a police force.

"This police force will be as large as Chief Warren's" [Seattle's Chief of Police] "and will represent organized labor in assisting to police the city.

"Persons having no urgent business to attend to on the streets after eight o'clock in the evening should remain at home.

"The Executive Committee wishes the public in general to realize that all matters relating to the General Strike are being attended to by the committee, in its usual thorough manner. All details, either large or small, receive like attention."

One Reason Why the City Light Plant Was Not Shut Off

This together with much more of similar character was put forth by the committee. The events were of almost hourly occurrence—these bulletins of authoritative and friendly advice and instruction. Sounded much as if the seat of government had already been shifted, did it not?

Certain vital questions at once intruded themselves in the distracted mind of the public.

Were there to be no lights? Were the homes and the city to be left in total darkness during the progress of this lurid drama? The committee from the Electrical Workers Union had this matter in hand. This committee was consulted, and it made its decision: There were to be no lights!

"We shall place the city in such a position that the strike will last but a very few days," said Leon Green, business agent of the Electrical Workers Union.

"Then how about gas for the hospitals?"

"We shall make no exemptions whatsoever in regard to hospitals," said Leon Green.

Here now was a man who would permit the innocent sick to die, in behalf of "solidarity." This situation was patiently pointed out to him. It was explained that the absence of gas in hospitals would surely bring death to many of the inmates.

"We shall make no exemptions!" reiterated Leon Green, whose name is not Leon Green, and who to-day is in hiding, a fugitive from justice, with his bail fixed at ten thousand dollars!

For even long-suffering Americans sometimes do get mad!

As the vastness of the situation more fully dawned upon their minds the people became silent, extremely thoughtful. No wheel of industry had yet ceased to turn; nevertheless there was a noticeable decrease of all kinds of noise in the city—a hush such as precedes the coming of a tornado.

For this might be a tornado, who could say? Assuredly there would be violence. Those Bolsheviks—their past acts were well known, the picture of their many atrocities loomed large. And what would the I. W. W.'s do—those benighted people who openly preached and practiced the overthrow of government and the destruction of private property—now that they had a chance, an opportunity?

And the unions, they were very strong; they had voted solidly to quit—to lay down their implements of toil, walk out and leave the city dead—a heartless thing to do! What were their plans? Ten o'clock A. M., February sixth; and after that—what?

So there was silence. It was the silentest city of 400,000 people that ever had been. Tens of thousands of pedestrians elbowed their ways along the thoroughfares, moving straight ahead, chins up, clear-eyed, sometimes smiling—but silent!

And out of this silence there rose hushed inquiry: Was there going to be violence? And if so what form would it take? And what would the city do? What would the Government do? Or did they not know about it? And what was to be the dénouement? This they asked each other. A peaceful though universal strike—or a revolution, machine guns and Russia? At this hour no living person knew.

Yet the thing was approaching, so they watched it—watched it with consuming curiosity. It was like watching a slow fuse burn toward a mountain of high explosive; you kept wondering if it would go out before it was too late. Yet all the time you knew it would not go out!

Two days before the hour set—on February fourth—the Seattle Daily Star came out with a forty-eight-point editorial covering its entire front page. The Star is a Scripps paper; for twenty years it has been the daily support of the unions—stood back of every effort of labor to better its conditions. It has always opposed the big corporations. Its circulation is large and its influence powerful. But the Star knew the facts, and somewhere up near the top of its editorial staff is a real American!

So it fired its front-page bolt into the heart of the situation; the final paragraphs are reproduced here, under the heading Stop Before It's Too Late:

"A general strike cannot win unless one of two things happens: Either the shipowners and Piez must yield or else the workers must be able to control the situation by force. The latter method no doubt would be welcomed by the agitators and the babblers of Bolshevikism. But the latter method is bound to be squelched without much ado, and you decent union men of Seattle will be the sufferers then. A revolt—and some of your leaders are talking of a revolution—to be successful must have a country-wide application. There isn't a chance to spread it east of the mountains. There isn't a chance to spread it south of Tacoma, and to-day fifty per cent of the unions of Tacoma have turned down the proposition for a general strike.

"Confined to Seattle, or even confined to the whole Pacific Coast, the thing would fail; the use of force by Bolsheviks would be and should be quickly dealt with by the Army of the United States. These false Bolshevik leaders haven't a chance on earth to win anything for you in this country, because this country is America—not Russia."

This appeal, however, in common with all others, fell upon deaf ears. And so they struck. The fateful hour dragged its weary length along, finally arrived—and they struck! Every wheel in the city slowed down and stopped. Traffic ceased. The street cars returned to their barns. The jitneys went back to their garage. Mills and factories padlocked their doors. Restaurants and markets, stores and shops—with here and there a rare and unexplainable exception—twisted the key in the lock and painted the windows white. Nowhere in all this great busy Western metropolis was there sound of a wheel turning; industrially and commercially it was as dead as ancient Nineveh.

Something Missing

So the thing had occurred at last. Yet the heavens did not fall, the sun did not drop blood, and there was no commotion, absolutely no violence. Instead there was stupefaction. It resembled the effect of a gunshot wound—the city was numb. Later the thing might hurt, fester, call for surgery and the ambulance; but now it was only numb.

There was tensity enough, however—tensity like the E string of a violin overkeyed, which might snap at any moment. If a pistol had been fired on a downtown street corner ten thousand people would have leaped straight into the air—it was like that.

And the streets were thronged with people—an endless number of people. They were all walking. None of them congregated; there was no swaggering, no look of defiance on any face, not even the quick motion of a hand. There was no loud talking; not a voice lifted anywhere in any kind of argument. They just walked on and on, through the silence, through their dead city, quietly but—watchfully.

For they were sizing up the situation.

And as they sized it up they felt instinctively that something had been left out of the program—withheld for the moment; some vitally important thing, which when it arrived would complete this lurid unnatural drama, so that it would be as advertised. For up to now it was not as advertised. The thing they sensed, yet they could not see it nor get their hands on it. So they waited.

And then, about eleven o'clock, it came; for at eleven o'clock the midday edition of the Union Record arrived on the street.

And now for the first time they knew to a certainty the nature of the thing that was upon them; for the Bolsheviks had begun to play their trumps; the radicals had sprung the revolution; the Union Record announced for the confiscation of private property and its operation by the workers:

"Labor will not only SHUT DOWN the industries, labor will REOPEN under the management of the appropriate trades, such industries as are needed to preserve the public health and public peace. If the strike continues labor may feel led to reopen more and more industries. UNDER

(Continued on Page 131)

Racine Absorbing Shock Strip

is the supreme mileage achievement of the tire world. It is an exclusive development of Racine Rubber Company's chemists. It adds miles and miles of extra service to Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires.

RACINE ABSORBING SHOCK STRIP is an extra strip of blended rubber, of graduated resiliency, welding the tough rubber of the tread to the rubberized cord carcass of the tire. The absorbing Shock Strip creates a neutral zone midway between carcass and tread. This zone absorbs and equalizes blows of the road, distributing their force evenly through tread and carcass. It completely eliminates danger of tread and carcass separation.

RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES are built on the proved Racine principle of multiple strand construction. Thousands of Rubber-livened cords permit a flexibility resulting in greater mileage and greater riding comfort.

These tires won't skid. The beveled edges of the tread hold your wheels firm and true. Like all Racine Rubber Company products, Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires are carefully *EXTRA TESTED* step by step through every stage of manufacture. This extra care adds extra wear to Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires just as it does to Racine Country Road Tires, Racine Rubber Company's famous fabric tires.

For your own protection be certain every Racine Tire you buy bears the name

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY, Racine, Wisconsin

Varnish time is here!

OUT-OF-DOORS it's varnish time—and that should mean the use of Valspar—the most remarkable and durable outdoor varnish.

Boat-owners first discovered this.

They found that when they varnished their boats with Valspar, even the parts that were constantly exposed both to water and weather would come through the season bright and fresh. When they used ordinary varnishes they had to revarnish such exposed surfaces two, and even three times, during the season.

That is why Valspar is now used on all exterior (as well as interior) varnished woodwork on most yachts and motor boats, and also on large steamers such as, for instance, the United Fruit Company's "Great White Fleet."

The reason Valspar is such a wonderful out-of-doors varnish is because it is both weather-proof and water-proof. It's "the varnish that won't turn white."

It retains its brilliancy on outdoor woodwork without spotting, cracking or blistering, and looks new and fresh long after ordinary varnishes have "gone to pieces."

Valspar is easy to apply and dries over night. Use it this Spring when you varnish *anything* outdoors or indoors.

VALSPAR ENAMELS These Enamels are composed of pigments finely ground in Valspar and have all the desirable qualities of Valspar itself for outdoor or indoor work of all kinds. They are made in 12 rich colors, and in black and white. Like clear Valspar, they are absolutely water proof and very durable.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High grade Varnishes in the World—ESTABLISHED 1832

New York Chicago Boston Trade VALENTINE'S Mark Toronto London Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & CO., San Francisco and Principal Pacific Coast Cities

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VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Special Offer:

Don't be content merely with *reading* about Valspar. *Use it.*

For 25c in stamps we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair. Or, if you will write your dealer's name on bottom line you need send us only 15c for the sample can.

Your Name_____

Your Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

Why No Two People Write Alike

THE writing of the man who signs a million dollar check is as different from that of his fellow captain of industry as from the rude mark of the stone age artist.

It is all scientifically explained in a free book "Why No Two People Write Alike," written by C. L. Ricketts, the prominent handwriting expert. In this book the author also gives a history of writing from earliest times to today.

A postal brings this book with our compliments. It also shows how different handwritings have been analyzed and charted on the Tempoint Chart, and how by the aid of this chart you can select readily and accurately the particular Tempoint Pen that writes like you.

Having found in this sure, easy manner your Tempoint Pen, you can carry it and try it for ten whole days. If you're not as delighted on the tenth day as you were at the moment of selection, take the Tempoint back, and the dealer will cheerfully refund your money.

In the meantime, send for this interesting book—free for the asking. It also pictures and describes the ten features that make the Tempoint Pen what it is—the pen that writes like you. Send a postal today.

THE WAHL COMPANY
1800 Roscoe Street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

EASTERN OFFICE: Astor Trust Building, 501 5th Ave., New York
Bert M. Morris Co., 444 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., Western Representatives for Tempoint Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils
CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES
The Rowland & Campbell Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba

DEALERS: Write for Tempoint catalog and interesting data on this new idea of selling by the handwriting chart.

TEMPOINT

THE PEN WITH THE TEMPERED POINT

Right-Hand Mate to the famous Eversharp Pencil

...aide, the Tempoint Pen and Eversharp Pencil

Trailmobile

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

More Speed, More Tonnage, Less Cost

The Motorless Motor Truck

Thousands in Use

SIZES
[illegible] Trailers
1,250 lbs.
1,500 lbs.
2,000 lbs.
3,000 lbs.
4,000 lbs.
7,000 lbs.
10,000 lbs.
Semi-trailers
5,000 lbs., 6,000 lbs.
10,000 lbs.
Bodies for every Business

TWO tons of wheat ready for the mill are carried by this Trailmobile drawn by a light fast truck every trip it makes from the receiving station to the plant of the Shallaberger Mill & Elevator Company, in Salina, Kas.

The trip is made much faster by the truck and trailer than by the teams that used to do the work and the expense per trip is not so much. One man gets more done in a day. The volume that can be moved with the equipment is greater than when teams were used.

Usually the Trailmobile adds only from 10 to 12½ per cent to the cost of operating a truck and doubles its capacity. It endures for years and requires no service attention.

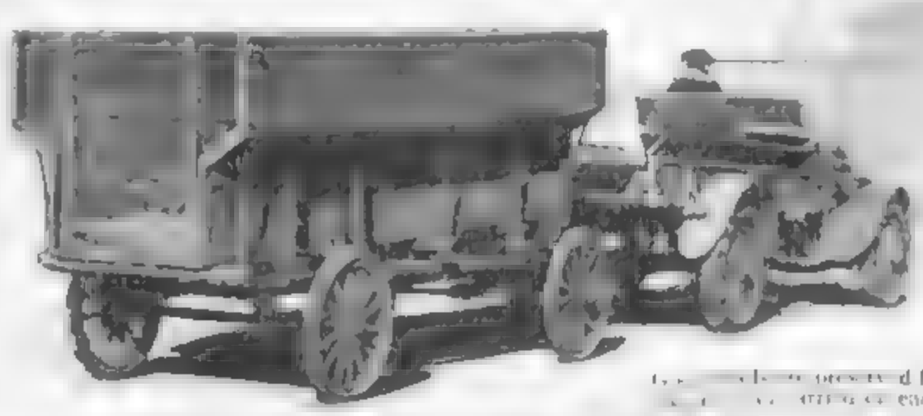
Trailmobiles are built like trucks, with truck frame, truck axles and truck springs to carry truck loads at truck speeds. Track perfectly and don't sidesway.

Write for booklet, "Economy in Hauling"

The Trailmobile Company
503-523 E. Fifth Street Cincinnati, O.

Contractors to the U. S. Government

The Trailmobile proposition is as attractive to the dealer as to the user. Trailmobile dealers are doing an ever-growing profitable [illegible]



[illegible] presented by reduc[illegible] of each wheel

She took his place And Earned $276.80 in her first month

HILDING ANDERSON went to war. So Mildred Anderson, his sister, took his place as our representative.

She found it easy to make money from the very start, for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are universally known and liked by nearly everybody.

Her first month's profits were $276.80!

We've a Place for You

We need more women and men to act for us locally. You can give us *either spare hours or full time*, and we'll pay you on an "overtime" scale. The business you secure will be permanently yours.

Scores of our workers average $1.00 an hour profit—$5.00, $10.00, $30.00 a week extra.

These successful ones simply give to our work the one or two or three hours a day that most people waste. To learn all about our cash offer, just mail a card *now* to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
961 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 127)

ITS OWN MANAGEMENT. And that is why we say that we are starting on a road that leads—NO ONE KNOWS WHERE!"

And the capitals in the quotation belong to the perpetrators.

"In Russia the masters refused to give their slaves a living wage too," sang another though unofficial document. "The Russian workers put aside the bosses and their tool, the Russian Government, and took over industry in their own interests.

"There is only one way out—a nation-wide general strike, with its object the overthrow of the present rotten system which produces thousands of millionaires and millions of paupers each year. The Russians have shown you the way out."

Well, at least it was explicit—left small room for doubt regarding intentions. The case, however, seemed to require still further elaboration:

"Since the products and the industries of the world are ours by right, since through proper organization we can manage both more efficiently and with justice to all, and since we are ready—let's win!"

At these bursts of lurid eloquence the city gasped. A revolution! The confiscation of private property! This was a dream—a horrid, nightmarish dream, from which presently we would awake, perspiring but relieved. Such things as this could not happen in the United States.

"The typographical unions and stereotypers have joined the strike," said the bulletin—which statement was only in part true. "This will tie up all the newspapers. Only strike bulletins will be issued, but permission may be given for the publication of revolutionary papers."

Like Little Russia

Well, this permission must have been given; because from this time forth the streets ran ankle deep in the new freshet. There had always been I. W. W. and Bolshevik literature, these latter days; but now there was a deluge of it. Posters, leaflets, dodgers, handbills; an especially illuminating little treatise in booklet form entitled Russia Did It, by an ambitious young Bolshevik author who, alas, now languishes behind prison bars in lieu of $10,000 bail. Two and a half tons a day of this booklet alone were distributed. A small though active print shop on upper Seventh Avenue ran its presses frantically day and night, with the absorbing task ever before it of more and yet more literature.

Moreover, the distributors of this Bolshevik literature violated the very principles of Bolshevism—they worked over hours!

The different strike committees were busy too. A tag day had been inaugurated; for twenty-five cents you could purchase, on any street corner, a tag; on one side of it was a soldier, a sailor and a workingman marching grandly arm in arm, faces full of confidence, a stiff breeze blowing through their hair; on the reverse side the slogan: "Together we win." It was an appeal to the Army and Navy.

And now a Soldiers and Sailors' Council was organized—truly we are imitators though it was not organized by the soldiers and sailors. The official bulletins were extremely insistent about it:

"Discharged soldiers and sailors will please report to-night at seven o'clock at the Labor Temple to further perfect our plans."

And so on, and so forth. It read not unlike the reports from Petrograd.

In truth the city, in which a number of us had lived inconspicuously, though safely, these twenty years or so past, seemed gone over to the Bolsheviks. They were in the saddle; we were being introduced to Little Russia.

It was a humiliating situation; it struck us squarely in the face. To attract specific attention you strike one squarely in the face. The entire city felt itself now struck squarely in the face—right between the eyes. Therefore it was attentive—extremely so. It said nothing as yet, simply smiled and kept an eye over the shoulder. We had heard not a little regarding Bolshevik tactics.

It is only fair to say that some of the public had been attentive from the first, and had taken precautions; humorous things happened kept right on happening, in fact. Scores of the timid had bought tickets for out-of-town points—and used them. Imaginative ones had taken out extra life insurance, the cautious ones "accident" insurance. Writers of "holdup" and "burglary" policies were able to pay dividends on the results of their labor, after the thing was over.

And provisions? Everyone had bought provisions in anticipation hundreds of tons; you saw them packing home cots upon their shoulders, their pockets full of candles, and lamps and oil stoves under their arms. One large grocery firm is still busily occupied, as this article is being written, filling the orders for groceries that were placed before the strike.

For no one knew beforehand that this thing might not go on forever; and now that we were in the gruesome midst of it there seemed a chance that it would.

No newspapers were being printed, nothing but the strike bulletins and the incendiary literature. The voices of the Star, the Post-Intelligencer and the Times were dead—at the last moment their electrotypers had struck. Newsboys would not have been permitted to sell the papers anyhow—that was understood. We received our first morning's news of ourselves from the Portland Oregonian. In it we learned that we had had a disastrous fire—seven people had been burned to death. Also we were told that Seattle was in the midst of a Bolshevik revolution—but this we already knew.

So there was no news; and in the absence of news, rumors—endless, unspeakable and groundless rumors: Two hundred Bolshevik gunmen had been brought in from Chicago, and were now in the city. As for the city itself certain parts of it were to be burned, others not. As for the food such as was left of it was to be poisoned! And so on. You see there never had been a universal strike before, and there were no precedents.

And so the day dragged on, the night passed and the next day came

They had not turned off the city lights; the gas had not been shut off from the hospitals. These facts were surprises, at the time not understood, but vastly appreciated, nevertheless.

Beyond this, things had not changed. The city lay a total paralytic. A scattering few establishments had been able to remain open; but those that had closed remained closed; no effort was made to resume any industry. Still we had physical inertia, and still Bolshevik literature.

Yet an important thing had occurred—the city had found its voice. A wave of restlessness seemed to stir the town like a June wind passing over a field of wheat; some latent force, sleeping its long sleep, secure in the public consciousness, had begun to move restlessly in its dreams—a force which has slept in America now these many centuries, but which awakens upon occasion—Château-Thierry, for instance!

So now the people began to talk to each other, quietly—asking each other questions:

What was the matter down at the City Hall? Why didn't the mayor act? What ailed the chief of police?

True, there had been no call for a chief of police; the city was a model of decorum—no riots, no demonstrations of any sort, no call for policemen. The strikers had promised us order; they had promised, and let us credit even the Bolshevik with the doubt—who is not often overscrupulous.

Of course there were policemen in evidence; come to think of it, a good many policemen—as many as five or six on each street corner. There they stood, swinging their clubs, looking up at the buildings, apparently disgusted with the whole affair.

There were other policemen too, who seemed to be traveling about. You came upon them suddenly, unexpectedly, as you passed in and out of buildings; you turned round an abrupt corner, and there they were, right within arm's reach, always smiling and swinging their clubs in a negligible manner.

There were soldiers too—a good many soldiers, loafing up and down the streets, looking bored, but having a good time, as soldiers do; wearing stars, some of them. But then, Seattle always was a great place for soldiers; only twenty-five miles to Camp Lewis; fifty thousand of them there!

And there was another interesting fact; as soon as it occurred to you it became pronounced—a change had come in the atmosphere; not an improvement, simply a change.

And it had emanated from strike headquarters; they had altered the tone of their bulletins. They were filling them now with a new sort of talk—peace talk. The strikers had never talked violence—not officially; yet now they were rushing to the other extreme. It was as if here was an important matter which, under the urge of larger business, had been overlooked.

"Quiet," the bulletin said "Don't answer back." "No arguments." "Pass on." "Keep smiling." "No violence—remember this is a peaceful strike!"

It was a change of policy rather an improvement of policy. Why?

At eleven o'clock upon the morning of this day a friend sauntered into my office. It was not a particularly busy day for either of us, so we paused to talk.

"I saw an odd sight yesterday morning," said this friend. "As I was coming down upper Second Avenue about nine-thirty o'clock—just a half hour before the strike there at the corner of Second and Seneca was a big United States Government truck. It had a long box on it, looked like a coffin; the lid was pried loose; and there were five or six soldiers leaning round—just before the hour of the strike, you know."

All Ready for Trouble

"Yes," I said, and began to punch holes in a piece of copy paper.

"And as I came on down Second Avenue, there on the corner of Cherry Street was another one—just like the first; five or six soldiers round it."

"Yes?"

"And down at First and Yesler was another, same kind of a long box. Well, about as long as a—machine gun."

He paused and gave me a quizzical look.

"At ten o'clock yesterday morning there was one on every fourth corner in the downtown district," I said. "They were all alike—there were soldiers with each. I did not see under the lid, but I know that the thing in your coffin was not a corpse."

"Say!" this friend now came forth with added enthusiasm, "I was up by police headquarters a little while ago. And there in front of the station were forty policemen with rifles—all mounted on horses. And nearby was an auto truck. It was fortified up to your hips with sandbags. And inside the sandbags some soldiers; and on the truck was a machine of some sort, about as high as your shoulder, with a tarpaulin over it. And the chauffeur was on the seat ready to start at a minute's notice."

"Well, why shouldn't he be on the seat?" I inquired. "It's as good a place to sit as any."

Whereupon my friend borrowed a seven-cent cigar and went away.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of February seventh, the second day of the strike. The pulse of the city still refused to beat, and its voice was dead. There was no word from the Government; no word from the mayor, no news of any sort—because there were no newspapers.

The people were becoming noticeably restless. What was wrong with the mayor? Certainly these radicals had made their purpose clear—they were for the overthrow

(Concluded on Page 135

Police Delivering the First Newspapers to be Printed Twenty-four Hours After the Strike Was Called

Provisions Being Furnished by the Strike Committee to the Strikers

Housewives

Should Use These Hygienic Safeguards in the Home During

Spring Cleaning

THIS is very important. Epidemics have recently emphasized it. Health authorities everywhere are urging it. *In house-cleaning, always disinfect your home.* Use *more* than water—*more* than soap. Use scientific cleansing and purifying methods, perfected in the Johnson & Johnson laboratories—the birthplace of over 400 preparations for the physician, the nurse, and the home.

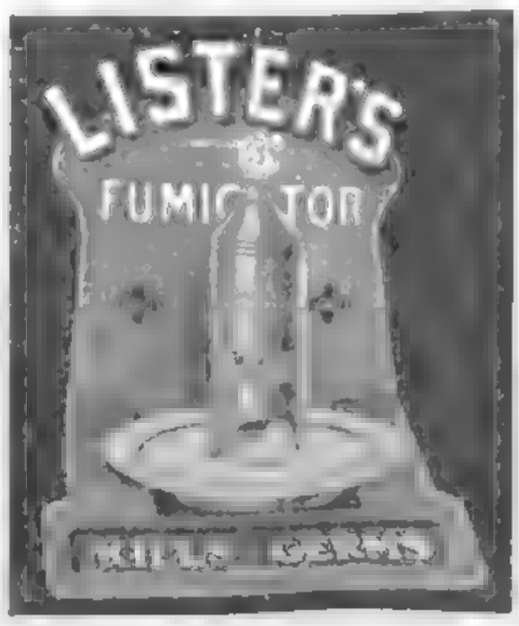
First of all, use **Camphenol** for washing floors and woodwork. Pour a little into your mopping water. It will root out the dirt you cannot see. It will destroy germs, odors, mold and disease-breeding agents.

Purify your dark rooms with **Lister's Improved Fumigator.** It reaches crevices you cannot clean—removing all vermin. If you are going to move, fumigate your new home. Easy to operate—just light a match. Absolutely safe.

Synol Soap is another real aid. Cleans and disinfects furniture, rugs, and walls. Your *personal* safeguard in washing hands and body after the day's work is over. **Red Cross Gauze** is of great service in dusting bric-à-brac and highly polished surfaces. Quickly absorbs the dust.

For the sake of health—the family's and your own—we urge you to use these hygienic spring-cleaning aids. You may not fully realize their importance, but your physician does. When next you visit your druggist—and his service deserves your increased patronage—ask for Camphenol, Synol Soap, Lister's Improved Fumigator, and Red Cross Gauze. The sanitary conditions they promote are worth many times their moderate cost.

Look for this display at your druggist's. It will be your guide to a store where intelligent service is the keynote—where quality goods are sold.



Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick New Jersey, U. S. A.

Makers of Surgical Dressings, Gauze, Absorbent Cotton, Bandages, Toilet and Baby Powder, Medicated Soaps, Plasters, First-Aid Supplies, Synol Soap, Lister's Fumigator, and other Red Cross products for use in hospital and home.

Makes Hard-water Shaving Easy

Half of the men of the United States have to shave with "hard" water. And the Williams' chemists took careful note of that fact when they created their shaving soap.

Even the "hardest" water can't make Williams' lather sticky or stringy. Wherever you travel, whatever water you get, the Williams' lather is always abundant, creamy, velvety, and will not dry on your face. Globe-trotters, traveling salesmen, sailors and soldiers know this. They know, too, that the patented holder-top adds great convenience in using the stick—a convenience which grows greater the longer you use it. Get a stick tonight and defy the hardest water and the hardest conditions.

Send 2oc in stamps for trial size and the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6oc in stamps for any size

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J.B. WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN.

—MANNING—

Speed-grits

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office.

ABRASIVES
ON PAPER AND CLOTH

for smoothing wood, paint, composition, leather & metals

Send for this speedy booklet and get a glimpse into the world of abrasives. Any workman who loves his "pet" saw, drill, paint-brush or other [illegible] tool, will enjoy every page of this book.

The new Chiming Bells of West Point

Soon new chimes will send a peal of music through the mountains that cluster around West Point, and on quiet evenings their music will be caught in the distant villages beyond the Hudson.

Ages will roll by, and ages more. But so long as these bells shall sing, the heroism of a young officer will be known. For these chimes are dedicated to the memory of Major Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter.

Is there a man in this country, workman or creator of industry, who would not deem it a great privilege of his life to help make these twelve bells or even to help hang them in their high tower?

The workmen in the Meneely bell foundry at Troy, who cast and tuned and finished the Anderson chimes, know the traditions of bell making back a thousand years, back to when each finished bell was anointed and dressed in a rich robe for its christening ceremony.

Needless to say these modern craftsmen were allowed all the time they wanted to smooth down the rough surfaces—to smooth and polish until each bell glowed with a sheen that the master founders of old Rouen would have envied.

Today more than ever before, good workmen know the difference between ordinary tools and excellent tools. Manning Speed-grits are in every sense a workman's tools.

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY, Inc.
FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.
Boston Chicago Cincinnati New York Philadelphia St. Louis San Francisco

Relax

JUST settle down in your pet chair, fill your pipe right up to the brim, light up and let the good smoke roll peacefully out—*that's relaxation.* There's nothing better after a hard day than a quiet evening with your

Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is not only on every Wellington, but also on other pipes that we make of every style, size and grade. Price for price, grade for grade, there is no better pipe made than a W. D. C.

The rich brown bowl between your thumb and fingers is genuine French Briar, broken in sweet and mellow because it was seasoned by our own special process. It's guaranteed against cracking or burning through.

There's never an unpleasant interruption. The well catches all moisture and holds all tobacco crumbs that are inclined to roam up through the bit. The smoke comes, clean and dry, through the *top* opening *away* from your tongue.

Spend this evening with a Wellington Pipe. Any good dealer can supply the size, shape and grade you want at 75 cents and up. Just be *certain* it's a Wellington—then relax.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK
WORLD'S LARGEST PIPE MANUFACTURERS

(Concluded from Page 131)

of Government—they had announced that they would take over the industries; and they might at any moment proceed in this direction. This was not a strike but a revolution. Why did not the mayor act? There was much talk of this sort.

Presently far up Second Avenue there was a commotion; you saw it at a distance, and wondered; people were running pell-mell into the middle of the street. And they were pursuing an automobile truck; the truck was coming down the center of the avenue; it was full of soldiers, it was convoyed by motor policemen. Three blocks behind it came another; and back of that, another.

And as these trucks came along the soldiers were throwing out newspapers to the multitude—copies of the Seattle Daily Star—tens of thousands of copies, which the multitude caught and greedily devoured.

The Mayor Acts

I joined a mob and grabbed a copy—the only copy of a newspaper I have ever secured without paying for it. Spread across the entire front page in large type I found this ultimatum:

"TO THE GENERAL STRIKE COMMITTEE: I hereby notify you that unless the sympathy strike is called off by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, Saturday, February 8, 1919, I will take advantage of the assistance and protection offered this city by the National Government, and operate all the essential enterprises.

"OLE HANSON, Mayor."

And equally prominent was this other heartening message:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF SEATTLE:

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as mayor I hereby guarantee to all the people of Seattle absolute and complete protection. They should go about their daily work and business in perfect security. We have 1500 policemen, 1500 regular soldiers from Camp Lewis, and can and will secure, if necessary, every soldier in the Northwest to protect life, business and property.

"The time has come for the people in Seattle to show their Americanism. Go about your daily duties without fear. We will see to it that you have food, transportation, water, light, gas and all necessities.

"The anarchists in this community shall not rule its affairs.

"All persons violating the laws will be dealt with summarily.

"OLE HANSON, Mayor."

So the mayor had struck; he had reached the people at last! Ole Hanson, a Roosevelt Republican, a Woodrow Wilson Democrat, for twenty years advocate of progressive reforms in the interests of workingmen—son of Norwegian parents, but a great American, nevertheless—had struck, straight from the shoulder, as everyone knew he could and would.

It was like a cool hand on a feverish brow—reassuring. The suspense was over, the situation was in hand. Here was a man to speak the definite word a mayor who knew all about it and yet wasn't afraid. And the United States Government understood, and was back of him—had been back of him all along.

So everything was all right now.

And just to prove that it was all right a woman fainted on upper Second Avenue; there was a slight congestion of foot traffic; people crowded round to see what was going on. And immediately two dozen American uniforms and half a score of bluecoats entirely changed the color scheme.

A couple of dozen men stood in a group at Second and Madison; one of them lifted his voice and began to wave his hands. Down from the sky dropped twenty or thirty men, just back from France, with chevrons on their sleeves and new stars on their lapels—smiling, always smiling. And there was nothing to argue about!

Casually you walked into a skyscraper to take the elevator, and came abruptly face to face with half a hundred soldiers, guns at rest, smoking cigarettes, an officer at their head.

At seven-forty-five Saturday morning a large downtown restaurant was ready to open its doors. At seven-thirty a company of two hundred soldiers filed into a haberdashery across the street and took their places on the mezzanine floor, with the windows open looking toward the restaurant. But it proved to be a quiet day in this vicinity; the restfulness of the Sabbath seemed to brood eternally.

"Quiet." "Keep smiling." "Don't answer back." "No arguments." "This is a peaceful strike."

There was a reason. Truly no one better than the strike committee knew that the Government knew it was a revolution.

But how about the man who was bunkoed—the honest, conservative American laboring man? He had laid down his implements of toil and walked out, honestly and fearlessly, in aid of a cause in which he believed.

And in return they had handed him this—this thing which was not a strike but a revolution. He saw the soldiers in the street, saw the machine guns, knew that the order had been given to shoot to kill. He was at first stupefied at this turn of events—could not believe that the thing was not a strike; later he was amazed; and still later, powerfully and righteously enraged.

He had not wanted to strike. Long before this his cry, "They made us strike," had become an echo on the city streets by reason of its endless reiteration. He knew that the American Federation and the International Council had opposed the plan, repudiated it and tried to prevent it.

But he had been appealed to in the name of labor, and in the name of labor had responded.

And this was his reward: his own Government carrying a gun to protect the public against him—calling him an outlaw; classifying him as a menace to society—a Bolshevik!

Yet he was not a Bolshevik, he was an American citizen; and he was not a menace to society, he believed in the American form of government. He had simply been bunkoed. What was he going to do about it?

The teamsters' union broke first; it withdrew its members from the General Council, and in defiance of orders returned to work. Upon its heels came the janitors and engineers of schools; tramping stolidly behind these, twelve hundred street-car operators; and behind these, others and yet others. The general strike had not been called off, but it was over, nevertheless. The American union workingman had killed it—he was going back to work!

Worried Strikers

Seeing the disastrous turn of events—that its hold had suddenly slipped from the throat of the situation—the General Strike Committee shouted itself hoarse; in this it was joined by every voice in the Bolshevik and I. W. W. side show.

Yet these efforts were without avail. The scene much resembled a solitary cow puncher endeavoring to round up a stampede; there wasn't enough of him. For the situation was out of Bolshevik hands, back into the hands of Americans.

Rising to the occasion the strike committee now met hurriedly, and passed a resolution to the effect that whereas the entire object of the general strike had been attained, and labor having in so splendid a manner proved to the world its solidarity, the sympathy strike would now be called off, and everyone would return again to work—though not until to-morrow at twelve o'clock.

Meanwhile, to make this victory complete beyond all cavil it was "advised" that the street-car operators, the school janitors, and those other honest though misguided brothers who had returned to their tasks without the committee's consent, lay down their implements of toil once more for a few hours; whereupon all would return to their work together, thus proving to the world that the committee had been right.

In the face of which request the street-car operators continued to operate street cars as if they had not heard; the lathe tender twisted his head over his shoulder, shouted "Nothing doing," and returned again to his lathe; the laundry girl shook out another shirt; the teamster cracked his whip over the back of his trusty eight-cylinder, and went on whistling The Star-Spangled Banner as in the days before the deluge. For they had heard that siren voice before.

Whereupon the strike committee cried in a loud voice, through its official paper, that it had won everything it went out after and that nothing was left to be desired. At which 400,000 people laughed loudly, and were happy.

Because, when you have won everything you went out after, and everyone is satisfied, then there is nothing to argue about and the thing is over of its own volition.

A General Round-Up

Upon the second morning succeeding the end of the strike the authorities arrested thirty-nine of the agitators, upon warrants charging criminal anarchy, and locked them in the city jail. The clean-up process had begun. Each day thereafter additions were made to this list. With a few exceptions they were I. W. W.'s, not union men. The bail in each instance was fixed by the court at five thousand dollars. The prosecuting attorney proclaimed this class of people as outlaws, amenable to prosecution, and the United States district attorney was reported to be working in coöperation with him. So the day of the Bolshevik seemed to be waning in Seattle.

On February thirteenth B. F. Neuman, chairman of the Executive Strike Committee, rose in an open meeting at the Labor Temple and said, among other things: "Men who get up on this floor and boldly declare that they are revolutionists will not be tolerated hereafter. I am not alone in this."

Mr. Neuman's speech was cheered for a period of five minutes by those present, so it is reported.

And twenty days later there follows a definite echo to Mr. Neuman's statement, for on March fourth Seattle held her city election. Among other officials to be chosen were three members to the City Council.

Those still in charge of the labor unions placed three radical candidates in the field. They publicly announced that these men were labor candidates, and that if elected they could be relied on to "do the bidding of the Central Labor Council."

The fight was bitter and persistent—each side used all the weapons at its command. One hundred and twenty thousand voters reside in Seattle; of these not less than 75,000, under equal suffrage, are affiliated with the unions. The highest vote cast for any labor candidate in this election was 21,210. Thus Seattle labor, once more and definitely, registered its protest against the radicals within its precincts.

The little printing place on upper Seventh Avenue has a police padlock on the door, while the ambitious young man who perpetrated Russia Did It languishes in jail. It wasn't Russia did it this time!

Leon Green, "business agent" of the Electrical Workers' Union, vanished into oblivion the day the strike ended. He left a tale behind to the effect that "they" were about to assassinate him. "Green" was the big news feature in the Seattle strike, until his news went stale. It is said that his name is not Green, but Boutoutsky—only two years out of Petrograd—not an American, but a dyed-in-the-wool Russian.

The city lights and gas never were turned off—ask Ole Hanson why. Also ask the United States Government; it will not tell you. Instead it will explain to you patiently that the United States Government itself uses both electric light and gas in its Seattle offices.

The five-day hiatus involved the cessation of 110,000 wage workers. Seventy thousand of these were sympathy strikers; 40,000 were forced out through the closing of the industries. Beyond the loss to general business, the sacrifice in wages alone during the five-day period is estimated at $3,750,000.

It was an orderly strike—so orderly that it was at times painful. One solitary arrest occurred as a result of it—no more: Someone, from the fourth-story window of a downtown office building—highly enraged—dropped a butcher's package of lamb chops upon the head of a pedestrian, which pedestrian, finally recovering from his amazement, picked up the lamb chops, took them home and cooked them! "Hooverizing," you will say. Well, maybe.

The members of the one hundred and ten unions who went out on the sympathy strike were taken back by their employers on an ante-bellum basis. Ninety per cent of these unions in striking had violated written contracts with their employers; thus was charged in open meeting on the floor of the Labor Temple during the heated reconstruction hours. There were no recriminations, however.

Over the Top

The strike lasted by the clock—which did not go on strike—five days, two hours and no minutes.

It was not a strike. There is nothing to indicate that it was a strike; and there is everything to indicate that it was a revolution, carefully planned—not by labor unions but by revolutionists; planned and perpetrated in the hope and confident belief that once strongly started it would spread from city to city and state to state; in a manner to reduce this Government presently to a helpless condition and thus speedily to Bolshevikism. Such was the plan; the Government knows it, the city knows it, and the facts are a matter of common knowledge throughout the country to-day. It was to be a trial of strength. Seattle was the testing point. Here the feasibility of the plan was to be proved. Thus Seattle carried the cross, bore the brunt, stood the test for the entire United States. If this city had fallen ——

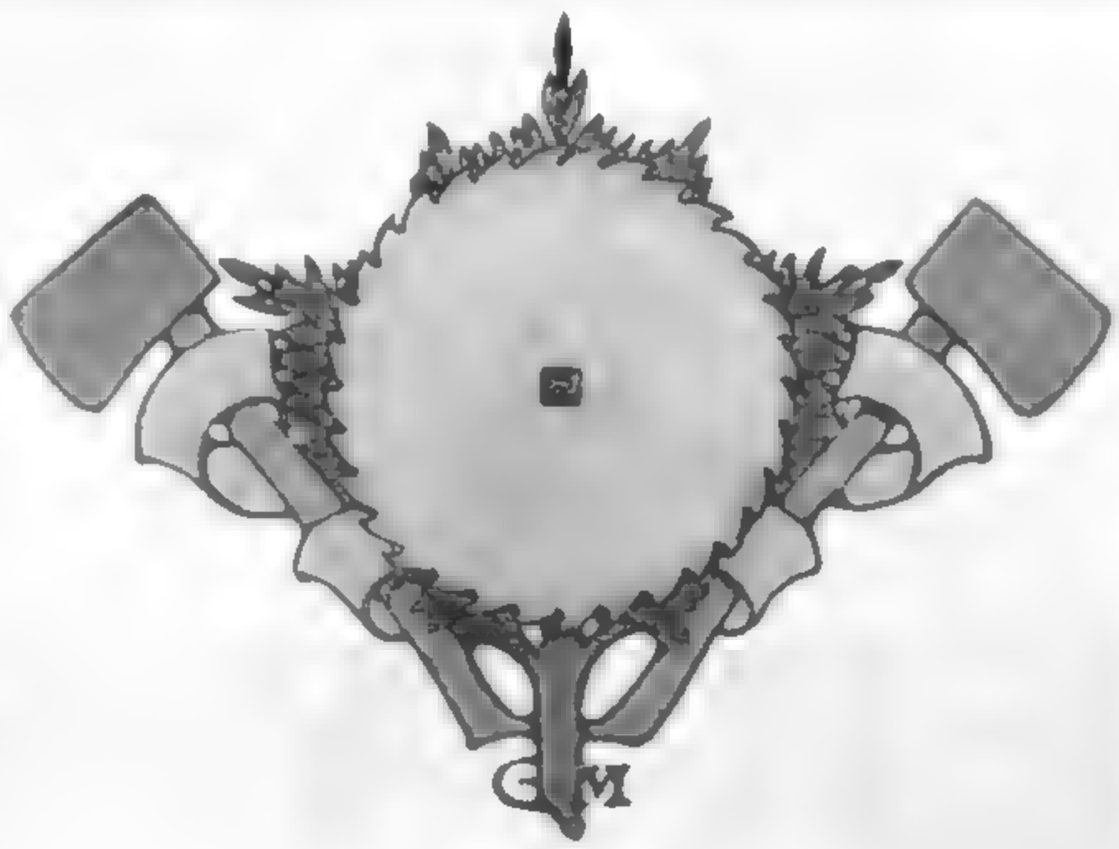
But it did not fall. For it had a mayor and a lot of Americans; and here on the shore of their quiet Puget Sound they fought the matter through.

And it was the American laboring man who killed it! The American laboring man killed the Bolshevik revolution! A great and fearless American—Ole Hanson—pointed the way; but it was the laboring man who turned the trick; he couldn't stand for it, so he killed it.

Let us not become overconfident at this point, for the thing may arise again. But if it does the American laboring man will kill it again!

For the man who killed the Seattle revolution and the man who went over the top at Château-Thierry are one and the same—both Americans. Human nature is alike the world over; thus the only difference between a Bolshevik and an honest American worker is that one of them is a Bolshevik, the other an American.

The thing has been proved; now let us get back to our work.



The Difference that is Liberty

The first impression you get of the Liberty "Six" is a distinctiveness of appearance which instantly proclaims its good taste.

Its beauty is unusual, its charm of style unique.

These things unmistakably indicate quality of a high order which is impressively confirmed in the demonstration ride.

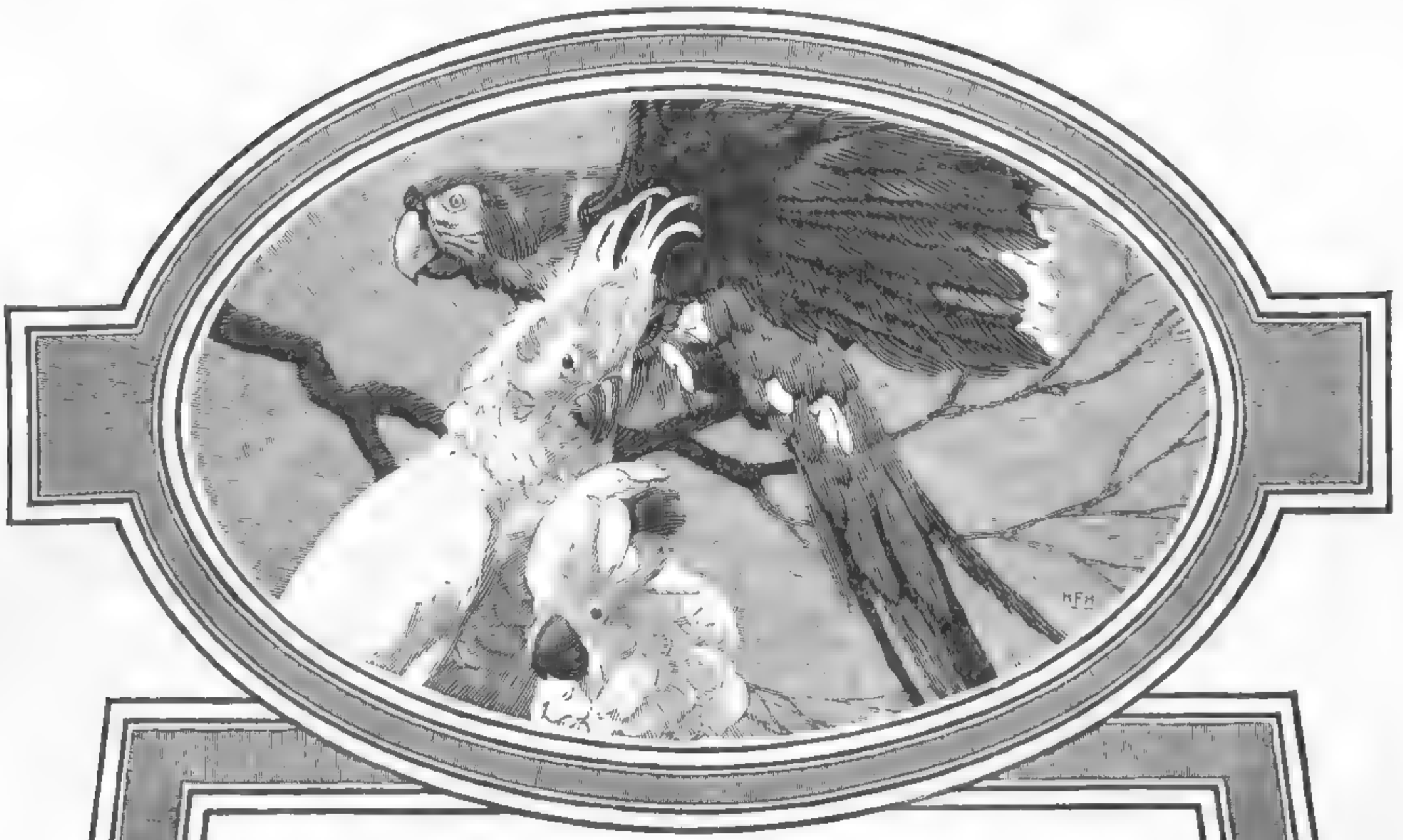
As driver, or as passenger, one learns in the first fifteen minutes that there is a *marked difference* in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

Ownership demonstrates that this difference is due to downright goodness; and pride of possession grows as the miles multiply.

That's why, when you meet Liberty owners, you encounter such outspoken and unrestrained enthusiasm.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX



The mimic! It's a new sort of parrot-*ism* that the Mimeograph has brought into the world. At the great speed of five thousand copies an hour it *exactly* reproduces typewritten letters, forms, drawings, maps and the like. Throughout civilization it is used by business enterprises, governments, armies, navies and educational institutions as a quick means of saving a great deal of time and money. It works surprising reformations in methods and systems. Costs little to install and maintain. Cuts printing expenses down to minimum. What its great powers of mimicry have done for others they may do for you. Booklet "S" on request—today—from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

MIMEOGRAPH
EDISON-DICK

How long does it take you to smoke a cigar?

In the evening, after a good dinner, when you are entirely surrounded by an easy chair and a feeling of nothing to do till tomorrow—haven't you often noticed that somehow your cigar seems to *taste better* than it does at other times?

This extra enjoyment is partly due to the good dinner, the enveloping chair and the wide sense of leisure, but it is more directly due to the simple fact that under such circumstances you *smoke your cigar slowly.*

Therein is three-quarters of the philosophy of cigar enjoyment: *smoke slowly.*

The habit of smoking rapidly, of crowding puff on puff, not only deprives many smokers of a good part of cigar enjoyment, but often it leads to the smoking of *too many cigars.*

Linger over each puff, so that the tang of the tobacco may linger on your tongue and its aroma in your nostrils.

The *slow* smoker will get a solid hour's enjoyment out of a cigar the size of the Girard pictured in this advertisement. The same cigar will last the *average* smoker 40 to 45 minutes. The *rapid* smoker, who gets away with it in 25 minutes, *loses the fine edge of pleasure.*

Smoke slowly, smoke moderately in number, and smoke *Girards.* That is a recipe which yields the utmost pleasure from each smoke—and you won't need to worry about any ill-effects to your nerves, your heart or your digestion.

The Girard is the most famous cigar in America because it never gets on your nerves. Ask for it at the next cigar counter.

Broker size 13c 2 for 25c

Other sizes 10c up

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf Established 48 years Philadelphia

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

Do You Wear

True Shape HOSIERY

STYLE NO. 564?

TO thousands of discriminating women absolute hosiery satisfaction has been summed up in one number—*TRUE SHAPE* 564.

And just think—it's priced at $1.50 per pair.

If you haven't worn *TRUE SHAPE* No. 564 go to your store and ask to see it—and then please take note of these features:

First, you will be impressed with its beautiful, silky texture—then note the patented "cross-stitch" in the garter top which prevents runs. And while you're examining the "cross-stitch" note the flare top which makes the stocking so comfy where it is often tight and binding. Now look at its shaped and fashioned leg, the narrow close-fitting foot. And the heels and toes are four-ply yarn. Well—just buy one pair, and then see how easy it will be to always remember *TRUE SHAPE* 564.

Also a full line of *TRUE SHAPE* quality hose for men.

If your dealer does not have TRUE SHAPE, we will gladly tell you of one who has.

Look for this Trade-Mark on the Toe

TRUE SHAPE

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

VIENNA, THE FORSAKEN

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

VIENNA was founded on the site of a Wendish or Celtic village as a Roman outpost on the Danube to resist the onslaughts of the Germans. Nearly two thousand years later, having passed through vicissitudes of war scarcely equaled by any other city, Vienna has succumbed to the Germans—not to the Germans without but to Germans within. Many events have passed over the last breath of Marcus Aurelius during the past seventeen hundred years, but of them few so worthy to engross the attention of that unusual mind as the contrast between Vienna a century ago and to-day.

In 1814 the Congress of Vienna met and adopted a program designed to make secure the autocracy of nations. To-day Vienna gazes helpless toward Paris, where a conference operates with the design of making the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world. But we may be sure that the mind of Marcus Aurelius would have been less concerned over the political designs and less interested in the contrast of pomp and ceremony than in the mental operations of the people of Vienna, who stand to-day at a parting of the ways that has confronted no congregation of human beings of equal dimensions in the history of the world.

The Viennese realize that the war is lost; not merely that the war is lost but that the war is worse than lost that with the loss of the war has gone, they fear, the loss of everything Viennese, of everything by which they occupied a position in the history of the world, the loss of every hope for Vienna in the future. It is a most interesting study in psychology to observe the mind of the Viennese operating in retrospect and antrospect, to realize how completely the consciousness of a group of individuals may be submerged in the consciousness of a city.

The Hapsburg Policy of Divide and Ruin

THE Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has broken into fragments. "*Divide et impera*" was the Roman rule selected by the Hapsburgs to express their political policy. "Divide and rule" was all too often made to mean "Divide and ruin." To-day it reads: "Divide and unrule."

Vienna stands immobile and gazes upon the fragments of the Dual Monarchy. At the worst Vienna never dreamed of more than a cleavage of the Empire into two countries. Vienna had a scare before, in 1867, when the compromise with Hungary resulted in a division of capitals and prerogatives, Vienna remaining the capital of the Cisleithanian Division while Budapest became the capital of the Transleithanian Division. At that time Vienna, with a population of some half a million, feared her downfall; but within forty years the population and all that goes with it had been more than quadrupled, though socially and politically Vienna has lost when contrasted with Berlin and Budapest.

But when directly after the armistice the Dual Monarchy carved itself or was carved into six parts, this was indeed a degree of disintegration that no one in Vienna had ever anticipated. In every country since the beginning of the war there has been a series of periodicals—dailies, weeklies and monthlies—whose special policy was the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which they regarded as a perpetual menace to the peace of Europe. It is doubtful whether any one of these protagonists had the faintest conception of what such a dismemberment would lead to; or pictured to himself that the dismemberment so urgently preached could have been accomplished so easily and completely as an expression of the sheer exhaustion of civilian resources through the operations of relentless war.

So absolute in fact is the dismemberment that the Viennese have accepted it as absolute, without wasting a moment on the consideration of the future of Mittel-Europa, without reflection upon the cause of the great struggle that has accomplished their downfall, without seeking a formula of any kind to replace "Divide and rule." They hope for nothing from Kramarzh, in the north, whom for more than two years they held in prison under death sentence for treason—treason against the war. They hope for nothing from Karolyi, in the south, whom they called a traitor, but dared not imprison. They have resigned themselves to the contemplation of Vienna, the forsaken.

German Austria contains at present about eight million people, the remnants of twenty-five million. When the Czechs assumed the independence they had earned they took with them their cousins in Silesia, Moravia and Slovonia. Galicia soon gravitated into the new Poland, though the Ukrainians are pushing actively military claims to Galicia as far west as Lemberg. German Austria lost the southern area that belonged to unredeemed Italy, now returned to the Latin mother. Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia and Slavonia, with the four southern counties of Hungary, entered into the possession of the Jugo-Slavs. Thus there remain to German Austria Vorarlberg, Salzburg, Upper Austria, Lower Austria and parts of Styria and Carinthia. The ultimate population may fall as low as seven million. Of these the city of Vienna contains nearly two and a half million—the capital of an empire reduced to the functions of a county seat! Obviously a county cannot support the capital of an empire. In how far was Vienna the product of her situation as capital, in how far the product of her situation in finance, trade and industry? These are the questions of Vienna that her citizens are trying to formulate for themselves. Since everything that belonged to the captial of an empire will leave her, how much will be left that came from her location and relations to finance, industry and commerce? How much would accrue to her through being the capital of a petty hated state?

A Mere Switching Station

GERMAN Austria contributed little to the Vienna of the past. In Vienna resided the capitalists not only of the Austro-Hungarian Empire but of Poland, Rumania and the entire Balkan southeast. Vienna was one of the great markets of Europe for grain and cattle, her exchange one of the most influential, her position in commerce unique. She was the center of a double fan: From the west and north radiated lines from Switzerland, Munich, Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg, and Dantzic; from other quarters radiated lines from Warsaw, Petrograd, Moscow, the Black Sea, Budapest, Belgrade and the Adriatic. No amount of Prussian boasting about the "Hamburg to Bagdad" railway could disguise the fact that Vienna was its very center. The satire in Vorwärts a few weeks ago that "the Hamburg to Bagdad line had become the Hamburg to Bodenbach" was in every way more keenly felt in Vienna than in Hamburg.

Now with the subdivision of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the Viennese realize that the fan lines will be reversed. The Viennese now anticipate that the Poles and the Czechs will direct their traffic away from Vienna; they certainly cannot expect that the traffic from Belgrade and Budapest will be directed toward Vienna. The Czechs already have arranged to run through trains from Prague to Budapest without passing through Vienna. Vienna sees herself in the future a switching station, and has about the same feeling toward the traffic intentions of her neighbors that the Philadelphian possesses when he observes a train from Pittsburgh to New York passing by on the Trenton cut-off.

With the present division of the geographical areas Vienna will cease to be the southwestern mart for cattle and grain. Here again is a point of bitter realization.

(Concluded on Page 142)

The Shoe of Comfort and Economy

THERE'S no more comfortable, good-looking and economical shoe than the one pictured below. It solves the shoe question by providing a shapely, durable shoe for everyday wear, at $3.50 a pair in men's and women's sizes—$3.00 and $3.25 for youths' and boys'.

This Top Notch Service Shoe is made of an especially durable, high quality brown duck, with neat trimmings of black leather. Its stylish extension soles of fine brown rubber look just like leather soles. They are springy and waterproof—two big advantages over leather soles. They relieve the jar and strain of walking or standing on hard floors and pavements.

Another great advantage of these shoes lies in the fact that they require no "breaking in", while a double cork insole provides ventilation and makes them very cool and comfortable.

The Top Notch Service Shoe is just the shoe for mechanics, factory workers, and those who work in stores. It is a fine shoe for all classes of outdoor workers and it is also an ideal shoe for vacation use.

FOR BOYS' WEAR—It has no equal in looks, comfort and is a money saver. It will stand a lot of scuffing and kicking, and the extension edge of the sole provides a means by which the shoe can be resoled. Boys like these shoes—they have a lot of "pep" and class to them. The woman's shoe, too, is very shapely and comfortable, with a good heel and an attractive, stylish toe.

Buy a pair of these shoes of your local dealer. If he does not carry them write us and we will tell you where you can get them. They are made by the manufacturers of the famous Top Notch line of rubber footwear, and the Top Notch cross trade mark is a guarantee of real value and service.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.

Beacon Falls, Conn., Dept. C

New York Boston Chicago
Minneapolis Kansas City San Francisco

The HARTFORD'S Greatest Service is the Prevention of Fires

A policy in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company means to a large degree insurance *against* fire. Insurance against fire is a very different thing from fire insurance.

Naturally you want both. You do not want a fire at all if it can be avoided. If you do have a fire, you want the insurance money paid promptly and fully. The Hartford doesn't want a customer who does not consider a fire a great calamity, even when fully insured. It wants to insure only the man who takes out fire insurance as a preparation for the worst, and who will co-operate with the Company and its agents in keeping the worst from happening.

When we write a policy of insurance on a property, we reserve the right to examine every element that affects the risk.

One essential element is the character of the insured. Character plays a large part in insurance just as it does in banking.

Our care in selecting risks—our careful consideration of the hazards involved—our co-operation with the insured in *preventing* a fire—constitute the most important service the Hartford renders—more important even than the payment of losses.

It is done in the interest of our policy holders because such a service protects the property owner from losses that his policy can never make good.

The experience of our inspectors and agents is at your service to aid you in avoiding fires, just as the resources of the Company are at your service in fully and promptly paying any fire loss.

Any agent or broker can get you a policy in the

HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE CO.

The Two Hartfords—the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.—write practically every form of insurance except life.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
Hartford, Conn.

(Concluded from Page 139)

The determination of the Hungarians to prevent the producers of Serbia from having access to the Vienna market was one of the original causes of feeling between the Serbs and the Austro-Hungarians and probably contributed as much to the Pan-Slavonic agitation in Serbia as any other single fact.

The finances of Austria-Hungary, and indeed of the whole area between Budapest and the Black Sea, were centralized in Vienna, but the Viennese have no hope that this will continue. The agriculture of Hungary, the industries of Bohemia, the shipping of the Adriatic were largely financed in Vienna; and through her international banking connections Vienna was in a position to direct the economic operations of this large section. Now it is not believed that the manufactures or the mines, furnaces, glass works, porcelain factories and textile mills of Ceskoslovenský Czechoslovakia will be financed or directed from Vienna. To realize the import of this fully one must recall that eighty-five per cent of the industries of the Austrian Monarchy are in the present Ceskoslovenský. The Viennese know that the day of their direction of Adriatic shipping has passed. They recognize that the land barons of Hungary will confine their operations to Budapest. In other words, they expect that the banking of Vienna will be restricted to the financing of German Austria, with eight million people. This is the end of the dream of financiers who had expected, with Berlin, to control the development of the Balkans and of Turkey and Persia beyond!

Glories of the Past

The industries of Vienna were relatively limited and were not fundamental. Vienna excelled in the manufacture of articles and ornaments of gold, silver and bronze; in fabrics of silk, linen and leather designed for luxury rather than for use. The robes and lingerie of Vienna acknowledged precedence only to Paris. German Austria had no large industries of iron and steel, no mines of coal worthy of the name, no great forests. In other words, the relations that make a city great had their foundations entirely outside of the present German Austria; and these relations the Viennese fear and indeed expect will be completely severed.

But the Viennese were proud of far more than their banking, their situation in commerce, their trade; they were proud of their position in the world of fine sentiments. The home of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, for nearly two centuries world artists have maintained the atmosphere that made Vienna a city of front rank in the musical world. Artistically Vienna always regarded Dresden and Munich as two younger sisters; she was fond of patronizing them and did not resent their achievements in the world of music. But musical Berlin she hated as a coarse competitor, foisted upon the world by a dynasty that exploited music for material gain. Though the beautiful opera house on the Ring is dark to-day the Viennese still rejoice that in the gala days of Wagnerian opera, from 1885 to 1905, in no city were more foot pounds put behind the Valkyrie Cry than in Vienna. Only a few years ago Weingartner deserted Berlin for Vienna; and Richard Strauss is under contract to assume the directorship of the opera in the fall of 1919. Virtuosity was not so extravagantly exploited as in Berlin, but chamber music was assiduously cultivated.

The art gallery of Vienna is one of the best in the world, rich in masterpieces, admirably displayed and supported by lesser works so extensive and representative as to make the gallery one that every student of painting must know. The museum is rich in treasures of history and industry.

The University of Vienna was not a great school in the sense of the University of Paris, Oxford or Göttingen, because the Hapsburgers did not possess a consistent policy in respect to public education and, indeed, did not further higher education in a positive manner. Nevertheless, very distinguished men attracted to the University of Vienna special students from all over the world, especially for the study of Oriental subjects. To-day, as one looks upon the darkened building, closed for want of coal, it is difficult to realize that probably the most brilliant lectures ever delivered upon the subject of thermodynamics were held in this university by Boltzmann.

The School of Medicine has been famous for generations. From all quarters of the globe came graduates of other schools and universities to perfect their knowledge, not of the art or science of medicine but of the results of disease. Probably nowhere in the world could the student of medicine observe so much of the untreated final results of disease as in the Allgemeine Krankenhaus. Tuberculosis used to be called the "Vienna disease," so extensive and uncombated were its ravages. In this country mingled the blood of Teuton, Slav and Oriental; and venereal diseases abounded to an extent unknown in nations of a single strain.

Contemplating all that was and imagining with fearful anticipation what may be, the Viennese revert to history for analogies of their fate Carthage, Syracuse and Venice. At these names the Viennese shudder. Is this indeed her fate? Applying to Vienna such retrogression as has occurred in Venice, what hope is there for Vienna? Deprived of trade and finance Venice still remains a beautiful city, unique in the world, the Mecca of the tourist. Vienna is located on the bank of a stream that has little beauty, in surroundings that are scarcely attractive. The youth of all nations look forward to the gondolas of Venice, the novelty of the water streets, the Campanile, the Bridge of Sighs, and to the great Church of St. Mark's, with which St. Stephen cannot compare. The Prater has no such attractions, and the Ring may be duplicated in any European city, except to the student of technical architecture.

The Old Emperor's Question

The Viennese never regarded themselves as Germans except in the political sense; and even this was grafted upon them, inexplicable as this may sound. The Viennese loathe the Prussians to-day as much as they did in 1866. Of this an excellent illustration is related of the very fountainhead of the Viennese. In 1915 the old Emperor fell sick of pneumonia. For several days and nights he was delirious and had to be restrained in bed. As he was approaching recovery—a marvelous achievement at his age—he one morning sat bolt upright in bed, with wide-open eyes, and asked "Where am I?"

He was told in such and such a room, in such and such a palace.

"Why am I here?"

"Majesty is sick."

"How long have I been sick?"

"For over a week."

"How goes it with my land, how goes it with my people?"

"Majesty, your people are still at war."

He replied, with a gleam in his eye that reflected the delirious recollection of a primitive impulse: "My people at war? With whom? With the Prussian swine?"

If the Austrians disliked the Prussians the Viennese disliked the Berliners still more. Paris was the model of Vienna. In art, literature and life, in all that appertains to the qualities of a great capital Vienna chose Paris as her model. When in 1871 Paris bowed beneath the Prussian whip Vienna was a sincere mourner. When in 1919 Berlin bows to the just will of the conquering nations Vienna sheds no tear. Vienna dissociates her fate absolutely from the fate of Berlin.

But Vienna feels for Munich and Dresden; and this feeling for Munich and Dresden is one cause of a political policy in German Austria that must be recognized as natural, though realized by themselves to be dangerous. This is the desire to join German Austria to Bavaria. This is the expression of Salzburg and Upper and Lower Austria; not of the whole of German Austria. Salzburg is essentially Bavarian. Tyrol and the Vorralberg have separatist tendencies. They desire to form an Alpine republic, closely united to Switzerland with economic ties, but otherwise without federation. Apart from the distrust provoked by this desertion of German Austria by the Tyrol, Bavaria resents the idea of a buffer state to her south.

The policy of annexation of German Austria with Bavaria has two differently motivated groups of supporters: The Social Democrats, who are closely allied to the Social Democrats of Bavaria; and the landed gentry and aristocrats. The feeling of both classes is that such a union would make for preponderance of the South German against the Prussian viewpoint, and thus tend to the peace of Europe. But in fact union with Bavaria is a refuge from isolation. The Viennese as a class are afraid of this, because they deem it not impossible that Vienna might become subordinated to Munich, that German Austria might lose her political entity and become the tail to the Bavarian kite—a useful but not attractive function.

But whichever way the Viennese turn it seems merely a choice of evils for them. They see no hope except that of escaping from something worse. A most unique and almost ludicrously pathetic view of the future of Vienna was given to the writer by a man of international prominence in the world of art.

"German Austria," he said, "has one hope—to become a resort, an upland Monaco, of which Vienna would be the inland Monte Carlo; a resort of art, music, opera and theater, racing, gambling and prostitution. How large a population a city possessing such attractions would maintain the future alone can decide; and to these dimensions Vienna will shrink. This is the eleventh hour; the twelfth will not be long."

He Was Going to Insure "Some Day"

—but the Accident wouldn't wait.—

AN ACCIDENT

Newspapers daily record these accidents—"fractured skull," "broken leg," "man killed," to say nothing of property damaged. It often costs from $1,000 to $10,000. Dare you go unprotected from such hazard?

THE peril of accident always rides with every man who drives a car. When, where, and how will calamity occur?

Will *your* accident be trifling or serious—a little bump or a big smash?

None of these things can you tell in advance.

But you do know that no individual and no automobile is immune from accident.

Suppose you were the man pictured above—suppose it was your machine that had smashed into the doctor's car. Do you know what you would be up against?

Damages could be awarded against you, in favor of the doctor, on three different counts—*personal injury, property damage and loss of use*—to say nothing of the *damage sustained* to your own car.

Could you stand such a loss? An adverse judgment of a substantial amount would mean ruin for the average automobile owner.

Save Money

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We are the oldest, the biggest and the strongest mutual casualty company in America. Records prove that for eleven years we have written nearly one-third of all the mutual liability insurance with 50 other mutual companies competing.

We offer you Powerful Protection at the Lowest Safe Cost. When you insure with the American Mutual, your money pays for only one thing—complete protection. Not a penny do you pay for agents' or brokers' commissions or stockholders' profits. And, a liberal part of your money comes back to you.

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Name of Car_____

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List Price when Purchased_____

Actual cost to me_____

Type of Body_____

Pleasure Car or Truck_____

Car is principally operated in (city and state)_____

Address of garage (city and state)_____

My Name_____

My Address_____

My Business_____

"If That Motor Drew Wages!"

Before him stands one of the most profitable producers in the place—a Robbins & Myers Motor.

He knows this to be so—based on the initial investment, the years of uninterrupted service, the economy of power, maintained production, the low cost of maintenance, and the good-will of the working force toward the operating equipment.

And he smiles as he says: "If that motor drew wages!"

And he is but one of hundreds who have bought Robbins & Myers Motors on this same investment basis—from the small one-man shop to the mammoth concern where every wheel must be kept turning at a profit.

In his selection of R&M Motors he finds assurance in the fact that they are the result of 22 years' leadership in the making of motors from 1-40 to 50 horsepower. Confidence is thus established at the outset, to be matched in turn by dividend-paying operation.

Robbins & Myers Motors are equally profitable in the realm of motor-driven labor-saving devices. Makers of the better electrically operated equipment select Robbins & Myers Motors to insure an operating efficiency in keeping with their own high manufacturing standards.

That is why when selecting a vacuum cleaner or washing machine for the home, an adding machine or addressing machine for the office, a food chopper or coffee grinder for the store, or a motor-driven machine for the shop or factory, you *know* that it is a quality product throughout if equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor.

Power users, electrical device makers, and dealers, find maintained profit and added prestige in the Robbins & Myers line.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

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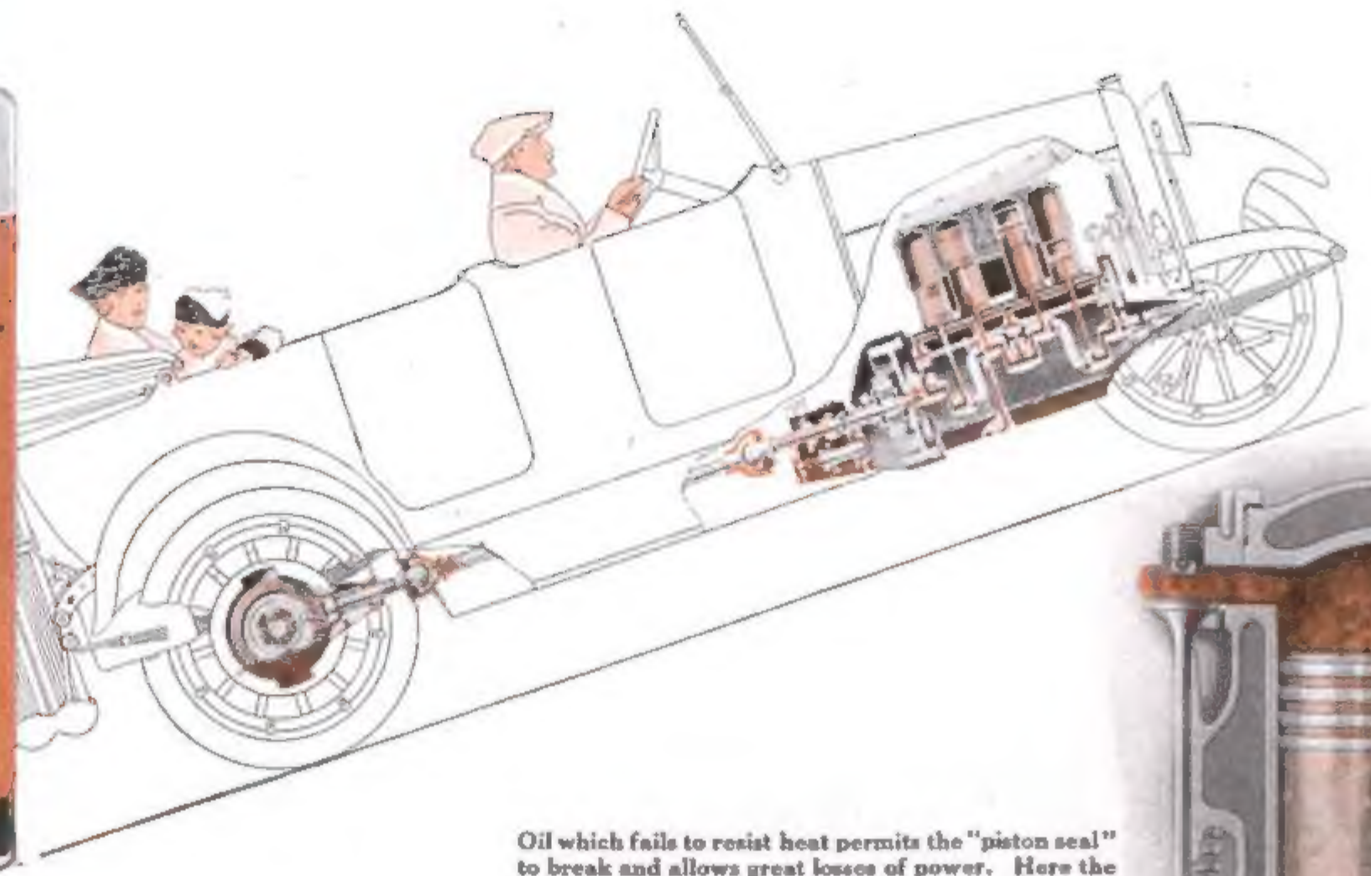
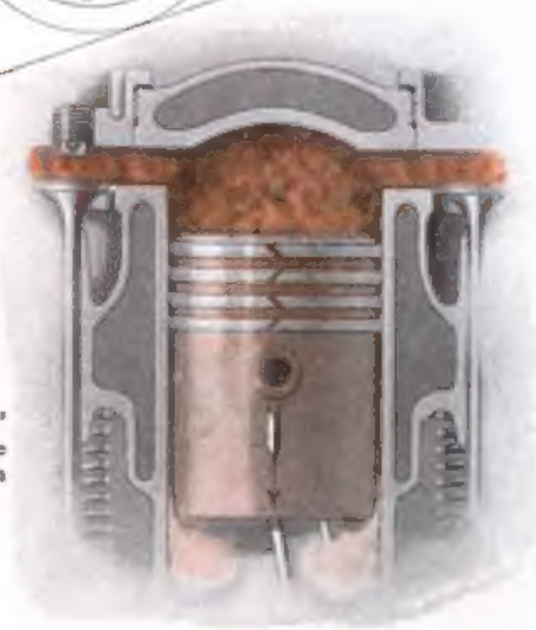
Ordinary oil after use — Veedol after use

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running



Oil which fails to resist heat permits the "piston seal" to break and allows great losses of power. Here the high temperature of the working parts breaks down inferior oil most rapidly.



How the intense heat of your engine produces sediment in your oil

Sediment damages your engine because it has no lubricating power

BETWEEN the cylinder walls and the flying pistons of every cylinder of your car—no matter how tight the fit—must be clearance space. Unless this space is kept filled by a film of oil, a long chain of engine troubles begins.

Even in ordinary running the pistons work at lightning speed. With the average car, at 35 miles an hour, they are driven up and down 1500 times a minute. Heat as high as 3000° F. is developed by the explosions. Yet a film of oil, never more than 3-1000 of an inch thick in the midst of the intense heat developed on the cylinder walls, must continue unbroken between the metal surfaces. If the oil film fails at this point, becomes "patchy" or breaks, engine trouble begins instantly.

The hidden toll taken by sediment

Ordinary oil breaks down under heat, forming a large part of its bulk in sediment. This sediment has *no lubricating value* and crowds out good oil on the bearings and other fast moving parts. Sediment causes premature wear which will cut the life of the engine in two. Damage is done which only costly replacements will remedy. This is the hidden toll taken by sediment in your oil.

After years of experiment Veedol engineers evolved a new method of refining by which a lubricant is produced which resists heat. This, the famous Faulkner Process, is used exclusively for the production of Veedol the scientific lubricant.

The striking superiority of Veedol over ordinary oil is clearly illustrated by the Sediment Test shown in the two bottles at the top of the page. The left hand bottle of ordinary oil, contains seven times as much sediment as Veedol. Veedol, shown in the right hand bottle, reduces sediment 86%.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces loss by evaporation in your engine, to a negligible quantity. You will get 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

Up to the time Veedol was placed on the market few motorists realized the importance of choosing a lubricant able to withstand the destructive effects of heat. Many considered it economy to buy cheap ordinary oil.

Today more than a million motorists keep their cars running like new at reduced operating cost by using Veedol. Owners of motor trucks, tractors and stationary engines find that Veedol minimizes wear and reduces the expense of layups and repairs.

Make this simple test

Remove oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine very slowly on its own power for thirty seconds. Then drain all kerosene and refill with *one* quart Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times with self-starter, or crank, to remove kerosene left in connecting rod troughs. Drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

A test run on familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills on high that formerly required pulling in intermediate. Watch for several days and you will find that oil and gasoline consumption have been decreased.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. The new 100 page Veedol book describes Internal Combustion Engines; Transmissions; Differentials; Oils and their Characteristics; Oil Refining. It also contains the Veedol lubrication chart giving the correct grade of Veedol to use for your automobile, motor-boat, tractor and motorcycle, for both summer and winter. This book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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Veedol Gear Compound gives efficient lubrication with the minimum leakage. It is fluid enough to flow back continually to the moving gears to be picked up, yet the consistency remains practically the same at full operating temperatures. Veedol Graphite Grease is recommended for lubricating water pump shafts and suspension spring leaves. Veedol Cup Grease is made in three grades. All Veedol Cup and Graphite Greases are of the same high quality as Veedol Motor Oils.

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Old Dutch Cleanser quality brings out the bright cleanliness of kitchen floors, walls and furnishings and makes it safe to use everywhere. Economical because it does more and better cleaning with less work.